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TIECK'S DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

THIS work consists of a series of most judicious and valuable critiques on several pieces produced at the Dresden theatre. The author, the celebrated Ludwig Tieck, well known by his poems and tales, and who has devoted his attention for many years to the theatres and theatrical compositions of his own and other countries, enters into a close and critical examination of the pieces performed, and of the actors who represented them. The principles he lays down are so good, and his reasonings from them so judicious, that we feel no hesitation in strongly recommending the work to the attention of the genuine lovers of the drama in this country, as his observations will be found to apply with nearly equal force to our own as well as to the German theatre.

The German is, as is generally known, the latest formed theatre of Europe, except the Italian theatre of Alfieri. It had indeed an old mystery and morality theatre of Hans Sachs and others; but the Spanish and English theatres rose, attained their greatest elevation, and declined, before Germany saw any thing like the drama of real life and action. Its first attempts were made in the commencement of the last century, in slavish imitation of the theatre of the French, who at that time were diffusing the baneful influence of their literature over Europe.

The efforts of Lessing, one of the most clear-headed, sensible critics and writers that Germany has produced, were unceasingly directed against the French taste, and in the well known and admired Hamburg Dramaturgie he laboured unceasingly to bring back his countrymen to nature from the formal conventional theatre of France. Lessing was also a dramatic writer himself, and he was at first of opinion that the true language of the drama was prose: some of his earliest and best pieces were prose compositions; but his latter ones, such as Nathan the Wise, were written in rather a rugged species of blank verse. Goethe and Schiller gave in their master-pieces the true models of the species of verse suited to the German language and theatre; but, unfortunately, Schiller in his Jungfrau, Marie Stuart, and more especially in Die Braut von Messina, gave too much into the epic and lyrical style. His example has been followed

and carried to its utmost extent by Mallner, Grillporzer, Houwald, and others of the present day, who have farther, by an ignorant and injudicious imitation of the Spanish theatre, introduced the trochaic in the room of the iambic measure into their pieces, and thus established a species of sing-song the most sickly, effeminate, and, to the ears of true taste, the most disagreeable that can be conceived. With this they have united the most improbable actions, and the most unnatural characters: a new kind of *destiny* also pervades their pieces, more inexplicable and more inimical to human happiness and exertion than that of the drama of ancient Greece.

Comedy also, which never flourished much in Germany, for

— *natio non comæda est*,

has been by Iffland and Kotzebue formed into a mawkishly sentimental domestic sort of affair, with wondrously kind, amiable, good-for-nothing personages figuring as fond fathers and mothers; good-natured, indulgent husbands, who lovingly take back to their bosoms a wife who has only been guilty of the slight indiscretion of going off and living with another man; and such other faulty monsters, which would to heaven our own theatre could plead innocent to the charge of having also employed in her service.

Against all this corruption of taste and degradation of rational and moral entertainment Mr. Tieck raises his voice in the present work, and we will lay before our readers some specimens of his criticisms, to enable them to appreciate his taste on dramatic subjects.

The principal pieces criticised are Kleist's Prince of Homburg, a play of which the critic expresses himself in high terms of approbation. The Anna Boleyn of Gehe, Schiller's Wallenstein, Körner's Tony, the Zinngeisser, taken from Holberg; the Leuchthurm, and Der Fürst und der Bürger, of Houwald; and Romeo and Juliet, Schlegel's translation of which was, with some alterations, most admirably performed at Dresden.

The Anna Boleyn is a very indifferent piece, but as it belongs to the new school, and as the reader may be gratified with comparing the plan of it with that of Mr. Milman's late drama of the same title, we will give from Mr. Tieck some account of it.

After a very faithful and accurate descrip-

tion of the period in which the scene is laid, and of the historical characters who were the principal actors in it, Mr. Tieck observes, that no more promising subject could present itself to a young poet, and then proceeds thus:

"If our young poet has been unable to employ much or even most of these materials, let this not be made any objection to him. It has been frequently maintained, that a young writer will succeed more easily in tragedy than in comedy, because the latter requires throughout maturity and experience. This prejudice can only proceed from those who have no insight into the essence of tragedy. No doubt a young person may easily treat any subject in a moving and sentimental manner, and excite sadness or even tears; but still he has not written a tragedy, any more than he who has put together a merry story in a droll manner has composed a comedy. The whole affair, when we look a little closer, comes to this, that mediocrity or deficient talent can, with the aid of a language already formed of traditional phrases, situations, and sentiments, which lie as it were coined to the hand, sooner produce something which is like a play, than that the same capacity could invent the ridiculous, for which at least some portion of humour is requisite.

"The play is divided into three acts, besides a prelude. In the latter, we learn the king's love for Anne, and his separation from Catharine, so that a space of three years elapses between this prologue and the play. This division is unhappy, for so much time is occupied with masques, processions, and superfluous pieces of description, which convey no more to the spectator than might have been done by a few verses in the piece.

"The charge made against Anne of illicit intercourse with her own brother is very properly omitted, the religious parties and their conflicts are kept out of sight, and Gardiner, who is Bishop of Winchester, is introduced as secretary of state. All this is well enough; but why, asks Mr. Tieck, is not Norris, one of the queen's servants, which would give probability to her too condescending intimacy with him? It is because the poet would then have lost the opportunity of making him a monitor, a perfectly disinterested personage, the friend and play-fellow of Anne's youth, and her first love.

"He ranges himself then under the banners of those lately-produced beings, who appear in so many of our new pieces, who only love, and will throughout do nothing else but love—who know no passion, scarce even a wish—who talk so nobly, so good-naturedly, and so magnanimously, and who, with my consent, may be excellent personages in real life, but who should be completely banished from the boards of the theatre. The Germans have often laughed at the confidants of French tragedy, because they are nothing else but mere confidants. But is not so consummate a lover, who neither hears nor sees any thing else, and who exhibits no other character, and no peculiarity, just as ridiculous?

"Norris dreads that the giddy, thoughtless conduct of the queen will be her ruin. He entreats for an audience, and this to tell her a

thing that he might have easily communicated at the first assembly. The queen, without any regard for decorum, appoints him, quite innocently, to meet her late in the evening in private, as the king is at the chase. But the king happens to overhear their discourse, and their fate is decided. The queen is sent to the Tower, where she thinks she is merely lodged previous to her coronation, and amuses herself playing with the crown jewels; and the poet indulges himself in a few trespasses against truth and history.

"Catharine of Arragon is still alive. In the prelude she promises an honest and faithful servant and friend, as she foresees evil days coming on, to request, as a last favour from Henry, some post for this worthy man, in which his mildness and gentleness may be of some advantage. And what post does the reader suppose is selected? The lieutenantcy of the Tower!! We must acknowledge that, for a soft-hearted gentleman, he had rather a curious fancy.

"Catharine opens the third act sitting among a set of children, whom she is benevolently instructing in female works. The haughty Catharine of Arragon! In Shakespeare, indeed, she is embroidering among her maids, but that is different from teaching children. This piece of little life (*kleinleben*), says Mr. Tieck, so sentimentally presented, and which has so often tormented us in Iffland's pieces, is here most certainly out of place. The lieutenant of the Tower now appears, and brings various articles of news. First, Catharine may see her daughter Mary, from whom she has been long separated: she is overjoyed at this. But Anne Boleyn is in prison, in despair, and no one takes any concern about her. Catharine at once feels that it is her duty to go and comfort her, though by so doing she must give up seeing her daughter, as the permission was only for a few hours!! Here again is generosity upon generosity: false heraldry. Anne might have suspected that her former mistress would rejoice at her fall, and this consideration would, we might suppose, have withheld a person of delicate feelings from visiting her. But a trifle of this kind gives our young poet no concern. The good lieutenant's budget is not yet exhausted: the last and most important piece of news comes now. The king has carried off a beautiful maid, intending to make her his mistress, and the mother of the young lady had been Catharine's friend. The tragedy at this point actually gets into a comic situation, for the good-hearted queen is determined to save this innocent maiden from the rude power of Henry. The sentimental Henry had, it seems, lost his way in the chase, and in a retreat embosomed in trees he gets acquainted with this maiden. Instantly he falls in love, but he is excessively agitated when he hears that her name is Catharine. The real Henry, observes our critic, afterwards married Catharine Howard and Catharine Parr. In a few words, she of Arragon annihilates him: he surrenders to her his prey, and moreover gives her permission to visit the prisoners in the Tower.

"There must be here something perfectly unnatural in the play, and I am afraid that a

certain suspicion that immediately entered my mind is not without foundation. The king is in other respects a free agent; but this circumstance, his surrendering so cheerfully to the first Catharine the second of the name, almost without being asked, must have been his punishment and his fate.

"A very pretty tale might beyond doubt be written on the fates of *Fate*, from the time when Schiller first mentioned it in his *Wallenstein* and his *Epigrams*, how from that period it was forced to wind through the destinies of the *Jungfrau*, and to appear like a spectre in the *Braut von Messina*, was tortured in the *Schuld*, scarce survived the *Februarfieber*, was taken up exhausted and lifeless by the *Ahnfrau* and the *Bilde*, and in the present feeble composition will finally expire totally nerveless."—Vol. i. pp. 30–31.

The queen now hastens to the Tower, quite convinced of Anne's innocence. She consoles the sufferer, and learns from Dudley, that Cromwell, who is related to Norris, has given him permission to visit the friend of his youth once more. Catharine also consents to this, and they take their last farewell of each other before her eyes, and—the piece concludes.

The story of Anne Boleyn is not new to the stage, it had already been brought on both the German and English theatre, and Calderon has a piece on this subject, called *La Cisma d'Inglaterra*, which contains the divorce, Wolsey's fall, and the execution of Anne, treated in his usual manner, allegorically, adorned with prophecies, and with all the ardour of a zealous Catholic. His main object is the justification of the church from the charges brought against her.

"It may be asked," says our author, "what a historical drama properly is, and if it should never be permitted to depart from the real truth?—I shall have an opportunity to return to this subject, and to throw light on it from various sides. The French, who have made of tragedy a rhetorical piece of art, reject every subject near in time and place, as well as all reality: distant periods must supply their materials, and their critics, with great naïveté, determine, that a very remote, still better a tolerably unknown, country, such as China, Tartary, and the like, may, to a certain extent, supply the place of antiquity, and that, consequently, one may venture to bring on the stage even the modern history of these countries. To dwell on the subject of their native land, to invoke what is most elevated in the state, and in their own history, is for them not merely a matter of indifference, but directly confuses them. In this manner they have got their ideal, as they term it, of tragedy. When Shakspeare first became popular in Germany, several writers pursued quite a contrary course. They could not get casualties enough, which they newly stuck into their dramas, together with all the anecdotes and speeches just as they found them, and this crude beginning they termed nature. But if we look closer at the matter, we shall find, in these pieces, much common-place, unsuitable morality, cold reflection, and the like, which spring any where but from the tenor of their works. And again, every French tragedy reflects to us at least the

life of the nation, what its wish is, and what it strains after; and the perfectly modern sentiments contrast pleasingly enough with the pomp of the stilted language it employs.

"Shakspeare, the greatest dramatic poet, shows himself in his historical compositions to be the greatest of historic painters. As he is continually creating new forms, he does the same in his histories; each of his national plays is treated in a new manner, his Roman pieces again in another mode, and his King John is different from all his other plays."—Vol. i. pp. 42–43.

We now proceed to *Wallenstein*, the noblest production of the German theatre, and the finest drama that has appeared since the days of Shakspeare. Mr. Tieck's critique on this wonderful piece is extremely valuable, and it is greatly to be regretted, that, like his countrymen in general, he has the knack of enveloping the simplest and plainest notions in a mist of words, raised by the aid of the sorcerer Metaphor, which must, to common readers, and to those who are not expert in dispelling the cloud, and viewing things in their true form, be quite impenetrable. It is, we repeat it, greatly to be regretted, that the writers of so sincere and true-hearted a nation, should have given into a mode of writing so easily acquired, and which must, to the lover of simple truth, have so much the appearance of trick and paltry artifice. The fault certainly lies not in the language, for what writers are easier to be understood than Lessing and Wieland, and yet their sense is fully as profound as that of the Schlegels, or the present writer, or even Jean Paul, or the formidable Kant himself, the character of whose writings is most justly given by Mr. Dugald Stewart, though, fortunately for himself, he never underwent the misery of toiling through the works of the philosopher of Königsburg. To return to *Wallenstein*.

Nothing can be finer than the opening scene of the first part, the Piccolomini. Equally fine is the scene of the audience in the second act, every word has power, and the events of the preceding war, and its consequences, are set full in the view of the spectator. He feels himself transported back to that very period. The table scene is also deserving of high admiration, though Mr. Tieck thinks the art too manifest, in placing the servants in the foreground. This may be true, but the effect is fine, at least to us.

In the second piece, *Wallenstein's death*, the scene between *Wallenstein* and *Wrangel* is most highly praised by our critic. He also commends the last scene, though he thinks it excites in the breast of the spectator too much melancholy weariness of life, contempt of its magnificence, and doubt in all greatness and strength of character; "and certainly," continues he, "a tragedy which has selected this great subject, and which has been conducted with such strength, should not conclude with these feelings."

Every reader must have been struck with the extreme beauty of the scene in which *Thekla*, the daughter of *Wallenstein*, appears; and, perhaps, few more powerful scenes are to be found than that between her and the Swedish captain, wherein she learns the particulars

of the fall of her lover, the younger Piccolomini. Yet Mr. Tieck regrets, and with reason, that Schiller should have mingled love and its tender idyllic scenes with the deep and awful interest of Wallenstein's mighty plans, and of the fate that seemed to impend over the whole of Germany. Thekla, however, is a beautiful creation, and we should fear to lose her, lest we might never meet her again. Perhaps her character is too romantic, but what heart can resist such tender melancholy as is expressed in

"Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken zeihn,
&c."

"Schiller has exhibited no great variety in the creation of his female characters; this is precisely the point in which his weakness is most apparent. His heroines are all so thoroughly imbued with love, that in their lofty and noble passion, they appear invincible. On their very first appearance, they speak out so strong and so full, that there is scarcely any room for farther ascent. Hence with him love is a lofty species of intoxication, or a noble resignation, and in all these characters we rather hear the poet speak than nature. Strange that this very defect seems to be what has won him all hearts.

"The Amalie of his early piece, the *Robbers*, is altogether dithyrambic. Louisa in *Kabale und Liebe* is a perfect likeness of her. Leonora in *Fiesco* is nothing but a feeble image of the latter, because in this piece the plot and historical complexity prevail. The queen in *Carlos* is just as great, noble, and devoted; and even the most partial admirers of the poet could not absolutely deny, with respect to *Eboli*, and similar characters, that they are ill drawn. In *Thekla*, this idea of the female character, which should rather be called an abstraction than nature, expresses itself in the noblest manner. In *Marie Stuart*, the poet was compelled, by history, to give her more of truth, weakness and error, and she is, accordingly, his most successful female character. The extraordinary *Jungfrau* appears in the beginning awkward and strange, but in her incomprehensible love, she is again in the manner of the poet. It is just the same with the *Braut von Messina*, and the young lady in *Toll*.

"If it be said that in our greatest poet also, *Clärchen* and *Margarethe*, these wonderful creations have a similar physiognomy, nay even though *Marian* in *Clavigo* and in *Götz*, might in a certain sense be joined with them, as well as *Mariane* in the *Geschwister*; yet when we regard the pure *Iphigenia*, the *Princess Leonora*, and several excellent portraits, which appear to us in his minor pieces, as well as in his tales and romances, we must admire in them the rich creative gifts of the poet, as well as the truth in his forms, and the genuine female character in such various modifications. Our confused times, and the continually increasing wild anarchy, has made it necessary to bring to mind things like this, which might otherwise appear superfluous."—Vol. i. pp. 71-73.

A great fault in Schiller is, that he frequently gives sentiments and reflections to his per-

sonages which do not at all correspond with their characters, and which evidently belong rather to the reflecting poet, than to the acting personage, or may be more properly said to express the feelings of an anxious and interested spectator. This fault, like every other of this great poet, is least perceptible in *Wallenstein*, very much so in *Mario Stuart*, still more in the *Jungfrau*, and attains its acmé in the *Braut von Messina*. And these purple passages, which adhere so loosely to the piece, and, as it were, fall out of it at once, are precisely those that are most admired, best remembered, and most often repeated. Schiller, in fact, if he has been the great raiser of the German drama, and the great assertor of its dignity, is also the man who has first contributed to its corruption, by laying the foundation of the present bewildered and immoral state into which it has fallen in the hands of *Müllner* and others, when he introduced *Destiny* (*Schicksal*) in so prominent a manner, and poured forth those lyrical effusions, so beautiful, but so alien to the genuine drama.

The drama, it is well known, terminates with the death of *Wallenstein*. Mr. Tieck thus proceeds:

"After the death of the hero, will the emperor miss him? Will the army remain the same? Will not the Swedes now, without opposition, command the country? With respect to all this, or even the fate of *Octavio Piccolomini*, we learn nothing, can guess nothing; and in this instance, as in so many other modern ones, the whole poem is closely attached to the person of one man; he falls, and all is over, without that being explained which so frequently demanded our attention in the progress of the work. It is concluded, but not finished. It, consequently, resembles many a building of antiquity, which was commenced on a large scale, but owing to hard times, and want of means, has never been completed."—Vol. i. pp. 79-80.

Our author's analysis of the *Leuchthurm*, in a dialogue between himself and a friend, is excellent. This is a drama of the new school, and a precious specimen it is; written chiefly in the trochaic measure, as easy to write as the ballad measure of *Marmion*, and confined to no more fixed rules. *Das Schicksal*, or *Destiny*, is predominant, the story is wild and improbable in the highest degree, the characters extravagant, and the general impression left on the mind is cheerless and disagreeable.

The article on *Der Fürst und der Bürger*, another piece of *Hunwald*, contains a great quantity of just and original observations on the different kinds of verse employed in the drama. The following are some of the author's remarks on the *Alexandrine*.

"The more ancient *Alexandrine* was one of the earliest measures employed in Europe, perhaps the earliest attempt at poetic expression, for no inquiries have as yet succeeded in discovering its first origin. Whether it only presented an imitation of the ancient trimeter, or that it took the place of the Latin hexameter, or (what appears to me most likely) that it was the musical accompaniment of the military dances of those valiant nations, and was an original invention; our old German

heroic songs are, for the most part, especially the *Nibelungen*, composed in this measure. The *Nibelungen* are distinguished from several other epic poems of the middle ages, more especially by the greater length of the fourth verse, so that the work arranges itself in strophes. The old Spanish *Cid* (the epic poem, not the romance, which Herder has made known to us), is in these earlier alexandrines, so also are the oldest French heroic poems, and in Italy also we meet this kind of verse, even in the thirteenth century, when even then it was called the Martellian verse. This measure is distinguished by this, that it has a female cesura in the middle, by which means it gains a syllable, but, at the same time, more freedom and variety. The French dramatists acted, beyond doubt, against their interest, when they placed the male cesura in the middle of the verse, and thus introduced that uniformity, and the beat of time, to overcome and conceal which cost the actor labour enough. They might have been induced to do this, in order to keep clear of the ballad-singing tone into which that more ancient species of verse had sunk, and into which it falls so easily, as we may see by numerous specimens of ancient popular stories, which have kept to this measure as an easy one. I would still, however, hesitate to say, whether, even in its older form, it be suitable to tragedy. In comedy it is excellent."—Vol. i. pp. 218-219.

Mr. Tieck is one of the greatest theatrical amateurs in Europe. He has made regular dramatic tours through his native country, has visited Italy and its principal theatres, is familiar with, though no profound admirer of the French stage, and finally, in 1817, was here in London, and beheld John Kemble, in the last of his performances. Mr. Tieck's opinions on the dramatic art should, therefore, have some weight, for he that has seen much is in general qualified to distinguish and appreciate.

The works of Shakespeare have long formed Mr. Tieck's chief study. He is as familiar with the language of our bard as any of us here can pretend to be, and he is now, we believe, engaged in a commentary and a translation of such of his plays as are not included in the admirable version of A. W. Schlegel. To such a man a visit to England must have held out many attractions. To see the land, and all its natural features, whence Shakespeare drew; to trace out the remnants of ancient manners that still linger amongst us; to witness the dramas of Shakespeare as performed on the national stage, were strong inducements. Mr. Tieck's enthusiasm, accordingly, was not satisfied by London; he made his pilgrimage to Stratford, gazed on the "soft flowing Avon," entered the venerable stream-encompassed church where repose the mortal remains of the bard, bestowed, we venture to say, his malediction on Mr. Malone's taste, in whitewashing the poet's bust, surveyed the humble edifice where Shakespeare first saw light, and, not the least instructing part of the pilgrimage, wandered through the venerable oaks of Charlicot, that witnessed the deer-stealing exploits of the future dramatist. And many are the delightful associations awakened in the breast of the

reader of Shakespeare, in thus tracing the steps of the poet's youth; for numerous features still remain there unaltered, as steam engines and cotton mills have not yet banished rural manners and rural prosperity from Warwickshire.

The great, the important day of Mr. Tieck's first visit to a British theatre, was the 30th of May, 1817, when he repaired to Covent Garden, to see *Cymbeline*, the part of Posthumus by John Kemble. As the observations of a gentleman so versed in dramatic matters as Mr. Tieck, may be interesting and instructive to some of our readers, we shall give a few of his remarks on the different plays which he saw, and his opinions of the actors.

He commences his remarks on *Cymbeline*, by observing, that this play is one of the most various among the romantic works of the poet. Almost every thing that enchants in his other dramas, may be here recognised; and so impregnated with humour and irony, so filled with surprising events and extraordinary characters, that pleasure and pain, laughter and despair, encounter each other in the most wanton manner. He then proceeds:—

"That, owing to the length of the piece, and the incapacity of the performers, who could neither fill all the parts, and still less fill all well, I should not see the whole, and should see much of it but indifferently acted, I was prepared for; for we are accustomed to this, even in feeble pieces: but that in addition to this, no consistency and mutual dependence of parts should appear; that many, and among them the first scenes, should be totally devoid of even the slightest illusion; nay, that the actors should not even seem to comprehend that this should be aimed at; this, indeed, was what I must confess I did not expect. The whole was given more like a declamation-concert, in which some passages were delivered in an excellent, much in a pleasing manner, and a great—a far too great a portion pronounced in a most completely bungling style, without any attention being paid to the meaning of the poet, or even to the ordinary elegance of speech."—Vol. ii. pp. 135, 136.

With our present mode of adapting, as we are pleased to style it, the dramas of Shakespeare and others to the stage, Mr. Tieck expresses himself by no means satisfied. The old system of alteration, such as Dryden's of the *Tempest*, and Shadwell's of *Timon*, has, we know, been in a great measure abandoned; and the present mode is a system of amputation executed in the most arbitrary manner, totally heedless of consistency and of the meaning of the poet. The approved receipt is, to suppose a general knowledge of the subject, to leave the most celebrated passages as they are, to keep a steady eye on the chief performers, transposing passages, lengthening out the striking scenes by additions and dumb show and play, till one is tired, in return cut down other scenes, or omit them altogether, though they may be absolutely requisite for the perfect understanding of the piece. "In short," says Mr. Tieck, "they proceed in so violent a manner, that a stranger is at a loss how to reconcile it with that reverence and admiration which the English appear, on every occasion, to pay to their great poet."

When Kemble entered, he immediately, by his fine size and expressive countenance, reminded our critic of the celebrated German actor, Thierich Jacobi. Posthumus, as is well known, was not at any period one of Kemble's best parts, so Mr. Tieck saw him not that night to the greatest advantage. He thus describes him:

"His *organ* is weak and tremulous, but full of expression, and each word is given intelligibly and full of feeling, only that much too often and between every second and third word there comes a considerable pause, and most of the verses, or speeches, ended in a high key. In consequence of this immensely tedious mode of delivery, the piece, although, perhaps, nearly the half of it was omitted, was intolerably long. This, as one may call it, musical declamation, excluded all real acting, nay, made it, to a certain degree, impossible; for when every thing is so entirely directed to the little purpose of delivering every soliloquy and every description as to form an artificial whole, there can no longer be expected any delineation of character, any true gradation, any elevation or depression of this or that passage. Here and there the great master might be discerned; for example,—in the second act, when Iachimo, after his return, relates his good fortune, the despair mixed with indignation—the creation of new hope, and the falling back into despondency—were played and delivered admirably; and it became evident, that if Kemble had not given way to mannerism and a narrow school, he would really have been a great actor.

"In the Roman dress he appeared great, and in the burst of passion sublime. He knows well that this dress becomes him, and he knows how to wear it with ease and nobleness, and he therefore takes a pleasure in performing this youthful part, in which he, from beginning to end, never appears youthful."—pp. 138, 139.

Of Young's Iachimo he thought but little. Miss Foote's Imogene was charming in the eyes of our critic, though the audience did not appear to accord with him. He complains, that in England, as well as elsewhere, the prejudice prevails, that a deep and masculine tone is the one most suited to women in tragedy. The voice of the queen horrified him, and reminded him of several Italian actresses who employed those dreadful tones. Even in death, says he, Lear praises the soft and gentle tone of his Cordelia's voice. Shakspeare, though his female parts were played by boys, was of a different opinion from our actresses in this matter, and one should only recollect, what beauties Unzelmann Bethman (a German actress) developed in a tragedy, though her tone was always feminine, and could never descend to the deep base. His pleasure, on the whole, in the representation of Cymbeline, was not great; and he expresses his opinion, that it would have been performed much better, and much nearer to the ideas of the poet, on several of the German stages.

Mr. Tieck afterwards saw Kemble in Brutus; which character, he says, was not played, but judiciously declaimed. The celebrated scene of the quarrel between him and Cassius, made but little impression. Kemble's tone was too

weak for such scenes. Hotspur was as little to our author's taste; he compares the pause, the whine, the disproportioned accents on every second or third word, and raising the voice at the end of each line and sentence, to the protestant preacher, that might be heard in some provinces of Germany, preaching in this tedious, whining *tempo*. Kemble's Wolsey, he regards as a great piece of acting, hardly short of perfection; the scene with Cromwell, as excellence itself. "These admirable scenes," says he, "were given all through in such a manner, that every wish was satisfied, that the imagination could demand nothing more perfect, and that the admirers of the poet discovered new beauties in almost every verse. It is difficult to describe the enjoyment that results when a great poet and a great actor thus encounter." In the Hamlet and the Coriolanus of Kemble, Mr. Tieck perceived the usual beauties, and the usual faults of that great actor. In Coriolanus, as is well known, Mr. Kemble took leave of the stage; and the description of that memorable evening by our author, who was present, is extremely interesting, but has too little of novelty to be laid before the reader.

Kean was then in the zenith of his fame. He failed in pleasing Mr. Tieck, who, on the occasion of seeing his Hamlet, thus describes him:—

"I was very curious to see his Hamlet. All the gaiety, all the witty sallies, the sharp biting passages, were given by him in the very best tone of comedy. With the tragic portion of his part, he, to speak properly, knew not what to do. His mode of recitation is the very opposite of Kemble's. He utters every thing in a quick, frequently hurried manner, so much so, that the dignity of the subject suffers by it. With the accents and pauses he acts in a still more arbitrary and violent way than Kemble; he frequently too by dumb show, or stops, and artifices of that kind, gives to passages a different sense from what people have usually seen in them. His staring, starting, turning round, suddenly resuming with the greatest force a speech that he had apparently let drop, rapidly departing, slowly and unexpectedly returning—of all these epigrammatic modes of creating surprise, his play has the greatest superfluity; he is inexhaustible in inventions for thus breaking up his part into a thousand little frequent bons mots, tragic or comic; and it is undoubtedly this ingenious mode of, to a certain extent, altering and remaking the parts assigned him, that has won him the favour of the greatest part of the public, especially the ladies. If in consequence of this we are never detained by him, as is the case with Kemble, till we are tired, yet we are in requital, incessantly deceived and deluded, as if by an expert juggler, respecting the impression and the feeling that can with justice be counted on. All this falls out quite capriciously on the part of the player, with however the consciousness that he is making the language of the piece manifold, and introducing turns and jumps, for which neither the part, nor the poet, has in the great majority of cases furnished the slightest foundation. This, therefore, is playing with the play; and the poet, especially Shakspeare, is far more

completely destroyed by this mode, than by the former declamatory one."

After Hamlet, Mr. Tieck saw Kean in Macbeth. Here he was still feebler than in the former part; and our critic makes an additional objection to him, that he, after the manner of the French tragedians, tears to pieces entire scenes with all his force, by pronouncing almost every word with the strongest accent, and the utmost effort he is capable of. We wish Mr. Tieck's observations on the witch scene, and the banquet when the ghost of Banquo appears, were not too long for insertion, as they might furnish some useful hints to our stage directors. Kean's Richard the Third, especially the dreaming scene, he liked not at all.

Mr. Tieck's opinions of other eminent actors, were these. Young, whom he saw in Othello, Falstaff, and some other parts, did not please him. Charles Kemble he liked. With Miss O'Neil he was delighted; he saw her in Desdemona, and in the Apostate. "The playing of the actress," says he, "dignified the text in so high a degree, that I count that evening among my most agreeable recollections." Booth was a bad imitation of Kean.

On occasion of Johnston introducing in the part of Major O'Flaherty, in the West Indian, a favourite song, Mr. Tieck makes the following curious remark:—"I understood but little of it—for though the English on almost every occasion speak rapidly and unintelligibly, these favourite songs are rattled out still more rapidly between the teeth. They frequently, indeed, clatter just like peas cantering down a tube—in this respect, (that of introducing songs,) barbarism is at its height in this country."

With the Haymarket, the only theatre in London that a good play can be seen in with any pleasure, Mr. Tieck was greatly delighted.

"It is," he observes, "a pleasant sensation to feel yourself, after the huge theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, once more in a house of a size in which only it is possible to represent plays. On this more moderate stage, every thing fell into its proper proportion. We hear and see, and the spectator finds himself again one with the theatre. As in the large houses scarcely any one sees and hears all, every one feels dissatisfied."

Among others, Mr. Tieck makes the following observations upon our acting and our theatres:—

"One would hardly believe that the English, or their theatre, clung to ceremonies, which are so prejudicial to art and lively representation. I could not ascertain at what time these silly restrictions came in; it would be somewhat surprising if they existed so early as the time of Charles II., whose poets gave to the stage, pieces of the most licentious and indecent description. What is most injurious, is the air of stiffness and constraint, with which the players are found to enter and leave the stage. They may enter at the bottom of the stage, but must on no account presume to turn their backs on the audience; (our author should have made an exception in the case of ghosts; as he remarks, in Kean's Richard, that they appear to be privileged); hence they always make their exits sideways among the scenes. One should not find fault, as the large theatres

are tolerably wide, with their entering and retiring in general in this way, did it not cost all this trouble and anxiety, that they might be thus enabled always to present their full face to the spectator. On this account they approach each other with solemnity and constraint, slowly and after some speeches, then change places, and frequently step up to one another, just as if they were going to dance a minuet. In disputes, or in congratulations, or even in the dialogues between two lovers, they are endeavouring gradually to get near the side scenes, and each goes off, after having spoken his last word, with a side slip.

"In lively scenes, or in great events, for instance, when Richard III. gallops away to the battle of Bosworth, through the side scenes, with such short dancer's jumps, the effect is altogether comic."—pp. 155, 156.

This is in general very true, but we believe the rule is not so invariable as Mr. Tieck supposes, for we have occasionally seen the backs of other characters besides ghosts. He proceeds to observe on the theatres:—

"The two London theatres are like many now in Germany, far too large for the true lover of the drama; if one does not get into the boxes next the stage, or to the front of the pit, one sees but little, and that inconveniently. In consequence of the great height of the stage, the players dwindle to pigmies, and in the wide empty space there is no stay, no separation for individuals as well as for groups, no fixed point —by which alone, as in this desert space all is given without any frame, the play loses all real consistency. The height of the stage is somewhat moderated by the upper curtains hanging much lower than in our (the German) theatres; as they approach the bottom of the stage they sink lower and lower with every side scene, so that the back-wall is as low again as the first side scene. By this rapid descent the stage gains in comfort, and the excessive vacuity of the space is considerably diminished to the eye. In addition to this, which is also to be commended on account of the great breadth of the theatre, the second, third, &c., side-scenes come out much farther on the stage than with us, by which means the theatre is in this way also made much narrower, and the players are in some measure compelled to keep as much as possible on the proscenium. It is also very well contrived that the proper decoration, the back-wall, is so considerably diminished both in height and breadth by the side scenes protruding and the curtains descending so low, that it very frequently consists of two painted boards which are shoved out and join. This precludes a too artificial painting of the decorations, and throws the voice of the actors strong and full out into the house, whereas, in our mode of extending the stage, by the space between the side-scenes, by the quantity of canvas and the want of solid architecture on the stage itself, the voice is frequently, even in operas, weakened and obscured."—pp. 156—158.

Mr. Tieck shows in some other instances how we have exerted ourselves to overcome the disadvantages of our over-large theatres. But all our efforts are vain, the disadvantages are such as to baffle all attempts, and no true

lover of the drama would ever go to see any of our sterling plays at either of them, could he see them any where else. But monopoly, that bane of all that is good, seems resolved to deprive us for ever of one of the most national of enjoyments; and the admirers of Shakspeare and his brethren may look back with a sigh, to the days when at the Globe or the Fortune, their master-pieces were presented without undergoing the capricious mutilations of a modern playwright, and, though the playhouse might be covered with humble straw, Macbeth and Lear were better heard and understood than in the splendid theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Indeed, another conflagration were a consummation not to be deplored, could we hope to see rise from the ruins, three or four moderately-sized theatres and free trade in the drama.

Mr. Tieck expresses himself in a tone of despondency respecting the present state of the histrionic art, and certainly, when we turn our eyes over Europe, we find he has but too much reason for his complaints. In Germany, Schröder, Reinecke, and their fellows, are gone and have left none to equal them: Talma has just departed: our stage has lost its Kemble, its Siddons, its O'Neil, and it would we believe take the united strength of the two theatres to fill one of our best dramas adequately. The golden age of acting as of writing plays, seems to have past in every country. Our golden age in the former, Mr. Tieck says, was in the days of Burbage and Allen; he ought perhaps to have said those of Garrick and Henderson.

The evidence hardly to be told, that the plays of Shakspeare are as familiar to the German boards as to our own. The translations of Schlegel are hardly, if at all inferior to the originals, and Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Romeo, may be seen to as great, perhaps greater perfection on the Berlin or Dresden stage as in London. In the present work Mr. Tieck criticises the German Romeo and Juliet, Lear and Hamlet. On the latter he has a long disquisition respecting the characters and some of the speeches. We shall impart to the reader some of his remarks.

No play of Shakspeare was so much admired as his Hamlet. The various characters of the prince, and the quantity of moral reflections (of the effect of which the popularity of Euripides is a sufficient proof), will easily account for this. But yet none of his plays, Mr. Tieck observes, was so frequently attacked even by his friends, and he thinks that it was Fletcher's object in his Philaster to give Shakspeare a gentle hint of how a prince deprived of his rights like Hamlet ought to act. The madness of Ophelia too was not understood, and Fletcher in another piece, "The two noble kinsmen," undertook the kind office of giving our bard another lesson respecting how young ladies disappointed in love should demean themselves. How far this may be true we take not upon us to decide, though it is not unlikely that Fletcher may be as innocent of intending to offend Shakspeare, as poor Ben Jonson was, whose name has, till within these few years, been synonymous with malignity and brutality.

The character of Polonius, Mr. Tieck says, and perhaps not without reason, has been in general misunderstood. On our stage he is a sort of buffoon, so also in Germany; our critic on the contrary sees in him a true statesman, politic and penetrating, always ready with counsel, who had been of consequence to the former king, and was almost indispensable to the present. The instructions which he gives his son are altogether those of a man well acquainted with the world; he mixes together important and unimportant matters, for to him both are alike. Every thing he says is excellent, and these noble words,

"This above all—To thine ownself be true:
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man!"—

come from his very soul. Polonius' part in this scene should be given in the noblest and most high-minded tone, and only slightly tinged with the flat character of many men of rank. In the following dialogue with Ophelia, he pretends ignorance of his daughter's intimacy with Hamlet. He had heard it from others, *forsooth*. Thus, says Mr. Tieck, the sly courtier becomes quite apparent, for the visits to his own house could hardly have been unknown to him. But Hamlet visited there in the lifetime of his father, and after his death, while it was dubious on whom the election to the crown would fall; Polonius however saw by Hamlet's late conduct, in the second scene, of how little consequence, by his own fault, he was likely to be of in the court, and he therefore thinks it to be more for his own interest to keep the favour of the king; he, therefore, forbids his daughter to give the prince any more encouragement.—In this scene, says Mr. Tieck, the father also shows himself as a man who was well acquainted with the passion of love and its vagaries; he frequently says that he speaks from experience, and we must believe him, for this youthful passion of his own explains, why he remains so firmly convinced all through, that the prince is gone mad for love.

In the scene with the servant, which scene, like many others, Mr. Tieck observes, Shakspeare, whose works were certainly played without any division into acts, inserted to enable the mind of the spectator to regain some tranquillity after the horrors of the night, and to prepare for fresh exertion; in this scene, he says, when the directions of Polonius are considered carefully, they will be found to be any thing but those of a fool. Mr. Tieck examines them at some length, and then proceeds to consider all the other scenes, where he appears, and decides that his character has been hitherto mistaken. We will remark, *en passant*, that in the dialogue between Polonius and Hamlet, this passage occurs:—

"Excellent well, you are a fishmonger."

"Not I, my lord."

"Then I would you were so honest a man."

Mr. Tieck explains it thus: "I would you were so honest a man—but (understood)—you are a fleshmonger; you want to manage a meeting between your daughter and me:" which, he says, is justified by what Hamlet next says, "For if the sun," &c. Still, the idea of love

being the cause of the prince's madness is strong in the mind of Polonius: he minds not what Hamlet says, but proceeds; "He is far gone, far gone: and truly, in my youth, I suffered much extremity for love, very like this." "It has always grieved me," says Mr. Tieck, "when a player has pronounced these words in such a manner as only to excite laughter. It was certainly the aim of the poet to produce a melancholy smile by this retrospect of the old man's youth, and by the prospect that Hamlet, superior as he now appears to the old man in ingenuity, wit, and satire, should, when he arrived at the same age, exactly represent him."

Novel and startling as this view of the character of Polonius may appear, we cannot help regarding it as having some foundation, and it would be strange indeed if we were to be instructed in the true sense of our great poet by a foreigner. Yet, why not? Schlegel has, undoubtedly, pointed out many beauties, and explained many passages and characters in Shakspeare, who has not hitherto met with the best of English commentators. We, for our parts, are inclined to regard as a mere prejudice the opinion, that a writer's countrymen should understand him best. We doubt if any Italian has a fuller conception of the sense and the beauties of the great Italian poets, than Mr. Mathias; and we have long cherished a secret opinion, that Homer is better understood by the scholars of the present day, than he was by Aristarchus and his contemporaries.

"To be or not to be," is known to men, women, and schoolboys; and hitherto we have been unanimous in regarding it as a soliloquy on suicide. Mr. Tieck is of a different opinion. It is his own cowardice that Hamlet is arraigning; that, through the dread of falling in the attempt, withholds him from obeying the commands of his father's spirit, attacking the usurper, and contending with him for empire and for vengeance. Hamlet is, in Mr. Tieck's eyes, no hero; he exhibits weaknesses of every kind; his portraiture of himself to Ophelia is just; all the darker passions show themselves in him; revenge, anger, malice, envy, pride, and ambition appear in the strongest light; but so relieved and softened down by fine feeling, wit, taste, knowledge, and nobleness, that this amazing phenomenon attracts and enchants us. Even his repulsive qualities are not devoid of greatness and splendour.

The whole of the disquisition on Hamlet is highly interesting, as indeed is almost every thing in the work. The character of Ophelia is beautifully developed, and several of the observations are strikingly just and new; and we once more strongly recommend these volumes to the attention of such persons as love the drama, and are versed in the German language.

The latter part of the volume is composed of observations on the German theatre, occasioned by a tour which the author made through Germany, chiefly, we believe, with a view to the drama. The reflections on costume, decorations, and ballets, and the proper mode of delivering verse, are excellent; we recommend, particularly, the description of Mademoiselle George, whom he saw at Stras-

bourg as the mother of the Maccabees and as Lady Macbeth.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

THE YEAR TWENTY-SIX.

'Tis gone with its toys and its troubles,
Its essays on cotton and corn,
Its laughing stock company bubbles,
Its Cherry Ripe—(music by Horn.)
'Tis gone, with its Catholic question,
Its Shiels, its O'Connells, and Brics:
Time, finding it light of digestion,
Has swallow'd the Year Twenty-six.

I've penn'd a few private mementoes
Of schemes that I meant to effect,
Which, sure as I hobble on ten toes,
I vow'd I'd no longer neglect.
"My wits," I exclaim'd, "are receding,
'Tis time I their energies fix:
I'll write the town something worth reading,
To finish the Year Twenty-six."

My pamphlet, to tell Mr. Canning
The Czar has an eye on the Turk:
My treatise, to show Mr. Manning
The way to make currency work:
My essay, to prove to the nations
(As sure as wax-candles have wicks)
Greek Bonds are not Greek obligations—
Were planned in the Year Twenty-six.

I sketch'd out a novel, where laughter
Should scare evangelic Tremaine,
Shake Bramblyte House off its rafters,
And level Tor Hill with the plain.
Those volumes, as grave as my grandam,
I swore with my book to transfix:
'Twas call'd the New Roderick Random,
And meant for the Year Twenty-six.

My play had—I'd have the town know it—
A part for Miss Elinor Tree;
At Drury I meant to bestow it
On Price, the gigantic lessee.
Resolved the fourth act to diminish,
('Tis there, I suspect the plot sticks,)
I solemnly swore that I'd finish
The fifth, in the Year Twenty-six.

But somehow I thought the Haymarket
Was better for hearing by half,
To people who live near the Park it
Affords the best home for a laugh.
"There Liston," I mutter'd, "has taught 'em
Mirth's balm in their bitters to mix:
I'll write such a part in the autumn
For him—in the Year Twenty-six!"

I meant to complete my Italian—
('Tis done in a twelvemonth with ease,)
Nor longer, as mute as Pygmalion,
Hang over the ivory keys.
I meant to learn music, much faster
Than fellows at Eton learn tricks:
Vercellini might teach me to master
The notes, in the Year Twenty-six.

'Tis past, with its corn and its cotton,
Its shareholders broken and bit:

And where is my pamphlet? forgotten.

And where is my treatise? unwrit.

My essay, my play, and my novel,

Like so many tumble-down Dicks,

All, all in inanity grovel—

Alas! for the Year Twenty-six!

My Haymarket farce is a bubble,

My *Bocca Romana* moves stiff,

I've spared Vercellini all trouble,

I don't even know the base cliff.

My brain has (supine anti-breeder)

Neglected to hatch into chicks

Her offspring—Pray how, gentle reader,

Thrive yours for the Year Twenty-six?

George Whitfield, whom nobody mentions

Now Irving has got into fame,

Has paved with abortive intentions,

A place too caloric to name.

I fear, if his masonry's real,

That mine have Macadamized Styx:

So empty, cloud-capp'd and ideal,

My plans for the Year Twenty-six!

Past Year! If, to quash all evasions,

Thou'dst have me with granite repair,

On good terra firma foundations,

My castles now nodding in air:

Bid Time from my brow steal his traces

(As Bardolph abstracted the Pix),

Run back on his road a few paces,

And make me—like thee—Twenty-six.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HOOD'S WHIMS AND ODDITIES.*

FOR three years past have we been pining away for the appearance of a new Cockney. There cannot be a greater mistake in legislation than to scout the employment of machinery in inflicting torture on a criminal. Torture inflicted previous to conviction, and with a view to confession, with or without any complicated machinery, is in all cases, even Cockney ones, indefensible, alike on the ground of expediency, justice, and mercy. But the torture inflicted after conviction, and without any view, either prospective or retrospective, to confession,—in all cases, especially Cockney ones, is, with or without any complicated machinery, defensible, alike on the ground of expediency, justice, and mercy. The knout! What a multitude of associations are comprehended in that formidable monosyllable! To spare the pity of the public, we gag the culprit in his agony, so that he may not groan at the expense of other people's humanity. The sight of the bare bleeding back, striped and starred like the American ensign, shocks the sensibility of the spectator, and he asks, what has been the culprit's crime? Cockneyism—aggravated by being, habit and repute, a Cockney—is the answer—and the benevolent querist is satisfied that the wounds should be healed by the sharpish application of searing and salt. The punishment is meted to the crime—and

as reformation, which is but one of the ends of punishment, is in such a case nearly hopeless, it does not seem to the said benevolent spectator a matter of much consequence whether the knouted live or die. Better, perhaps, on the whole, both for himself and the public, that he die. There is then one Cockney fewer in the country—and it is possible that his place may be supplied by a man.

Our hearts leaped within us at the name Thomas Hood, lauded as we saw it by many whose lams is shame. Our eyes waxed red with wrath, and we laid our hand on the knout, as it depended with blood-stained thong from a peg on the rack of the Sanetum. Thomas, too, instead of Robin, seemed to us a shocking aggravation of guilt, in a person with the surname of Hood. On mutton instead of deer must Thomas Hood feed; and we swore to immolate him to the offended majesty of the shade of the glorious outlaw of merry Sherwood.

But what a bitter disappointment! Thomas Hood, so far from deserving to be knouted to death, or sent with his stripes into Siberian silence, turns out to be a most admirable fellow—quite of the right kidney—with a warm heart—a sound head—a humour quaint and original—a disposition amiable and facetious—a boon companion, worthy to be carried by proclamation or storm—an honorary member of the Nox-Ambrosial club.

Mr. Hood's love for Miss Tree is well known; and he celebrates his fruitless passion for that delightful dryad in some pretty verses, and an ingenious wood-cut.

A woodman has been cutting away at the trunk of a Tree, when suddenly it branches out into the figure of its living namesake, in the very attitude in which she has conquered so many hearts,—when, with all her mild, meek, and modest charms, she uplifted her wreathy arms in obedience to the oft-repeated cry,—*Encore!—encore!—encore!* Away flies the biting axe, that has been inflicting such cruel wounds on the tender bark of her slight, slim, slender shins! The wood-cutter flings himself into a posture of loving admiration of the matchless Tree! and too blest would he be to slumber all night long, and on, on, on, into meridian sunshine, beneath the fragrant and flowering branches all dropping with the honeydew!—What the wood-cut means to be an emblem of, we cannot exactly tell; nor do the accompanying verses throw much light on the matter; but there is a charm in obscurity, especially when love is the theme; and all such compositions, to be felt fully, must on no account be clearly understood. Any reader is at liberty to put what construction he pleases on a copy of love verses, or a love wood-cut; and he who asks an explanation from a friend whom he supposes to be a better informed man than himself, of any difficulty occurring in an amatory effusion, either printed or engraved, is a ninny, and never can have experienced the delight of worshipping a shoe-tie or a tucker. Such persons must have nothing to do with the Whims and Oddities of Mr. Hood.

* Whims and Oddities. By Thomas Hood. Lupton Relfe, London, 1826.

"Love," quoth the Ethrick Shepherd,
"Love is like a dizziness,

That wunna let a poor body
Gang about his business."

And Mr. Hood breathes, in different strain,
the same complaint. There is much of that
pleasant pathos in the following verses, that a
man who has been often in love, and with various
success, cannot choose but throw into
any complaint, be it serious or playful, against
"la belle passion."

LOVE.

O Love! what art thou, Love? the ace of
hearts,
Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all
suits;

A player, masquerading many parts
In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the
roots;

The Fick of Passion—partly false—part real—
A marriageable maiden's "beau idéal."

O Love! what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,
Making green misses spoil their work at
school;

A melancholy man, cross-gartering?
Grave ripe-fac'd wisdom made an April fool?
A youngster, tilting at a wedding ring?
A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool?
A Ferdinand do Something in a novel,
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?

O Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad
With palpitations of the heart—like mine—
A poor bewildered maid, making so sad
A necklace of her garters—fell design!
A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?

O Love!—but whither now? forgive me, pray;
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

Mr. Hood has touched off a sea-scene very
cleverly, both in prose and verse—and also in
wood. Nothing so easy to a vulgar mind as a
description of sea-sickness. In almost every
book of voyage or travel, a chapter is dedicated
to vomiting—a chapter that makes the reader
as sick as if he had actually had the misfortune
of being in the birth below that of the writer
in the cabin of a steamer. But the artist of
genius, without slurring over any of the pecu-
liar and characteristic miseries of such a place
and time, appeals to the imagination rather
than the stomach. Mr. Hood is such an artist
—as witness the following lines:—

"Cables entangling her,
Ships'parks for mangling her,
Ropes sure of strangling her,
Blocks over-dangling her;
Tiller to batter her,
Topmast to shatter her,
Tobacco to spatter her;
Boreas blustering,
Boatswain quite flustering,
Thunder clouds mustering,
To blast her with sulphur—
If the deep don't engulf her;
Sometimes fear's scrutiny
Pries out a mutiny,
Sniffs conflagration,
Or hints at starvation —

All the sea-dangers
Buccaneer rangers,
Pirates and Salle-men,
Algerine galley-men,
Tornadoes and typhons,
And horrible syphons,
And submarine travels
Thro' roaring sea-navels;
Every thing wrong enough,
Long-boat not long enough,
Vessel not strong enough,
Pitch marring frippery,
The deck very slippery,
And the cabin—built sloping,
The Captain a-topping,
And the Mate a blaspheming,
That names his Redeemer,—
With inward uneasiness;
The cook known, by greasiness,
The victuals beslobber'd,
Her bed—in a cupboard;
Things of strange christening,
Snatch'd in her listening,
Blue lights and red lights
And mention of dead-lights,
And shrouds made a theme of,
Things horrid to dream of,—
And buoys in the water
To fear all exhort her:
Her friend no Leander,
Herself no sea gander,
And ne'er a cork jacket
On board of the packet
The breeze still a stiffening,
The trumpet quite deafening;
Thoughts of repentance,
And doomsday and sentence;
Every thing sinister,
Not a church minister,—
Pilot a blunderer,
Coral reefs under her,
Ready to sunder her;
Trunks tipsy-topsy,
The ship in a drowsy;
The waves oversurging her,
Syrrens a-dirging her;
Sharks all expecting her,
Sword-fish dissecting her,
Crabs with their hand-vices
Punishing land vices;
Sea-dogs and unicorns,
Things with no puny horns,
Mermen carnivorous—
' Good Lord, deliver us! "

The cut called "The Spoiled Child" is
very good indeed. We have known it happen
—twice—with a child, and once with a whole
litter of kittens. No prudent person sits down,
without looking to see whether there is or is
not a sleeping child on the chair. Accidents
of that sort are as frequent as those with fire-
arms. When the child happens to be an only
child, the loss is, in many cases, irreparable.—
Perhaps more sleeping children get annually
into the obituary within the bills of mortality,
by being sat down upon on chairs during the
day, than overlaid in bed during the night. In
the latter case, to be sure, it is the mothers
who cause their deaths; in the former, gene-
rally, aunts. But the circumstance of aunt-
ship is a gross and grievous aggravation of the

guilt. A mother may forgive herself for over-laying her child in sleep, while she was dreaming of it at her breast,—but her mother never can forgive her own great fat hulking fellow of a sister for sitting down on a son and heir of hers, or even a daughter, broad-awake, in any sense of the word,—and, at the very time that she was murdering unchristened Tommy, reading through her spectacles an account of the agonies of two parents on having their child carried off by gypsies into the New Forest—a mere joke to what is going on below. But hear Mr. Hood.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

"My Aunt Shakerly was of an enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions.—There is a vastness in the outline, of even moderate proportions, till the mass is rounded off by shadows, that makes the hand hesitate, and apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth: how, then, should I have ventured to trace—like mapping in a Continent—the surpassing boundaries of my Aunt Shakerly!

"What a visago was hers!—the cheeks, a pair of hemispheres—her neck literally swallowed up by a supplementary chin.—Her arm cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster,—her body like the feather bed, of Ware. The waist, which, in other trunks, is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone, of a continuous tract of flesh;—her ankles overlapped her shoes.

"With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary.—When she did walk, the Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river breeze, was her favourite resort. But never, in all her water-side promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the waterman. With looks purposely averted he declined, tacitly, such a Fairlopian Fair.—The hackney-coach driver, whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals—had just broken his poles.—Thus, her goings were cramped within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares, besides, being strange to her and inaccessible, such as Thames street, through the narrow pavements;—others, like the Hill of Holborn,—from their impracticable steepness.—How she was finally to master a more serious ascension, (the sensible encumbrance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations) was a matter of her serious despondency—a picture of Jacob's Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her that the celestial staircase was without a landing.

"For a person of her elephantine proportions, my Aunt was of a kindly nature—for I confess a prejudice against such giantesses. She was cheerful, and eminently charitable to the poor,—although she did not condescend to a personal visitation of their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children—not spoiling them by often repeated indulgences, and untimely severities, the common practice of bad mothers;—it was by a shorter course that the latent and

hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly were blasted in the bud.

"Oh, my tender cousin " (for thou wert yet unbaptized.) Oh! would thou hadst been,—my little babe-cousin,—of a savage mother born!—For then, having thee comfortably swaddled, upon a backboard, with a hole in it, she would have hung thee up, out of harm's way, above the mantel shelf, or behind the kitchen door—whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so, having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlour chair!

"In the meantime, the 'Herald' came.—Next to an easy seat, my Aunt dearly loved a police newspaper;—when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random answer;—the world and the roasting jack stood equally still,—So, without a second thought, she dropped herself on the nursing chair. One little smothered cry—my cousin's last breath, found its way into the upper air,—but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear.

"My Aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people's practice. She was as solid a reader, as a sitter, and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone through the 'Herald' from end to end. When she did rise,—which was suddenly,—the earth quaked—the windows rattled—the ewers splashed over—the crockery fell from the shelf—and the cat and rats ran out together, as they are said to do from a falling house.

"'Heyday!' said my uncle, above stairs, as he staggered from the concussion—and, with the usual curiosity, he referred to his pocket-book for the royal birth-day. But the almanack not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs, at the heels of the house-maid—and there lay my Aunt, stretched on the parlour-floor, in a fit. At the very first glimpse, he explained the matter to his own satisfaction, in three words—

"'Ah—the apoplexy!'

"Now the house-maid had done her part to secure him against this error, by holding up the dead child; but as she turned the body *edge-ways*, he did not perceive it. When he did see it—but I must draw a curtain over the parental agony—

"About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she-neighbour called in, and asked if we should not have the coroner to sit on the body;—but my uncle replied, 'There was no need.'—But in cases, Mr. Shakerly, where the death is not natural—'My dear Madam,' interrupted my uncle,—it was a natural death enough."

It will never be known till the last day, whether my Lord Byron or Mister Thomas Campbell was the first to select as a subject of poeise, the Last Man. It is most melancholy, even to a disposition naturally cheerful, to think on the huge mass of unmixd nonsense under which the said poor ill-used Last Man has been buried. Mr. Hood, alive to the ludicrous, has viewed the Last Man in his proper light; and had the verses been published two years ago, they surely would have saved Mrs. Shelley

from the perpetration of her stupid cruelties. Let that Lady, or Mr. Campbell, set fire to a sheet of paper, and observe the way in which sparks go out—

There goes the squire, a most illustrious spark, And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk ;

but no one poor unhappy devil of a spark continues scintillating for hours by himself among the ashes, as if he would never go out—but require three volumes of Memoirs to elucidate his character—under the title of the Last Spark. The idea is most pitiful, and unimaginitive—and you might as well prove pathetic at a gooseberry bush, over the fate of the last small black hairy grosset. There is no such thing as the Last Man, or the Last Grosset, or the Last Dew-drop, or the Last Rose of Summer, or the Last Kick to a Cockney, or the Last Pot of Porter, or the Last Long Sermon,—but the class of objects to which they one and all do severally belong, goes off after quite another fashion,—men, grossets, dew-drops, sparks, roses, kicks, and sermons, all perish, not by a consecutive series of deaths, but by simultaneous extinction. You might as well write a book about the feelings of the hindmost horse in the St. Leger—for he is the Last Horse—as about the feelings of the hindmost man in that other St. Leger, on which so many have started, and in which they come past the judge's stand so close, that a winding-sheet might cover them all.

Mr. Hood's Last Man is, in our opinion, worth fifty of Byron's "darkness," (a mere daub), a hundred and fifty of Campbell's Last Man, and five hundred of Mrs. Shelly's abortion.—The wood-cut is inimitable—quite Cruickshankish. The Last Man is a sort of absurd sailor-like insolent ruffian, sitting with arms a-kinbo, cross-legged, and smoking his pipe on the cross-tree of a gallows. There stands the ladder, never more to be touched by human foot. There depends the halter that shall hang no more. The crows, and the ravens, and the pies, scent the Last Man, and encircle him with a ring of wings, eyes, beaks, and talons,—but he is up to the sublimity of his state and station, and puffing away from the grim corner of his mouth, seems to say gruffly, "Don't care the toss of a tinkler's curse for you all." By the way, what a heavenly calm would fall upon the soul of the Last Man, if we were assured that he had, during the twenty concluding years of his career, been over head and ears in debt! Not a barn-bailiff on the face of the uninhabited globe! His shoulder now free for ever from touch profane! No occasion now to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act! No such words now, as "within the Rules." The curse fled for ever—of seeking for bail! Oh! the celestial comfort of knowing that there is no man to whom he owes a shilling—that widows and orphans are whining and whimpering against him no more—and that the persecuting race of tradesmen, jewellers, wine-merchants, breeches-makers, and above all, tailors, unrelenting and inimitable in their fractional even as very men, are "grated down to dusty nothing."—Oh, here comes Mr. Hood's "Last Man."

THE LAST MAN.

'Twas in the year one thousand and one,
A pleasant morning of May,
I sat on the gallows-tree, all alone,
A-chaunting a merry lay,—
To think how the pest had spared my life,
To sing with the larks that day!

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
Like a scarecrow, all in rags:
It made me crow to see his old duds
All abroad in the wind, like flags;—
So up he came to the timber's foot
And pitch'd down his greasy bags.—

Good Lord! how blythe the old beggar was!
At pulling out his scraps,—
The very sight of his broken orts
Made a work in his wrinkled chaps:
"Come down," says he, "you Newgate-bird,
And have a taste of my snaps!"—

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,
I slid, and by him stood:
But I wish'd myself on the gallows again
When I smelt that beggar's food,—
A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust;—
"Oh!" quoth he, "the heavens are good!"

Then after this grace he cast him down:
Says I, "You'll get sweeter air
A pace or two off, on the windward side"—
For the felon's bones lay there—
But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,
And offer'd them part of his fare.

"I never harm'd them, and they won't harm
me:
Let the proud and the rich be cravens!"
I did not like that strange beggar man,
He look'd so up at the heavens—
Anon he shook out his empty old poke;—
"There's the crumbs," saith he, "for the ravens!"

It made me angry to see his face,
It had such a jesting look;
But while I made up my mind to speak,
A small case-bottle he took:
Quoth he, "Though I gather the green water-
cress,
My drink is not of the brook!"

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram;
Oh it came of a dainty cask!
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,
"Your leave, good sir, I must ask:
But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,
When a hangman sups at my flask!"

And then he laugh'd so loudly and long,
The churl was quite out of breath;
I thought the very Old One was come
To mock me before my death,
And wish'd I had buried the dead men's bones
That were lying about the heath!

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—
"Come, let us pledge each other,
For all the wide world is dead beside,
And we are brother and brother—
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
As if we had come of one mother

"I've a yearning for thee in my heart
That almost makes me weep,
For as I pass'd from town to town
The folks were all stone-asleep,—
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,
It made me both laugh and leap!"

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,
And a curse upon his mirth,—
An it were not for that beggar man
I'd be the King of the earth,—
But I promis'd myself, an hour should come
To make him rue his birth!—

So down we sat and bous'd again
Till the sun was in mid-sky,
When just as the gentle west wind came,
We hearken'd a dismal cry:
"Up, up, on the tree," quoth the beggar man,
"Till those horrible dogs go by!"

And, lo! from the forest's far-off skirts,
They came all yelling for gore,
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk adown at the gallows' foot,
And there his haunches they tore!

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done;
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun!—
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar man,
And his tears dropt one by one!

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,
Till the last dropt out of sight,
Anon saith he, "let's down again,
And ramble for our delight,
For the world's all free, and we may choose
A right cozle barn for to-night!"

With that he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due West;
So we fared that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest—
It was fine to enter in house and hall,
Wherever it liked me best!—

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads;
And when we came where their masters lay
The rats leapt out of the beds:
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar man made a mumping face,
And knocked at every gate:
It made me curse to hear how he whined,
So our fellowship turn'd to hate,
And I bade him walk the world by himself,
For I scorn'd so humble a mate!

So he turn'd right and I turn'd left,
As if we had never met;
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,
For the city was all to let;
And for three brave holydays drank my fill
Of the choicest that I could get.

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,
I got me a properer vest:
It was purple velvet, stich'd o'er with gold,
And a shining star at the breast,—

'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her grave
To see me so purely drest!—

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass;
In vain I watch'd, at the window pane,
For a Christian soul to pass;—
But sheep and kine wander'd up the street,
And browz'd on the new-come grass.—

When lo! I spied the old beggar man,
And lustily he did sing!—
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a King;
So he stept right up before my gate
And danced me a saucy fling!

Heaven mend us all!—but, within my mind,
I had kill'd him then and there;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws!
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out, —
And soon tied up his claws,—
I was judge myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead, but cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go
When the law and a thief have quarrels;
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes;—
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,
And never was one of the sloths;
But the beggar man grumbled a weary deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

So I haul'd him off to the gallows' foot,
And blinded him in his bage;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind, and airing his rags!

So there he hung, and there I stood
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth
Quoth I, now I shall thrive!
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive?

My conscience began to gnaw my heart
Before the day was done,
For other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun!
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one!

So I went and cut his body down
To bury it decentlie;—
God send there were any good soul alive
To do the like by me!
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,
And bay'd me up the tree.

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
And my head began to swim,

To see their jaws all white with foam,
Like the ravenous ocean brim;—
But when the wild dogs trotted away,
Their jaws were bloody and grim!

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord!
But the beggar man, where was he?—
There was nought of him but some ribbons of
rag
Below the gallows' tree!—
I know the Devil, when I am dead,
Will send his hounds for me!—

I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old churchyard stone
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,
But I never felt so lone!

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguiled;
But the simple kine are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child!

And the beggar man's ghost besets my dreams
At night to make me madder,—
And my wretched conscience, within my
breast,
Is like a stinging adder;—
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,
And look at the rope and ladder!

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas! in vain,
My desperate fancy begs,—
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
And drink it to the dregs,—
For there is not another man alive
In the world, to pull my legs!

A genuine poem, so far from being degraded in our imagination by a successful parody, rises up more beautiful beside its caricatured Eidoion. What the worse has the "Elogy in the Country Church-yard" been of the many thousand parodies that its unparalleled popularity has provoked? Not a whit. On the contrary, it triumphs over them all; either sending them into utter oblivion, or embalming them, by means of some portion of its own immortal spirit transfused into the otherwise perishable materials. But a counterfeit poem cannot endure the test of parody, and falls to pieces at once. Its hollowness is exposed—its glitter is seen not to be gold—and the parodist appearing a much cleverer artist than his original, his original is dishied for life. Mr. Campbell is a poet of a very high order, but his Last Man is a poem of a very low order; and Mr. Hood's Last Man beats him all to sticks at his own weapons. Mr. Hood's Last Man is not a parody, it is true, of Mr. Campbell's Last Man; but the whole conception of such a person as a Last Man is with great power burlesqued, and that is the same thing in our present argument. Had there been any thing really sublime, or striking, or terrible, in the idea of a Last Man, Mr. Hood's Poem would have left it unimpaired in our imaginations; but the very idea being in itself absurd, and contrary to the very nature and constitution of things, not even to be dreamt on a supper of pork-chops,

Mr. Hood's poem has exposed its absurdity: and the Last Man of Mr. Campbell drifting along in a ship to shores where all are dumb, is just as grotesque a Christian, as Mr. Hood's Last Man, perched and puffing on the gallows-tree, with a pound of pigtail in each pocket of his trowsers, and a half-chewed quid in the envelope of his jacket-sleeve, and a club of hair, tufted like a stot's tail, hanging down to his hurdies.

What is the use of a review that gives you, here and there, a bit of extract cut out, without skill or selection, from the body of a poem? When we do quote, which is but seldom, we quote largely; just as when we do quaff, which is not so seldom, we quaff largely; for nothing is so unsatisfactory as a mere taste—nothing so consolatory as a flowing bumper. You cannot do an author a greater disservice than to show him up in separate stanzas. An extremely good-looking man, when you see him upon the whole, and as large as he is in life, has not perhaps any one very remarkable point about him—a poor calf to his leg, no great shakes of a foot, a breast of inadequate breadth perhaps, loins too narrow, and knees far from being unexceptionable. Yet the *tout-ensemble* is a man of prepossessing exterior nevertheless, and a man that, by pure captivation, subsequently marries an heiress. We wish it were in our power to present bodily to our readers, the "Irish Schoolmaster,"—for he is a rare pedagogue—and just such a Romeo as would have carried off that Juliet, Shenstone's Schoolmistress. He would have made her heart go pit-a-pat.—Behold him!

"No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hambs imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread:
Large, as a dome for Learning, seems his
head,
And, like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkemp and red,
And stand abroad in many several ways:—
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is
baize.

"And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward gible of a fowl, which shows
A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue;
His nose,—it is a coral to the view,
Well nourished with Pierian Potheen,—
For much he loves his native mountain
dew;—
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

"As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short
As Spenser had, ere he composed his Tales;
But underneath he hath no vest, nor aught,
So that the wind his airy breast assails;
Below, he wears the nether garb of males,
Of crimson plush, but non-plush'd at the
knee;—
Thence further down the native red pre-
vails,
Of his own native fleecy hosiery:—
Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-
a-pie

"Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap
His function in a magisterial gown,
That shows more countries in it than a map,—
Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet
brown,
Besides some blots, standing for country-
town;
And eke some rents, for streams and rivers
wide;
But, sometimes, bashful when he looks
adown,
He turns the garment of the other side,
Hopeful that so the holes may never be es-
pied!"

He is a tremendous disciplinarian, before
whom Dr. Buzby shrinks into a shadow. Mr.
Hood foredooms him, on account of his cruel-
ties, to a certain place where there are no holi-
days—and nothing for a pedagogue to flog at,
seeing that it is bottomless. Yet doth this
good-natured bard relent in the very next stan-
za, and acknowledge, that as a tree, should be
tried by its fruits, there is not one in all the or-
chard superior to the birch.

"Yet would the Muse not chide the whole-
some use
Of needful discipline, in due degree.
Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time pro-
duce,
Whene'er the twig untraine'd grows up a tree!
This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,
Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,
And Learning's help be used for infamie,
By lawless clerks, that with their bloody
hands,
In murder'd English write Rock's murderous
commands.

"But, ah! what shrilly cry doth now alarm
The sooty fowls that dozed upon the beam,
All sudden fluttering from the brandish'd arm,
And cackling chorus with the human scream!
Meanwhile, the scourge plies that unkindly
seam
In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked
skin,
Like traitor gap in warlike fort, I deem,
That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,
Nor seeks the Pedagogue by other course to
win.

"No parent dear he hath to heed his cries;—
Alas! his parent dear is far aloof,
And deep in Seven-Dial cellar lies,
Kill'd by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof,
Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,
Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,
Or, whilst he labours, weaves a fancy-woof,
Dreaming he sees his home,—his Phelim
smile;—
Ah me! that luckless imp, who weepeth all the
while!

"Ah! who can paint that hard and heavy
time,
When first the scholar lists in Learning's
train,
And mounts her rugged steep, enforc'd to
climb,
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain
From bloo dy twig, and eke that Indian cane,

Wherein, alas! no sugar'd juices dwell;
For this, the while one stripling's sluices
drain,
Another weepeth over chilblains fell,
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well!

"Anon a third, for his delicious root,
Late ravish'd from his tooth by elder chit,
So soon is human violence afoot,
So hardly is the harmless biter bit!
Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit
And mouthing face, derides the small one's
moan,
Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit,
Alack,—mischance comes seldom times alone,
But aye the worried dog must rue more curs
than one.

"For lo! the Pedagogue, with sudden drub,
Smites his scald-head, that is already sore,—
Superfluous wound,—such is Misfortune's
rub!
Who straight makes answer with redoubled
roar,
And sheds salt tears twice faster than be-
fore,
That still, with backward fist, he strives to
dry;
Washing, with brackish moisture, o'er and
o'er,
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul
thereby,
Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky."

The Irish Schoolmaster is a scholar, as the
following stanzas show.

"Now all is hush'd, and, with a look pro-
found,
The Dominic lays ope the learned page;
(So be it called) although he doth expound
Without a book, both Greek and Latin sage;
Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,
How Romulus was bred in savage wood
By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage;
And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,
But watered it, alas! with warm fraternal
blood.

"Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,
How Troy was sieged like Londonderry
town;
And stout Achilles, at his jaunting-car,
Dragg'd mighty Hector with a bloody crown;
And eke the bard, that sung of their renown.
In garb of Greece most beggar-like and torn,
He paints, with colly, wand ring up and down,
Because, at once, in seven cities born;
And so, of parish rights, was, all his days for-
lorn."

In old Mythology, too, he instructs his pu-
pils, and then, as recommended in the evi-
dence before the committee on the affairs of
Ireland, explains the Malthusian doctrine of
population.

"From such quaint themes he turns, at last,
aside
To new philosophies, that still are green,
And shows what rail-roads have been track'd,
to guide
The wheels of great political machine;
If English corn should grow abroad, I ween,

And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet ;
How many pigs be born, to each spalpeen ;
And, ah ! how man shall thrive beyond his
meat,—

With twenty souls alive, to one square sod of
peat !"

We cannot but give, continuous, the con-
cluding stanzas of this very clever poem.

" Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,
The hour is come to lay aside their lore ;
The cheerful pedagogue perceives it soon,
And cries, ' Begone !' unto the imps,—and four

Snatch their two hats and struggle for the
door,

Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,
All blythe and boisterous,—but leave two
more,

With Reading made Uneasy for a task,
To weep, whilst all their mates, in merry sun-
shine bask,

" Like sportive elfins, on the verdant sod,
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,
That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod,
So soothly kind is Erin to her own !

And one, at Hare and Hound, plays all
alone,—

For Phelim's gone to tend his step-dame's
cow ;

Ah ! Phelim's step-dame is a canker'd crone !
Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,
And, with shillelah small, break one another's
brow !

" But careful Dominic, with ceaseless thrift,
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe ;
But, first of all, with tender land doth shift
His college gown, because of solar glow,
And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow :
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dapple
bean,

Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,
Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage
green,

With that crisp curly herb called Kale in
Aberdeen.

" And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
Link'd each to each by labour, like a bee ;
Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her
bow'rs ;—

Would there were many more such wights
as he,

To sway each capital academic
Of Cam and Isis, for, alack ! at each

There dwells, I wot, some dromish Dominic,
That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,

But wears a floury head, and talks in flow'ry
speech !"

The three last lines are the only bad ones in
the poem—and they are as bad as can be—
falsely conceived and poorly expressed. Mr.
Hood will have the goodness to delete them,
and supply their place, next edition, with
others about the Irish Schoolmaster himself,
and leave the Cam and the Isis to flow on un-
disturbed. Nothing more common than to
hear amiable and ingenious men like Mr.
Hood, sneering at the Universities of Oxford
and Cambridge. Such sneers are very silly—

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and make the sneerer look like an absolute
ninny. It was probably no fault of Mr. Hood's
that he did not receive a University education.
But he would have been none the worse—in-
deed much the better of one ; and since his lot
forbade, he should regret, rather than exult,
that he has no Alma Mater.

Let us now look over the volume again,
with the sole view and express purpose of find-
ing faults, like other critics. Where the deuce
is that poor, mean, miserable wood-cut gone,
that we heard a contributor abusing the other
day in the middle shop ? Where the weak and
watery lines about a grey mare's tail ? Con-
found us, if we can find either the one or the
other. Well, then, what is the use of any far-
ther botheration ?

Mr. Thomas Hood, we wish you a happy
New-Year, and many returns of the season.
Write serious verses as well as jocular—for
you write them very sweetly, very simply,
very naturally, indeed ; but beware of a slight
inclination towards —. You know what we
mean. Remember the last letter in the alpha-
bet. Gruff old General Izzard is yet alive—
so with that kind caution—Fare thee well,
Thomas Hood—Fare thee well.

From the Monthly and European Magazine.

THE PALM-TREE.

..... Has his heart forgot, so far away,
Those native scenes—those rocks and torrents grey ;
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze ;
The shores—the sound of those encircling seas
Heard from his infant days—and the piled heap
Of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep ?

Howie.

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby ;
It was not fanned by southern breeze,
In some green isle of Indian seas ;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep :

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew,
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue ;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Uprose that stem of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at his feet.

Strange looked it there !—the willow streamed
Where silvery waters near it gleamed ;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the Desert's tree ;
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers ;
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung ;
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song ;
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been ;
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the Palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms:
He passed the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye;
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him, its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke!
It whispered of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Aye, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan!

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar;
The conch's wild note along the shore;—
All, through his wakening bosom swept:
He elapsed his country's tree, and wept.*

Oh! scorn him not!—the strength, whereby
The patriot girds himself to die—
Th' unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman, battling on his hills—
These have one fountain, deep and clear,—
The same whence gush'd that child-like tear!

F. H.

CAPTAIN SHERWILL'S VISIT TO MONT BLANC.

(Continued from p. 264.)

LETTER II.

Friday, 26th August, 1825.

"... Je jurai de consacrer la trace
De ce trop rapide moment,
Et de graver ici ton nom..."

DEAR FRIEND,—About four o'clock in the morning my companions began to awake, and were soon on the alert. In some degree I envied them the comfortable sleep they had experienced: such a pleasure was denied to me by the constant nausea, which had not left me during the night. The thermometer marked two degrees of Reaumur below zero; and how much lower it had been I could not ascertain, not having one of Cavallo's horizontal thermometers, which indicate in the morning the extreme cold during the night. It is, however, a general opinion, that at the break of day, and just before the sun rises, the cold is at the greatest, and I do not think the thermometer had been much lower.

A good fire was soon blazing in one corner of our dormitory; snow was melted, some negus made, and two or three cold fowls soon disappeared: I was thirsty, but my appetite was gone.

As soon as breakfast was finished, we made preparations for our second day's march; and having determined, if we possibly could, to sleep at the same place the second night, we left great part of our baggage, taking with us provisions for a mid-day meal, and two or three bottles of wine: our shoes and stockings were

hung up to dry in the sun, there being no fear, as Coutet observed, that they would be stolen by any passers-by. Towards five o'clock we were all in readiness, the ropes were again affixed to us, as yesterday, and we started forth, linked together like criminals to be tried for life or death. Coutet gave us a paper of figs and raisins, which he said would be very acceptable to munch occasionally with a handful of snow. On descending from Les Grands Mulets, we passed by the ruins of the small hut which Monsieur de Saussure had erected during his visit to Mont Blanc in 1787. It was a good deal encumbered with snow, and the walls did not appear more than two or three feet high. I preferred the spot we had chosen for our night's lodging, as the views were more extensive.

After a cursory review of the remains of the hut, which the indefatigable Saussure had once occupied, we almost immediately found ourselves on the Glacier de Tacconai. Our guides felt very sanguine as to the weather. The sky was clear, and the morning cold, although the sun had already influenced our thermometer before we left the Grands Mulets; for between four and five o'clock it had risen one degree, and was thus only one degree below zero, when we commenced our second day's journey.

The Glacier de Tacconai is not so difficult to traverse, as the one we had encountered yesterday, but I should say it was more replete with beauties of its own peculiar kind. It would be endless to detail to you our progress over the crevices, our descent into them, and the difficulties of overcoming the irregularities on the ice. These glaciers, as well as others among the Alps, are supposed to be in many places five hundred or six hundred English feet thick. Where the inclination of the rock on which they are formed makes an angle of thirty or forty degrees, their descent must be supposed to be somewhat rapid towards the valleys, although their movement is of course imperceptible to the eye. Passing, as they do, over a very rugged foundation, parts of them are impeded, while other parts are proceeding; and hence arise the crevices, or cracks, some of which I have seen not wider than half an inch, apparently just made, while others were much too large for us to pass over. Once we made a bridge, by laying four or five of our poles in a horizontal position, close together, where the chasm was not very wide, but of unknown depth. The ice of the glaciers has a different appearance from that which we see on ponds or lakes: in no case could skates be used: the ice is porous, and scarcely ever can you find a piece exempt from innumerable air-bubbles, except in the icicles, the formation of which is evidently different. We were obliged frequently to cut ladders or steps in the rapid ascents or walls of ice; and I think it was seldom so hard as the common ice in our valleys, the globules of air naturally rendering it less compact. The ice in these lofty regions is plainly formed in a different manner from all other ice. There is a constant, though gentle thaw, in the day, and this humidity freezes every night; thus an ice is produced, which might be said to be composed of an endless

* This incident is, I think, recorded by De Lille, in his poem of "Les Jardins."

succession of strata, the mid-day thaw not being sufficient to dissolve all the snow; the air consequently is not entirely driven out; hence the innumerable interstices. It is well known, and easily understood, that whenever it rains in the valleys, it snows on these high mountains; so that, in fact, it never rains on the summit of the Alps.

These glaciers are constantly fed, not only by the snows, but by a thousand smaller glaciers, which descend from the peaks through the ravines, to aid the growth of the greater. On many sides of these perpendicular aiguilles, the snow finds no place to lodge, as is very evident on that face of Mont Blanc next to the *Allée Blanche*; consequently in long and heavy snow-storms, the accumulation on the glaciers, which become the reservoirs, is double what it would be if the surrounding country was a plain.*

We continued our journey across the Glacier de Tacconai, in a direction leading towards the *Dôme de Gouté*. In about two hours we encountered fresh difficulties, such as we had not experienced before, from the fresh-fallen snows, not more than three or four days old; the surface was frozen of the thickness of a shilling, but not sufficiently to bear our weight; consequently the fatigue of walking became very great, as we had now lost all solid footing. This fresh snow retarded our progress very much, for the guides were obliged constantly to advance a considerable distance before us, in order to ascertain the most practicable path; the crevices being partly obscured, the danger of passing them was very much increased. We frequently halted some minutes for their return, and, if their report was unfavourable, we changed our direction and pursued another. The anxiety and perseverance of the guides were beyond all praise, and could only be equalled by a degree of calmness and prudence rarely met with in such hardy fellows.

It was towards nine o'clock that we began to feel a strong tendency to sleep: the sensation cannot be described, for it is momentary. While we were in movement, it was less perceptible; but as soon as we remained stationary, an instantaneous desire to sleep overcame us, and frequently we were obliged to sit down on the snow, and beg of the guides a few mi-

nutes' repose. Our thirst also became very annoying, and with difficulty could we utter two or three words without moistening our throats with snow, for we had now no more chance of finding water in the refreshing pools and bright streams, which had given us so much pleasure during our walk of yesterday.

Having now reached a very highly rarefied air, respiration became troublesome and difficult, so that at every fifteen or eighteen paces we were obliged to halt, and turn ourselves round towards that point from whence the light winds came, in order to breathe more freely; but as soon as we halted to breathe, sleep attacked us on the other hand; so that we had, during the whole of this day, a variety of enemies, contending each in his own way to prevent our arrival at the summit of the mountain.

My indefatigable friend, Dr. Clark, was constantly in advance, and it was necessary to summon all my force and all my courage to keep near him;—often I found myself following, I knew not how; I had now acquired so mechanical a mode of walking, and putting my legs into the footsteps of the leading men—the snow being at this time nearly up to our knees—that I became almost insensible of fatigue. From nine o'clock to ten we were employed in ascending what is termed "*Les Montées*," a wall of snow, before arriving at "*Le petit Plateau*." Having accomplished this with considerable difficulty, we traversed *Le petit Plateau*, and arrived at the foot of a second and much steeper ascent, which conducts to the "*Grand Plateau*." Sleep, a burning sun on our head, cold feet, shortness of breath, and nausea, which I still felt in a great degree, rendered this ascent the most fatiguing I had ever hitherto attempted. Endeavouring, as I am, to give you a simple and true account of our proceedings, it is not necessary to call in the language of exaggeration. When therefore I tell you that this ascent was pretty steep, you may easily conceive it was so, from the simple circumstance, that frequently, in accomplishing the task, I was obliged to hold by the leg of the guide before me, to assist me in climbing through the snows, and that leg was perhaps at the moment even with the top of my head. The guide could not bend himself sufficiently to give me his hand, but, by sticking his pole firmly in the snow, he held fast by that, until I could bring myself to the spot where he stood. On arriving at the summit of this difficult ascent, we all with one accord spread the two or three knapsacks which we had brought, and sat down on them to eat our breakfast. It was now eleven o'clock, and we had hoped to have been by this hour much nearer the top of Mont Blanc; but the fresh-fallen snows had very much impeded our progress, and even the hardy guides began to complain somewhat of fatigue. We now looked back at the small plain, which we had just crossed, and I was told its breadth was about half a league. The Grand Plateau was to be our next undertaking, which, however, is a league and half across, almost quite level, entirely surrounded by lofty mountains, covered with eternal snows, its surface a good deal interrupted by large blocks of ice, and the

* In traversing these stagnated oceans, very large blocks of granite of many tons weight may be seen riding on the surface of the ice. These blocks have afforded the means of ascertaining a fact of importance. The experiment I am about to relate to you was made last year by some of the guides of Chaumoni at the *Mer de Glace*. Two poles were erected, one on each side of the glacier, out of reach of its movement, and so placed as to be in a direct line with the block of granite. In the course of twelve months this block had entirely changed its position as respecting the two poles, and had advanced upwards of one hundred yards on its march towards the valley; a clear proof that the glaciers do move on, and are continually diminishing at their lower extremity by the melting of the ice, and increasing at the upper end by the constant snows.

ruins of avalanches, which continually fall on it from the inaccessible heights around. It is scarcely possible to call to your mind any figure which would give a just idea of the appearance of the Grand Plateau and its environs, unless I were to say it resembled what the inside of a white wash-hand basin might perhaps appear to an ant. We had entirely lost our appetite, and even the guides did not eat like the hardy race of the Alps; we drank some wine with snow, ate a small part of a fowl, and remained to rest in this place half an hour, with every hope and expectation of being on the summit in three or four hours.

I asked Coutet, who was my guide and counsellor, if I might lie down, and sleep on the snow for a few minutes: he gave his consent rather reluctantly, but, spreading my great-coat, and giving me his knapsack for a pillow, I fell back, and was immediately in a profound sleep. In ten minutes he awoke me, or I might have slept for ever.

We sat on the brink of les Montés, which had cost us so much labour to ascend—for nearly half the way we had cut steps in the snow and ice—we could not distinguish one cheerful object, being entirely shut in by projecting hills of snow. We had lost all sight of the peaceful and happy vale of Chamouni, of which we were but yesterday the inmates. Nothing, in short, was visible, but endless tracts of snow around, and a burning sun above. Not a trace of any living creature was to be found; all was silent; not a sound to disturb the solitude! I would willingly have enjoyed this extraordinary scene still longer, but the word was given to proceed. Our unavoidable delays had very much deranged our plans; and the fear of being late, and in the dusk of the evening, amidst the horrors and dangerous passes of the Glacier de Tacconai on our return, occasioned us to hurry on; for had we met with the slightest accident, we must have slept on the snows the whole night. We had lost all crevices, caverns, and dangers of this sort, but the fatigue was not diminished. Frequently we were obliged to change our leading guides; for the simple fact of their walking first through the snow, occasioned exhaustion. To walk long without stopping was totally impracticable; respiration became very short and quick. The reverberation of the sun's rays incommoded us, and the heat was considerable. It appeared to me strange, that if the globe of quicksilver was turned to the sun, it seemed to have no effect on it, whereas a person sitting still in the same place, or even walking on, would rejoice to put himself under the shelter of an umbrella—so scorching were the sun's rays on the body. When we had reached the extremity of the Grand Plateau, Coutet pointed out to us the spot where he and his brother guides were engulfed in an avalanche, which fell from the very precipice we were now about to climb. We stopped for a few minutes, but were soon hurried on, lest a similar catastrophe should overtake us. The surface of the Plateau indicated that a fall had taken place not longer ago than six or eight days. The irregularities, and mountains of snow which were driven together, showed very plainly that the fall had been very considerable; for we reckon-

ed its extent to be nearly or quite two miles long. Silence and expedition were imposed on us by our guides: the one was certainly more practicable than the other. To talk we had little inducement; and to hurry on, overcome as we were with fatigue, was next to impossible.

We now took rather an oblique direction, winding round a very steep ascent at the foot of the Rochers Rouges. We found this part very steep; and by a zigzag movement we left this bare granite rock on our left hand, and arrived at a small plain which conducts to the Petits Mulets, which are two or three uncovered peaks also of granite. We did not reach Les Petits Mulets until half past one o'clock. We sat down ten minutes to recruit our strength, and drink a glass of wine to all our friends below; the guides threw off their knapsacks, and shaking each other cordially by the hand, seemed to forget all their fatigues.

I must acknowledge to you that I looked at the magnificent summit of Mont Blanc, from this point, almost without consciousness. The strength and force which we possess, when quietly walking through the beautiful valleys of Switzerland or Savoy, are well nigh exhausted when we arrive at the top of their stupendous mountains. The mind becomes worn down by fatigue, as well as by the changes the body must necessarily undergo in passing through these different atmospheres; and its powers are enervated almost to annihilation. However, though weary and feeble enough, we had no thought of abandoning our object. Dr. Clark and two guides led the way; Coutet and Pierre Simon assisted me:—their aid is here very essential, for this last ascent is icy, with scarcely any snow to prevent your slipping; and at the same time so steep, that the surface appears sometimes nearly close to your face.

The wind, as we continued to ascend, was bitterly cold. We had tied some extra handkerchiefs over our ears and chin, and Coutet buttoned up closely his Alpine jacket, saying to me two or three times, by way of consolation, "Nous y serons tout à l'heure." My other guide, Simon, had never been up; and though his strength and spirits had not failed him, he complained, and suffered a good deal from pain in his eyes. Within a short distance from Les Petits Mulets, I forgot to mention to you, that we saw very near to us, two birds which the guides called "Corneilles." They were, I think, what Buffon calls "*Le choquard des Alpes*," and Linnæus "*Corvus Pyrrhonorax*." They inhabit the highest Alps, even amidst the eternal snows, and scarcely are seen on the mountains of the Jura. They feed on berries and wild fruits, and such insects as are found near the edge of the snow.

At two or three minutes after three o'clock we arrived at the utmost summit, the object of all our toils, and Coutet called out, "Nous voici au sommet du Mont Blanc!" I stood motionless for some time to take a general view of this strange wild world of mountains, and could scarcely believe where I was! We proceeded on towards the centre, and immediately fixed three poles in a triangular form, and suspended the barometer and thermometer to

them. My watch was five minutes past three o'clock. At about five minutes after three o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th August, 1825, the barometer marked fifteen inches nine lines and one-tenth French: and when we left Coutet's house the day before, it stood at twenty-five inches one line and one-tenth. The thermometer was three-fourths of a degree below zero, Reaumur. Having made notes of these observations, Coutet pointed out the principal objects worthy of notice, and most clearly to be seen from this the highest point in our quarter of the globe. It being three o'clock, or a little later, the sun was in the south-west, and interrupted our view very much in the direction of Geneva and the Jura: the Jura mountains formed our horizon in that direction. Langres, the highest town in France, we could not discover, although it has been said, that the chain of the Alps has been seen from it. On the opposite side of Mont Blanc the Apennines were visible for a vast extent, and the situations of Milan and Turin were pointed out to us. We looked very carefully and with an earnest wish to discover any thing like the Mediterranean sea in the line over Genoa, but I cannot say that I saw it. On the side of Switzerland the "Jungfrau," near Grindelwald, was very conspicuous, as well as the Mont Buet, the Diablerets, the Ghemmi, and St. Gothard; more to the eastward, Monte Rosa was visible, which is 2430 toises above the level of the sea. The Valley of Chamouni, and even its little village, can be seen with a telescope. The convent of the Grand St. Bernard was hid, owing to its situation among the mountains. We could not see much of the Allée Blanche, or the environs of Mont Blanc, immediately at its base on that side, owing to the various projections, which, as it were, grow from its sides.

The day was remarkably fine—there was not a cloud above our heads; but on many of the lesser chains of mountains, and on the Apennines, there were light clouds and vapour.

Coutet endeavoured to make me see a star; but either he was mistaken, or his eyes were better than mine. I walked to the extreme end of the summit, and looked over towards the Maritime Alps: this chain was very distinct. The length of the summit of Mont Blanc is two hundred paces, and nearly level. I found a difficulty in measuring the width, for the sides are an immediate descent, so that I did not know where to begin or where to finish. The whole figure may be understood by the common term, a hog's-back shape.—I am told that the summit of this mountain has been described as forming nearly a triangle; but we did not find this to be the case now. It is evident, from the drifts of snow during the turbulent winds in winter, that its appearance may change in twenty-four hours; and that which is of a triangular form to-day may be circular to-morrow. The variety and changes in the drifts of snow on exposed plains, are sufficiently well known to every traveller.

Every object seen from this summit (2460 toises above the level of the sea) becomes so diminutive, with the exception of a few principal mountains, and so fore-shortened, that it seems entirely to have changed its form and

character. The beautiful Aiguille du Midi, and those of Charmoz, the delight and admiration of every stranger who visits Chamouni, are in some degree lost in the general confusion; I ought to say, in truth, that no one particular object could be seen distinctly: every thing appears so massed together, that all power of distinction is lost.

While stationary on the summit of Mont Blanc, I experienced a very peculiar sensation of lightness of body, which was also felt by some of the party, to whom I mentioned the circumstance. It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood. I mentioned this fact to Dr. Ebel, at Zurich, and also to other persons whom I thought capable of elucidating the cause; but their explanations were not satisfactory. The subject will, perhaps, serve to amuse your studious hours: I only vouch for the fact. The rarity of the air did not affect me quite so much on the summit, as when labouring through the deep snows and climbing the ascents on our passage, during the ten hours we were employed in ascending from Les Grands Mulets.

The sense of hearing was not interrupted, if there had been any thing to hear; the smell, and power of feeling, were not diminished; but the faculties of the mind were in less activity. The sky was of a very dark indigo blue; this deep tint was, indeed, among the most remarkable features we observed. Being, as we were, above all vapour and thick atmosphere, which rises to a certain height above the level of the earth, the medium through which we saw it was of course more pure; and we looked, as it were, into a dark ocean of infinite space. After having well observed, as far as could be distinguished, the principal objects within reach, and again examined our glasses, the barometer was found to remain steady: the thermometer, however, had somewhat changed, and the mercury had fallen a very little below the point at which it was first marked, viz. three-fourths of a degree below zero of Reaumur. The wind began to freshen from the south-west, and Coutet would not suffer us to remain.

The snow drifted from the neighbouring mountains, and was hurrying along the surface of the summit about half way up to our knees, but none of it remained on the ice where we stood. This drifting snow, meeting with resistance, such as the body or legs of a man, would soon accumulate, not greatly to his comfort.

I have mentioned to you before that we had been ten hours coming from the Grands Mulets to the spot where we now stood. Although our return would not occupy more than half that time, still it was already late, and we might, therefore, by some accidental delay, have to cross the dangerous Glacier de Tacconai in the dark, or else sleep unsheltered on the ice. The injunctions of the guides were positive, and we were obliged reluctantly to obey their summons. We took one more general view, to endeavour to fix on our minds the wonderful panorama spread before us. How I wished you could have been transported, without experiencing the dangers and dif-

faculties we had encountered, to the same spot, and enjoyed with me the magnificence of this wondrous scene. "*Partager les plaisirs, n'est-ce pas les doubler?*" Yes, my dear friend, I did indeed wish for you, that you might experience for a short time the awful impression of this sublime scenery. You may imagine that any other solitude is very similar to this, or that the silence of the lonely glen, or dark forest, may well represent the stillness here. But, no! the dreary wildness of the whole imposes on the mind a totally different feeling to that which we experience where there are objects of less horror to relieve the train of thought. There is a grandeur, a savageness, an awfulness, in these regions, which seem to hurry the soul of man into a state of distraction, and to render the prospect widely unlike those scenes of quietude, which soothe and soften the mind, and bid it reflect with composure. Here we were above all living beings, the sole inhabitants of a region far above the lofty flight of the eagle, where the foot of the chamois never ventures, and where man has seldom been. We stood amidst the frowns of savage Nature, almost insensible to every object beneath, and silently contemplating the cloudless heavens, pure and bright as the un sullied wastes of snow around and beneath. Here all worldly passions cease; man's thoughts occupy themselves in a more worthy train of reflection: he forgets the injustice of his enemies: his soul raises itself to heaven, as its nearest point, and rejoices to feel itself nearer the abode of truth. "*Le vrai nous vient du ciel, l'erreur vient de la terre.*" When we meet we will enlarge upon this subject; in the mean time I will briefly state our mode of descent, an operation very different from that pursued in ascending.

On reaching the edge of the declivity which led to the *Petits Mulets*, Coutet told me that it would not be safe to walk down; and on inquiry I found the usual practice was to seat yourself on the ice between two guides, and thus slide in a few minutes the distance which had cost us an hour and a half to ascend. I submitted to the plan suggested to me; and though the operation is somewhat hazardous, the agility of the guides in regulating the velocity by means of their poles, seems to remove all danger. In descending this first slope by this new method, I cast my eyes once or twice over the precipice to our right hand, and had just one moment to think, that if, by an ill-fated turn, we had directed our course that way, it appeared that we should most unexpectedly have paid a visit to the good monks of St. Bernard. When at *Les Petits Mulets*, I begged Coutet to stop a few minutes that I might once more look up at the hoary summit of Mont Blanc; and having rested a short time, and gathered a few fragments of granite from this, the highest bare point, we continued our line of march.

The Grand Plateau, whose lengthened plain extends nearly a league and a half, is not very comforting to a traveller ready to sink under an accumulation of fatigue and exhaustion. We had scarcely eaten any food during the day: a few of Coutet's figs and raisins had satisfied me; and among the seven guides, only

half a three pound loaf had been devoured, and two small chickens, which certainly on any of their accustomed expeditions, would scarcely have sufficed for one; and our consumption of wine did not this day amount to three bottles. Having crossed the Grand Plateau, which required an hour and a half, owing to the deep snow, we stood for a few minutes debating what means would be the most secure to descend what I endeavoured to describe to you before as the great Montées. To slide seemed impracticable. This slope had been warmed by the sun in the mid-day, when we passed it; but now, owing to the shade and cold winds, it had again frozen, and was become exceedingly dangerous. Something was to be done; for to remain there all night, destitute of food, firing, and clothes, was not very desirable. We, therefore, began to walk with a very careful and deliberate step, placing our feet in the track we had made in the morning. We slowly crawled downward for some time, using every precaution not to slip; for though we were attached to each other by ropes, still the fall of one might endanger others: and to the base of the Montées was about twice as high as the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. I had not descended more than one hundred, or one hundred and fifty feet, before I fell, and instantly the snow began to roll with me, nor could I stop myself until the ropes were extended to their full length. Coutet cried out — "*Ne bougez pas, Monsieur, ne faites pas le moindre mouvement.*" It required some little self-command to obey his orders; but I remained perfectly quiet, though not very composed, until he gave me directions to endeavour to press my heels into the snow, and thus raise myself a little, while the two guides, who held the ropes, should by degrees pull me up to the path from whence I had fallen. In trying to press my feet forcibly into the snow, they came in contact with the ice, and slipped, so that my efforts were quite useless. However, by the utmost exertion in my power, and by the force of the guides, I was pulled up, but required some little time to recover my senses; for, swinging almost in the air, immediately over so great a depth, with some doubt of the result of the manœuvre, I was for the moment a little nervous. Two or three other trifling slips brought us to the small Plateau, over which we walked as rapidly as fatigue would allow us. When at its extremity, we had the smaller Montées to descend; but, as this was much less steep, and only about half the height of the other, we all sat down, and were very soon comfortably landed at its base. — I never enjoyed the pleasure of descending the *Montagnes Russes*, which were formerly fashionable near Paris; but I apprehend our slides were very similar to them. — We now witnessed two or three grand avalanches; but, happily for us, they took an oblique direction, and we remained stationary to observe their fall. The avalanches which fall directly from the mountain tops, thunder down with a deafening roar; but those which merely slip down the snowy steeps, cause little noise, but raise a cloud of white dust, which marks their progress, and produces a beautiful effect. When we reached the edge of the *Glacier de Taccon-*

nai, about six o'clock, it was getting dusk ; and we had to cross a deep and frightful chasm in order to save a very considerable circuit. This passage was only practicable by laying four or five of our poles in a horizontal position, and thus making a bridge, having ropes affixed to each person. To descend the crevice was out of the question, for it was very deep, and contained water, and ice apparently not sufficiently frozen to support our weight. The poles were laid, but not in a very secure manner, and the leading guides, throwing their knapsacks over before them in order to be as light as they could, passed over in safety, and we followed. The poles, however, were very slippery, as well as the soles of our shoes. Many times, in the course of our haltings, I found that I could not make the least impression on the upper leather with my iron spike, the shoe being frozen as hard as a sabot. To traverse this fragile bridge requires a pretty steady step, for one fall would be one too many.

Having successfully passed this chasm, we had not far to arrive at Les Grands Mulets, and reached our resting-place in perfect safety soon after seven o'clock, having been little more than four hours in descending from the summit ; whereas it cost us ten hours to ascend to it. The rapid slides which we accomplished without any overturn or accident, facilitated very considerably our arrival. We soon spread our blanket on the rock, and in a very few minutes we were in a sound sleep, leaving the guides busy in preparing their supper, lighting their fire, and making negus. Our wood being all expended, the old useless ladder was soon cut up, and did good service even in its last moments.

As I shall have a few more particulars to relate to you relative to our arrival at Chamouni, I shall close this letter, and threaten you with a third. I dare say your patience is exhausted, but you imposed on yourself the fatigue, by a desire for every particular. For the present, however, I take compassion on you, and only add that I am ever,

Yours, affectionately,
M. S.

From the La Belle Assemblée.

ELEGIAC STANZAS TO MY BOY IN HEAVEN.

(Died Oct. 12th, 1826.)

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

SWEET smiling Cherub ! well, I ween,
With truth I now may call thee so ;
Since thou hast left this earthly scene,
This pilgrimage of grief and wo !
All the fond wishes I could twine,
Had thy Life's web been wrought by me ;
Full, pure, and perfect, now are thine,
Young Heir of Immortality !

How have I wish'd, as day by day,
I watch'd thy outward form decline,
And saw thy beauties fade away,
That lengthen'd life might yet be thine !

Mistaken love ! a better lot
Than earthly Parent could provide,
Where sorrow, sin, and care are not,
Is thine, beyond Life's changing tide !

As Israel's royal mourner knelt
Before the Temple's sacred shrine,
And all a Parent's anguish felt,
Such heart-wrung sorrow has been mine,
When by thy restless couch I've pray'd,
Unhear'd by all—save ONE alone ;
And knew that Hope's last-fleeting shade,
That ev'ry thing, save Life, had flown !

But, when I saw thy closing eye
Disturb'd by no convulsive start ;
And heard thy last-drawn, gentle sigh,
How swell'd with gratitude my heart !
Heaven, that had tried my faith so long,
Repaid me months of anguish past,
Spared me the worst, the keenest pang,
To see thee suffer at the last !

They best can tell who, round thy bed,
Gaz'd in mute reverence on the scene ;—
Nor deem'd the happy soul had fled,
So all unalter'd was thy mien—
How lovely was the smile that play'd
O'er thy pale cheek and forehead fair :
No with'ring look—no dark'ning shade—
All, all, was heavenly radiance there !

Why should we paint the mighty King,
DEATH !—in such terrible array ?
A spectre form—a grisly thing,
Before whose look all shrink away ?
A Minister of vengeance ! sent
To blight, to conquer, and destroy,
Heav'n's fierce and dreaded instrument,
Blasting each bud of hope and joy ?

Ah ! such he may be, when he stands
To strike the Sinner in his way ;
Waiting in wrath to loose the bands
That chain him to his house of clay !
To THEE, in sunshine, not in storm,
He came ;—of all his terrors riv'n ;
Taking a kindred Seraph's form,
To bear a Brother back to Heav'n !

And, as I bent me down to kiss
Thy placid and unalter'd brow,
How did I yearn to share thy bliss,
To share thy Paradise e'en now !
But, though the "iron's in my soul,"
I still must hold my journey on ;
A pilgrim to that heavenly goal,—
Where thou, brief space before, art gone !

Thy BROTHER claims a mother's love,
Thy SISTERS ask a mother's care ;
And I must rise this grief above,
Or learn with fortitude to bear !
Yes ! I must seek the World again,
And mingle with its busy crowd,
Though anguish racks my throbbing brain,
And grief to earth my soul has bow'd !

But few will say, in after-years,
That smiles upon my cheek they see ;
Though none may guess the secret tears
These streaming eyes must shed for thee !
Sweet smiling Cherub ! well, I ween,
With truth I now may call thee so,
May I so pass this troubled scene,
This vale of shadow here below ;

That when these wearied eyes shall close,
And sleep the last, long, dreamless sleep;
When my worn heart shall find repose,
Where Care and Sorrow cease to weep;
I may have stemm'd each stormy wave
Of Life, from its pollutions free;
And feel assured beyond the Grave,
Thou wait'st to ope Heaven's gate for me!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

CAFFER CAMPAIGNS.—THE PROPHET MAKANNA.

Is the year 1818 an internal war broke out among the Caffer clans which bordered on the colonial frontier. It originated in certain disputes between the Chief Gaika and his uncle S'Lhambi, about the possession of a tract of pasturage,—and in resentment of the conduct of the former in plundering some of the weaker chiefs of their cattle, and forcibly carrying off and appropriating to his own use the wife of a distinguished warrior.* The parties flew to arms, and a powerful confederacy was formed against the arrogant usurper. S'Lhambi was supported by his brother Jaluha, by the prophet-chief Makanna, by Congo, Habanna, Hinza, and most of the other principal leaders of the Amakosa nation. In the conflict which ensued, Gaika was defeated with great loss, his clan dispersed and plundered, and he himself driven for shelter to the vicinity of the colony. The victors did not press him farther, nor was any aggression committed by them upon the colonial territory. There was, therefore, not the slightest pretence for our interference. It was entirely a domestic quarrel, and the Caffers ought to have been left to settle it their own way.

Unhappily, the colonial Government did not choose to remain neutral. It adopted the cause of "King Gaika;" publicly declared him the paramount and legitimate chief of the Caffer nation,† and denounced his opponents as rebels

* Gaika's fine person and plausible demeanour fascinated the travellers Barrow and Lichtenstein, who saw him when he was a very young man. Since that time his character has developed itself very differently from what those writers anticipated. At this day he stands lower in moral estimation, even in the opinion of the Caffers, than any other chief of note in their nation. He has been long notorious for his arrogance, duplicity, sensuality, and insatiable cupidity; and is considered, by the missionaries and other Europeans to whom he is known, to be very far below the average character of his countrymen, who are certainly, on the whole, a fine high-spirited race of men, and not undeserving of the favourable accounts which the intelligent travellers above named have given of them.

† The claims of Gaika to such authority were, at the best, exceedingly questionable. He had never been recognised as sovereign by the greater part of the Amakosa clans; and he told Lord Charles Somerset himself, in 1817,

and outlaws! In prosecution of this extraordinary policy, Lieut.-Colonel Brereton was directed to march into Cafferland, in the close of 1818, with a powerful force of military and Burgher militia. The insurgent chiefs deprecated this unprovoked invasion: they declared that they were anxious to remain at peace with the colony; but at the same time obstinately refused submission to Gaika. The "commando" (I adopt the colonial term) marched forward. The unoffending inhabitants were attacked in their kraals or villages, plundered of their cattle, and slaughtered or driven into the woods. I have been assured by officers who accompanied this commando, that not less than 23,000 head of cattle were carried off from the lands of S'Lhambi and his allies,—9000 of which were allotted to Gaika, and the rest distributed among the boors, or sold to defray the expenses of the expedition.*

By this unprovoked invasion the Caffer clans were not only wantonly exasperated, but rendered in a great measure desperate, by being deprived of their principal means of subsistence. Under such circumstances it is to be wondered at that they followed the retiring track of their invaders, and began to pour themselves into the colony in numerous swarms, ravenous for plunder and revenge? Retaliation was easy and immediate. The cattle of the boors along the frontier were every where swept off, and many of the inhabitants were forced to abandon their dwellings. Detached military posts were captured. Captain Gethin of the 6th regiment, Lieutenant Hunt of the African corps, and numerous small parties and patrols of British soldiers were massacred. The Caffers soon discovered that the European troops were but ill-adapted for withstanding their system of bush-warfare, and their audacity daily increased. The Moravian settlement of Enon, a hundred miles from the frontier, was plundered and burnt to the ground. The Zuurveld, where the British settlers are now located, was overrun and laid waste; and the British troops,

that many of the other chiefs consider themselves his equals, and were entirely independent of his control. In point of lineage even he is inferior to Hinza, who, if any thing like regular monarchy existed among these wild tribes, would of course be king. But it is altogether absurd to talk of legitimate sovereignty in such a state of society; and it is at all events manifest that we had no business to interfere in the internal polity and civil broils of these barbarians, so long as the safety of the colony was not endangered by them.

* Part of this plunder was also devoted to pious purposes—much after the fashion of our European worthies of the middle ages, who religiously wasted provinces to endow abbeys and cathedrals. About 3000 rix-dollars, accruing from the sale of Caffer cattle, was allotted to build a church in the village of Uitenhage. Questionable as such an appropriation was, however, it was too disinterested an object to be executed. In January, 1826, when I visited that village, I found that no church was yet erected, and that the "consecrated fund" had been, by permission of the governor, diverted to a very different object.

harassed and baffled by this desultory mode of warfare, strove in vain to maintain their ground, or to defend the frightened colonists.

The counsels of the Caffer chiefs were at this time directed by an extraordinary individual, generally known in the colony by the name of Lynx, but whose native appellation was Makanna.* He had been originally a Caffer of low rank, destitute of property, and without any pretension to nobility of lineage; but, by his talents and address, had gradually raised himself to distinction. Before the present war broke out, he was in the habit of frequently visiting the British head-quarters at Graham's Town; and had evinced an insatiable curiosity and an acute judgment on subjects both speculative and practical. With the military officers he talked of war, or of such of the mechanical arts as fell under his observation; but his great delight was to converse with Mr. Vanderlinger the chaplain, to elicit information in regard to the doctrines of Christianity, and to puzzle him in return with metaphysical subtleties or mystical ravings.

Whether Makanna had acquired any correct views of the Christian system seems doubtful: but of his knowledge, such as it was, he made an extraordinary use. Combining what he had learned respecting the creation, the fall of man, the atonement, the resurrection, and other Christian doctrines, with some of the superstitious traditions of his countrymen and with his own wild fancies, he framed a sort of extravagant religious medley; and, like another Mahomet, boldly announced himself as a prophet and teacher, directly inspired from Heaven. He endeavoured to throw around his obscure origin a cloud of mystery; and impiously called himself "the brother of Christ." In his usual demeanour he assumed a reserved, solemn, and abstracted air, and kept himself apart from observation: but in addressing the people, who flocked in multitudes to hear him, he appeared to pour forth his soul in a flow of affecting and impetuous eloquence. The missionary, Read, who visited him in Cafferland in 1816, describes his appearance as exceedingly imposing, and his influence both over the chiefs and the common people as most extraordinary. He addressed the assembled multitudes repeatedly in Mr. Read's presence with great effect; inculcating a stricter morality, and boldly upbraiding the most powerful chiefs

with their vices: at other times, instructing them in Scripture history, he adduced as a proof of the universal deluge, the existence of immense beds of sea shells on the tops of the neighbouring mountains. To the missionaries he was apparently friendly, and urged them to fix their residence in the country under his protection; yet they were puzzled by his mysterious demeanour, and shocked by his impious pretensions, and could only conclude that he was calculated to do much good or mischief, according as his influence might be ultimately employed.

By degrees he gained a complete control over all the principal chiefs, with the exception of Gaika, who feared and avoided him. He was consulted on every matter of consequence, received numerous gifts, collected a large body of retainers, and was acknowledged as a warrior chief as well as a prophet. His ulterior objects were never fully developed; but it seems not improbable that he contemplated raising himself to the sovereignty as well as to the priesthood of his nation; and proposed to himself the patriotic task (for, though a religious impostor, he certainly was not destitute of high and generous aspirations,) to elevate by degrees his barbarous countrymen, both politically and intellectually nearer to a level with the Europeans.

But, whatever were Makanna's more peaceful projects, the unexpected invasion of the country by the English troops in 1818 diverted his enterprise into a new and more disastrous channel. The confederate chiefs, in turning their arms against Gaika, though roused by their own immediate wrongs, had acted at the same time under the prophet's directions; for it was one of his objects to humble, if not to crush entirely that tyrannical and treacherous chief, who was the great obstacle to his public, and, perhaps, personal, views of aggrandizement. With the English authorities he had assiduously cultivated terms of friendship; and had not apparently anticipated any hostile collision with them on this occasion. But after Brereton's destructive inroad, by which Makanna's followers, in common with the other confederate clans, had suffered most cruelly, the whole soul of the warrior-prophet seems to have been bent upon revenging the aggressions of the Christians, and emancipating his country from their insolent control. He saw that this was not to be effected by mere marauding incursions, such as had always hitherto characterized Caffer warfare. The great difficulty was to concentrate the energies of his countrymen, and direct their desultory aims to more important objects; and this he at length effected.

By his spirit-rousing eloquence, his pretended revelations from Heaven, and his confident predictions of complete success, provided they implicitly followed his counsels, he persuaded the great majority of the Amakosa clans (including some of Hinza's warriors) to unite their forces for a simultaneous attack upon Graham's Town, the head-quarters of the British troops. He told them that he was sent by Uteka, the Great Spirit, to avenge their wrongs; that he had power to call up from the grave the spirits of their ancestors to assist them in battle against

* The similarity of this name to that of Mr. Moore's "Veiled Prophet" is a curious coincidence.

† Many of the traditionary customs of the Caffers, besides the rite of circumcision, bear a striking resemblance to those of the Mosaic law, and seem strongly to corroborate Mr. Barrow's opinion, that they, however remotely, derived their lineage from a Hebrew or Arabian origin. Many terms in their language appear to point to a similar source. For example, the name of that beautiful antelope, the Springbok (*Antelope pygarga*) is *Tzebi* in the Amakosa tongue. The very same word is used in Hebrew to denote an Antelope of the same description, if not the precise species, erroneously rendered "roe" by our translators: "Like a roe (*Tzebe*) or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel."

the white men, whom they should drive, before they stopped, across the Zwartkops river and into the ocean; "and then," said the prophet, "we will sit down and eat honey!" Ignorant of our vast resources, Makanna probably conceived that, this once effected, the contest was over for ever with the usurping Christians.

Having called out the chosen warriors from the various clans, Makanna mustered his army in the forests of the Great Fish River, and found himself at the head of between nine and ten thousand men. He then sent (in conformity with a custom held in repute among Caffer heroes) a message of defiance to Colonel Willshire, the British commandant, announcing "that he would breakfast with him next morning."

At the first break of dawn the warriors were roused for battle on the mountains near Graham's Town; and before they were led on to the assault, were addressed by Makanna in an animating speech, in which he is said to have promised the aid of spirits of earth and air to assist their cause and to countervail the boasted prowess of the "white men's fire."

Thus excited, they were led on by their various chiefs, but all under the general direction of the prophet himself, and his chief captain, Dusan, the son of S'Lhambi. The English were completely astonished when they appeared, soon after sunrise, marching rapidly over the heights which environ Graham's Town; for Colonel Willshire had so entirely disregarded the message sent him, considering it a mere bravado, that he had taken no precautions whatever, and was himself very nearly captured by the enemy as he was taking a morning ride with some of his officers. Had the Caffers advanced by night, they could not have failed of capturing the place.

All was now bustle and confusion in the little garrison, which consisted of only about three hundred and fifty European troops, and a small corps of disciplined Hottentots. The place had no regular defences, and the few field-pieces which it possessed were not in perfect readiness. The Caffers rushed on to the assault with their wild war-cries. They were gallantly encountered by the troops, who poured upon them, as they advanced in dense disorderly masses, a destructive fire of musketry, every shot of which was deadly, while their showers of assegais fell short or ineffective. Still, however, they advanced courageously, the chiefs cheering them on, almost to the muzzles of the British guns; and many of the foremost warriors were now seen breaking short their last assegai, to render it a stabbing weapon, in order to rush in upon the troops, according to Makanna's directions, and decide the battle in close combat. This was very different from their usual mode of bush-fighting; but the suggestion of it evinces Makanna's judgment; for, if promptly and boldly acted upon, it could not have failed of success. The great bodily strength and agility of the Caffers, as well as their vast superiority in numbers, would have enabled them to overpower the feeble garrison in a few minutes.

At this critical moment, and while other parties of the barbarians were pushing on to assail the place in flank and rear—the old Hottentot Captain, Boezac, who happened that day to be

accidentally at Graham's Town with a party of his buffalo-hunters, rushed intrepidly forward to meet the enemy. To old Boezac most of the Caffer chiefs and captains were personally known. He was a man of great coolness too, and familiar with their fierce appearance and furious shouts. Singling out the boldest of those who, now in advance, were encouraging their men to the final onset, Boezac and his followers, the best marksmen in the colony, levelled in a few minutes a number of the most distinguished chiefs and warriors. Their onset was for a moment checked. The British troops cheered, and renewed with alacrity their firing, which exhaustion and dismay had somewhat slackened. At the same instant the field-pieces, now brought to bear upon the thickest of the enemy, opened a most destructive fire of grape shot. Some of the warriors madly rushed forward and hurled their spears at the artillerymen. But it was in vain. The front ranks were mown down like grass. Those behind recoiled—wild panic and irretrievable rout ensued. Makanna, after vainly attempting to rally them, accompanied their flight. They were pursued but a short way; for the handful of cavalry durst not follow them into the broken ravines where they speedily precipitated their flight. The slaughter was great for so brief a conflict. Fourteen hundred Caffer warriors strewn the field of battle; and many hundreds more perished of their wounds before they reached their own country.

This formidable attempt, altogether unprecedented in Caffer warfare, alarmed the colonial Government, and awakened all its vengeance. The burgher militia throughout the whole extent of the colony was called out, and marched to the eastern frontier to assist in chastising the "savages." Colonel Willshire, collecting all the disposable British and Hottentot troops, marched into the enemy's country in one direction, while Landdrost Stockenström, with his burgher commando of a thousand horsemen, swept it in another. The villages of the hostile clans were burnt, their cattle carried off, their fields of maize and millet trodden down, and the wretched inhabitants driven into the thickets, and there bombarded with grape-shot and Congreve rockets. Dispirited by their late failure, defeated in every attempt at resistance, their women and helpless old people often massacred indiscriminately with the armed men; their principal chiefs, S'Lhambi, Congo, Habanna,—above all, their prophet Makanna, denounced as "outlaws," and the inhabitants threatened with utter extermination if they did not speedily deliver them up "dead or alive."—the Caffer people yet remained faithful to their chiefs. And though the prophet had lost much of his influence since the disastrous failure of his great enterprise, yet among the multitudes now driven to despair, and perishing of want around him, not one was found willing to earn the high reward offered for his apprehension by his "civilized" conquerors. The course adopted by Makanna under these trying circumstances was remarkable; and I shall detail it in the words of a friend who witnessed his surrender, and who, having accompanied this Christian commando, had taken notes at the time, (which I have had the advantage of,) descriptive of the manner in which our Caffer

wars are managed, and of such remarkable occurrences as fell under his observation.

"The rain had continued to fall in torrents for several days. Mr. Stockenström, with his division, was encamped on the high ground east of Trompetter's Drift. The Caffers repeatedly showed themselves in great force, as if disposed to attack; rushing forward with their usual shouts;—but, on being fired at, as quickly retired to the ravines.—In the afternoon of the 15th, (Aug. 1819,) two Gonaqua women came to the camp, and told Mr. Stockenström, that they were sent by the chief Makanna to sue for peace; he offering to come himself and treat, if his life and liberty could be guaranteed. Mr. S. replied, that he would pledge himself that the Chief's life should be safe; but he could offer no guarantee for his liberty; because one of the chief objects of the expedition was to take Makanna and some others "dead or alive."

"The women departed with his message; and the Landdrost scarcely allowed himself to imagine that their visit had any other object than that of espionage, or of lulling him into security; so that it excited no small degree of surprise among us, when the celebrated Caffer prophet, towards evening of the next day, walked coolly into the camp—with an air of pride and self-possession, which certainly commanded respect.

"It appeared that the message sent by the women had been correctly delivered—"but" (added this barbarian with a magnanimity which would have done honour to the most civilized being) "people say that I have occasioned the war: let me see whether my giving myself up will restore peace."

"After partaking of some refreshment, he entered into a conversation with the Landdrost, in which he displayed no small share of sound judgment and shrewd sagacity. He became evidently uneasy, however, when he learned that he was not speaking to the "principal man," and that he would be delivered over to the commandant (Lieut.-Col. Willshire) the day following. He said that he knew the Colonel too well to trust him: that he was too much the friend of his mortal enemy Gaika, and would deliver him up to that chief, who would cruelly torture and murder him. Our arguments to persuade him that this suspicion was unfounded, were unavailing. He remained gloomy and indignant; so that it was deemed necessary to place a guard over him until next morning,—when Colonel Willshire with the main body, passed by the Landdrost's camp, and took Makanna as a prisoner along with him.

"A few days afterwards, a small body of Caffers were seen at the edge of a thicket near Colonel Willshire's camp, who made signs that they desired a parley. The Colonel, attended by a couple of officers (of whom the narrator was one), having moved towards them unarmed, two Caffers approached, and proved to be the one S'lhambi's and the other Makanna's chief counsellors. They were, I think, as noble-looking men, and as dignified in their demeanour, as any I have ever beheld. After a few questions and answers relative to the disposal of Makanna, (who by this time had been sent into the Colony,) and the prospects of an accom-

modation, the friend of the captive chief delivered himself in the following terms—in so manly a manner, with so graceful an attitude, and with so much feeling and animation, that the bald translation which I am able to furnish, can afford but a very faint and inadequate idea of his eloquence.

"The war (said he) is an unjust one, for you are determined to extirpate a people whom you have forced to take up arms. When our fathers, and the fathers of the Boors, first established themselves in the Zuurveld, we then lived together in peace. Their flocks grazed on the same hills; their herdsman smoked together out of the same pipes; they were brothers—until the herds of the Caffers increased so as to make the hearts of the Boors sore. What those covetous men could not get from our fathers for old buttons, they took by force. Our fathers were *men*: they loved their cattle: their wives and children lived upon milk; they fought for their property. They began to hate the colonists, who coveted their all, and aimed at their destruction.

"Now their kraals and our fathers' kraals were separate. The Boors made commandoes on our fathers. Our fathers drove them out of the Zuurveld; and lived there, because they had conquered it. There we were circumcised; there we got wives; and there our children were born. The white men hated us, but could not drive us away. When there was war, we plundered you. When there was peace, some of our bad people stole; but our chiefs forbade it. Your treacherous friend Gaika always had peace with you; always plundered you: and, when his people stole, always shared in the plunder. Have your patrols ever found cattle taken in time of peace, runaway slaves, or deserters, in the kraals of our chiefs? Have they ever gone into Gaika's country without finding such cattle, such slaves, such deserters, in Gaika's *own* kraals? But he was your friend; and you wanted the Zuurveld. You came at last like locusts.* We stood: we could do no more. You said, "Go over the Fish River—that is all we want." We yielded, and came here.

"We lived in peace. Some bad people stole, perhaps: the nation was quiet—the chiefs were quiet. Gaika stole—his chiefs stole—his people stole. You sent him copper; you sent him beads; you sent him horses—on which he rode to steal more. To us you only sent commandoes.

"We quarrelled with Gaika about grass—no business of yours. You sent a commando—you took our last cow—you left only a few calves,—which died for want, along with our children. You gave half the spoil to Gaika; half you kept yourselves. Without milk,—our corn destroyed,—we saw our wives and children perish—we saw that we must ourselves perish;—we followed, therefore, on the *spoor*† of our cattle into the colony. We plundered, and we fought for our lives. We found you weak: we destroyed your soldiers. We saw that we were strong: we attacked your head-quarters||

* Alluding to Colonel Graham's commandoes in 1811 and 1812.

† Brereton's commando in 1818.

‡ Foot-prints. || Graham's Town.

—and if we had succeeded, our right was good: for you began the war. We failed—and you are here.

"We wish for peace: we wish to rest in our huts: we wish to get milk for our children: our wives wish to till the land. But your troops cover the plains, and swarm in the thickets, where they cannot distinguish the man from the woman, and shoot all.

"You want us to submit to Gaika. That man's face is fair to you, but his heart is insincere. Leave him to himself. Make peace with us. Let him fight for himself—and we shall not call on you for help. Let Makanna loose; and S'Lhambi, Congo, and the rest will come to you any time you fix. But if you will still make war, you may indeed kill the last man of us—but Gaika shall not rule over the followers of those who think him a woman."

This manly and moving remonstrance, which affected some of those who heard it even to tears, had no effect on Colonel Willshire, and obtained no release for Makanna nor reprieve for the famished and hunted inhabitants. The commandant and his superiors were made of sterner stuff than to be melted by the misery of "Caffer savages." All efforts, however, to get possession of the persons of the other chiefs were unavailing; even treachery was tried in vain.* So, after plundering the country of all the cattle that could yet be found, and leaving famine and devastation behind them, our "Christian" commando retired into the colony, without gaining the object for which the war was professedly commenced; but with a spoil (including Brereton's) of about 50,000 head of cattle captured from the dispersed and despairing natives.†

In the mean while the unfortunate Makanna was carried captive to Cape Town, and confined by order of the Government on Robben Island, in the mouth of Table Bay,—a spot appropriated for securing convicted felons, condemned slaves, and other malefactors, doomed to work in irons in the slate quarries. After being here a few weeks, Makanna attempted to effect his escape by seizing a fishing-boat,—but

*The late Colonel Fraser was urged by a superior officer to seize Congo and Habanna by inveigling them into his power under false pretences; but that humane and honourable man indignantly refused.

†Compare the conduct of our "civilized and Christian" warriors with that of the "savage Caffers" in their own wars, as described by Lichtenstein, whose information is generally correct and well authenticated:—

"Any one who falls unarm'd into the hands of the enemy is never put to death: the women and children equally have never any thing to fear for their lives; they are universally and without exception spared."—"The women and children are sent back; the victors also return some of the cattle taken, though, perhaps, but a small part, dividing the rest among themselves. This claim of the conquered to the restitution of some part of the booty rests upon a principle, which is a common saying among the Koossas,—That we must not let even our enemies die with hunger."—*Lichtenstein's Travels in Southern Africa*.

was upset and drowned before he could gain the shore.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

WINTER.—IN SIX SONNETS.

NO. I.—DAYBREAK.

Slow clear away the misty shades of morn,
As sings the Redbreast on the window-sill;
Fade the last stars; the air is stern and still;
And lo! bright frost-work on the leafless thorn!
Why, Day-god, why so late? the tardy heaven
Brightens; and, screaming downwards to the shore

Of the waste sea, the dim-seen gulls pass o'er,
A scatter'd crowd, by natural impulse driven
Home to their element. All yesternight
From spongy ragged clouds pour'd down the rain,

And, in the wind-gusts, on the window pane
Rattled aloud:—but now the sky grows bright.
Winter! since thou must govern us again,
Oh, take not in fierce tyrannies delight.

NO. II.—SNOW-STORM.

How gloom the clouds! quite stifled is the ray,
Which from the conquer'd sun would vainly shoot

Through the blank storm; and though the winds
be mute,

Lo! down the whitening deluge finds its way.—
Look up!—a thousand thousand fairy motes
Come dancing downwards, onwards, sideways
whirl'd

Like flecks of down, or apple-blossoms curl'd
By nipping winds. See how in ether floats
The light-wing'd mass,—then, mantling o'er
the field,

Changes at once the landscape, chokes the rill,
Hoaries with white the lately verdant hill,
And silvers earth. All to thee influence yield,
Stern conqueror of blithe Autumn; yearly still
Of thee, the dread avatar is reveal'd.

NO. III.—CLEAR FROST.

'Tis noon, the heaven is clear without a cloud;
And, on the masses of untrodden snow,
The inefficient sunbeams glance and glow:
Still is the mountain swathed in its white shroud:

But look along the lake!—hark to the hum
Of mingling crowds!—in graceful curves how
swings

The air-poised skater—Mercury without wings!
Rings the wide ice, a murmur never dumb;
While over all, in fits harmonious, come
The dulcet tones which Music landward flings.
There moves the ermined fair, with timid toe,
Half-pain'd, half-pleased: yes! all is joy and mirth,

As if, though Frost could subjugate mean earth,
He had no chains to bind the spirit's flow.

NO. IV.—MOONLIGHT.

Behold the mountain peaks how sharply lined
Against the cloudless orient!—while, serene,
The silver Moon, majestic as a queen,
Walks mid thin stars, whose lustre had declined.
There is no breath of wind abroad. The trees
Sleep in their stilly leaflessness; while, lost
In the pale, sparkling labyrinth of frost,
The wide world seems to slumber, and to freeze.

'Tis like enchanted fairyland!—A chill
Steals o'er the heart, as, gazing thus on night,
Life from our lower world seems passed away;
And, in the witchery of the faint moonlight,
Silence comes down to hold perpetual sway:—
So breathless is the scene—so hush'd—so still!

NO. V.—VICISSITUDE.

Oh! sweetly beautiful it is to mark
The virgin, vernal Snow-drop! lifting up—
Meek as a nun—the whiteness of its cup,
From earth's dead bosom, desolate and dark.—
Glorious is Summer! with its rich array
Of blossom'd greenery, perfume-glowing bow-
ers,
Blue skies, and balmy airs, and fruits, and flow-
Bright sunshine, singing birds, and endless day!
Nor glorious less brown Autumn's witchery;
As by her aureate trees Pomona sits,
And Ceres, as she wanders, hears by fits
The reaper's chant, beneath the mellowing sky;
But thy blasts, Winter, hymn a moral lay,
And, mocking Earth, bid Man's thoughts point
on high.

NO. VI.—CONCLUSIONS.

All things around us preach of Death; yet Mirth
Swell the vain heart, darts from the careless eye
As if we were created ne'er to die,
And had our everlasting home on earth!—
All things around us preach of Death; the
leaves
Drop from the forests—perish the bright flow'rs,
Shortens the day's shorn sunlight, hours on
hours—
And o'er bleak, sterile fields the wild wind
grieves.— [to die;—
Yes! all things preach of Death;—we are born
We are but waves along Life's ocean driven;
Time is to us a brief probation given,
To fit us for a dread eternity.— [eye,—
Hear ye, that watch with Faith's unslumbering
Earth is our pilgrimage, our home is Heaven! Δ

From the Monthly and European Magazine.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND COOKERY,
FOR RICH AND POOR. By a Lady. Long-
man's. London, 1827.

THE multiplication of books upon all subjects, in the present day, amounts to a feature in the history of the time. No sooner does one original publication—no matter of what character—succeed, than the town is inundated with fifty speculators, breaking their necks which shall be first in imitation of it. Thus we have Brummagem Scotts writing novels; and Brummagem Byrons making verses; and Brummagem newspapers out of number; all outvying each other in doing wretchedly, that which somebody else has already made a hit by doing well. And so—from matters of fancy coming down to matters of fact—no sooner did Mrs. Rundall and Dr. Kitchener acquire a name by their standard works upon “roasting and boiling,”—than new “Cookery Books” sprang up faster than the mushrooms which they were to ordain the pickling of, in every publisher's window in town: of which last extemporaneous creations,

the volume now before us—“Domestic Economy and Cookery, for Rich and Poor,” in 700 pages, price nine shillings—presents rather an interesting specimen.

We make it a principle never to comment upon any book in this Magazine (except in the “small letter” notice at the end,) unless it be a book very admirably excellent, or very particularly bad: and therefore it may be as well to set out on this occasion by stating, that the work now in question is not only “very particularly,” but rather *too bad*. Because, if a great accumulation of worn-out recipes upon the “aptest” manner of dressing beef-steaks, is to be exposed in booksellers' shops, at the price of “nine shillings,”—a cost, by the way, at which we confess we do not well see how the “Domestic Economy” for “Rich and Poor” is to find its way readily into the hands of the *last class* of persons, to whose attention it is recommended—is it not too much to demand that the book—if there is neither novelty nor talent in it—should be got up with some share of human reason, and common sense, and respectability. Now, how far the “Domestic Economist” brings himself within the limit of this very open principle,—as “Reviewing” at length is a little out of our *metier*—a few extracts from the more comprehensible and unculinary parts of the book shall “frutify.”

In the first place, the “Domestic Economy” purports to be written by a “Lady;” and, we suppose, we need not ask whether she is a Married lady, for she sports the style of the *ring* in her first page. The immediate topic is some unheard-of possible extension of the powers of “butchers' meat” in affording sustenance. And the “Lady,” after intreating the use of all the faith her readers can afford, breaks out as follows:

“I once saw a French family, consisting of six grown persons, a child, and a jackdaw—who, by-the-bye, *was the heaviest of the eight upon the meat*—dine on one pound of lean veal, made into a rich *ragoût*, with mushrooms, morels, &c. and *goose fat*—the properties of which I have amply enlarged upon. This may astonish *my country folks*, as I assure them it did me: and in the expectation that the *moral* of it may impress itself on others as it did on myself, I place it thus forward, as being the first thing that *opened my eye* to the advantages of French cookery. I may further add, that this entire family was enjoying perfect health; and had never *heard* of many of those disorders which, under the different appellations nervous, bilious, &c.: are too prevalent in this country.”

This style is certainly peculiar, for a lady; but we suspect that the authoress of the “Domestic Economy” knows that her *forte* lies particularly in it: for as soon as we get into the common phraseology in which people talk about matters of business, we fail in our English so fatally, as to become unintelligible.

As for example. After complaining that “the poor” will not understand,

“That three pounds of one sort of meat may be had for the same price as one of another—”

A proposition which, in justice to “the poor,” we declare we think very few of them would be hardy enough to contradict;—and assuring them that

"They may make wholesome beer for themselves, at *one-eighth* of the price which they pay for poisonous porter."

A statement which we are afraid is perfectly untrue—our "Domestic Economist" proceeds to break out into the following very eloquent—but, to us, perfectly incomprehensible—*tirade* :

"In cookery, *generalization* has certainly been recommended, but very little practised; because that art, though indebted to some professional men, as Dr. Hill (Mrs. GLASSE,) Dr. Hunter, and Dr. Kitchener—for the three best cookery books we have at present, engages still less than any other the attention of those, whose education renders them best calculated to simplify and improve."

Now, what the word "generalization" means here—unless as far as it is exemplified by making Mrs. Glasse a "professional man"—puzzles us—almost as much as it does to guess what we should understand by the following sentence :

"Not that cookery is in itself any *ways* inferior to many others," [other sciences, we presume] "in what they" [those who are "calculated to improve"] pride themselves in excelling; but they neglect it from the very reason that should have induced them to lend their assistance to it—namely, its universal practice; and, in this consideration, I perhaps may be excused when I say, that I *treat more of universals*, than the few who have restricted that term to themselves," &c.

Now these "universals" are worse to us than the "generals"—but we go on.

"It is *worse* than ridiculous to hear the English boasting of their charitable and benevolent institutions, and valuing themselves on a comparison with the virtuous and unobtrusive frugality of the French, when there is twice as much wasted by their menials as would, if fitly administered, maintain in *honest independence* the wretches whose name is a sanction for drunkenness in a tavern, or dissipation at a masquerade!"

What are these persons—of what class—who have a claim to be "*maintained in honest independence*," and whose "*names*" are a "sanction" for "drunkenness" in one place, and "dissipation" in another? for we profess ourselves at a loss even to imagine!

The lady then proceeds to ascribe the "manifest decline of cookery," visible in the present age, to "the fall of the Roman Catholic religion;" as the frequency of fasts, meagre days, &c. "forced the people to exert their ingenuity." In which, if there were any force, the science of cookery ought, by all analogy, to have been higher all over the world, three centuries ago, than it is now; higher now in Ireland than in England;—higher in Italy than in France;—and highest of all in Spain—where it is as nearly as can be detestable. The following exquisitely probable anecdote is here appended in the shape of a note.

"The monks on the Continent at this moment are reported the best of cooks. I may say that I never saw a better dressed or better served dinner, than one that was begged, cooked, and served, by a mendicant friar. He came to Rome once a week, went his rounds, and brought his gleanings to an abbate who patronised him.

The door was then shut, the outer cloak thrown off, and half a dozen bags, plump as their carrier, displayed themselves to the enraptured eyes of the benevolent host. Suffice it to say that, for a dinner of ten dishes, no one ingredient was wanting, not even oil. The receipt for one of them—baked curds—I regret I have lost. I shall refer to the receipts for a quarter of kid dressed à l'Isaac, which was *truly savoury*. I had an opportunity of witnessing several sights of the kind, being introduced by the friendly abbate, as the *Sorella*——" &c.

Truly has it been said, that travellers do see strange things.—But this story is yet nothing to one which follows. We are now on the fitness and necessity of ladies informing themselves, as to their husbands' affairs.

"If example be required, I will produce that of a lady, of more than patrician birth, and of a mind as elevated as her rank. Suspecting, from several circumstances, the embarrassed state of her husband's affairs, she went into the steward's office, and, locking the door after her, declared that she would not quit the place till he made her acquainted with her real situation. Her suspicions being more than confirmed, she prevailed on her husband to go and pay some visit, and then immediately dismissed the carriages, horses, servants, hounds—[these last were, of course, sent packing]—and at his return received him with open arms—[open house too, it would appear, for any thing that was left in it]—to a state of peace and comfort," &c. &c.

"The creditors, by wisely trusting their honour and discretion, saved their own money, and prevented the ruin of the family."

This is certainly the true sort of generosity—where a man is a gainer by the charity which he gives away—

"It was, however, a long and painful task of fourteen years: with less labour, the fortune might have been triply earned."

As Hamlet says of Guildenstern's compliment, "We do not well understand that."

"Had the lady been a merchant's daughter, in all probability the family would have been ruined; for what judgment or feeling can be expected," &c. &c.

Here is a declaration, for a book printed at the back of Fetter-lane, and published in Paternoster Row!

We leave fried mutton, however, now, for the work of legislation; and various substitutes are suggested, for the ordinary articles of food in consumption when these last happen to be dear or scarce. Though "servants," it is truly observed—in showing the obstinacy with which such discoveries are resisted—"suffer with great difficulty, even trifling reductions."

"Snails and frogs"—[we are alluding now to some late time of distress]—might have greatly assisted us at that period." "I regret this prejudice—[against them]—very much; as in this country, so liable to consumption—[physiologically "consumption"]—they might be of great service. I give receipts for preparing them; and should recommend that broth be made of them for consumptive patients; and, if necessary, WITHOUT THEIR KNOWLEDGE."

We need hardly treat our consumptive friends to be upon their guard! If any one of them has a pond—or even a suspicious duck-

puddle—within a mile of his house, let him remove upon the sudden, before he swallows, unwittingly, the produce of it. We trust, moreover, that all consumptive persons—in mere gratitude for the exposure of this iniquitous plot against them—will in future push this Magazine in every direction. N. B. Those who are likely soon to die, can make it a condition in their wills that their heirs shall take it for ever.

"Beech mast, acorns, and horse-chesnuts, by steeping, might be made useful for food."

This is very true; and it would be no fraud now upon the *hogs*, for they are fed with barley-meal and potatoes.

"Ass and horse-flesh might be used."

But this is rather confined, we apprehend, to "times of scarcity."

"The physician of one of the embassies to China told me, that he had seen children lying upon the sides of tanks, gathering every thing that had life, and putting what they collected into little boxes, to prevent their escape: the produce was put into the rice pot."

We have observed the same gathering principle exercised in some parts of Europe; but the "produce" was never (within our knowledge) applied exactly to the same purpose.

The "poor," it appears, have peculiar tastes, which the world in common, we dare say, are not aware of—

"I find that *poor people* (the women especially) prefer *porter negus* to porter." And "*gruel* to fact!"

But the fact is, that—

"What one-half of the community pays any price for, the other will not eat for pay."

And then comes another delicious *morcean*, in the shape of an anecdote. The "rice pot" (literary) never picked up a richer bit than this—

"A gentleman, travelling to Scotland, found in Aberdeen the *turbot* so cheap, that he determined to remain some time there; and, wishing his servants to enjoy the luxury with him, he ordered *turbot* and *lobster sauce* for them all. Some days after the coachman gave up his place, feigning some necessity to return to London. Another—[probably the footman]—appeared, to take his leave. The master asked what was the matter. The servants said, that though their master could live upon fish, they could not. So he very properly discharged them."

Beech mast and horse-flesh, however are not our only substitutes for beef and mutton—

"Sauces and ketchups are also a great saving and comfort to the lower classes; particularly to *artisans*, who labour from morning till night," &c. &c.—"To this valuable class, I anxiously wish to give instruction with respect to proper diet. Were they to use soups, and little *ragouts*, seasoned with *ketchups*, they would be better fed than upon chops and porter."

A similar hint is before conveyed, in page 13, that the "poor" might make their own "*soy*." But we wonder that our Domestic Economist should have omitted to recommend *turtle* to their consideration! It is true that, not having been accustomed to it, indeed, they might not like it at first; but, with a couple of glasses of

iced punch between every other mouthful, they would soon be able to get it down; and it would be—if they could be brought to it—a most palatable and nutritious food.

Any little change, indeed, of this kind, we have no doubt would soon become the more grateful and agreeable to "the poor;" because, certain it is—even to an extent we protest we know nothing of—that they are monstrously ill-treated under the existing regime.

"It is a notorious fact, that the poor pay much more than the rich. As to tea, which is one of their greatest comforts, if a poor woman goes to buy it, she approaches the counter as if it were for charity, and receives for her money the most abominable trash. When the poor go to market, they are absolutely blackguarded into buying; and, though they are forced to pay much more than the middling classes, they receive, as if it were a charitable contribution, the meat that is absolutely thrown at them! In their coats, they are in the same manner browbeaten and cheated. What wonder is it that they are degraded below *savages* and *slaves*!"

We ought almost to apologize to our readers; but there is such an obvious veracity about the anecdotes in this book, that we absolutely must have one more of them—

"For the honour of humanity, I am glad to have found some noble actions of *servants*. One instance I shall relate, of a servant who was cook in the family of an officer, the son of a nobleman, who went to a very particular friend of her mistress's, and, after exacting the strictest secrecy, told her that her mistress was in the utmost want; that she pretended, before her husband, that she could make every thing meet, but that it was impossible; that she would order dinner before him, but, upon getting him to go out, she would countermand it, saying that she was too ill to eat,—and shall I, madam," continued the faithful creature, "see her living upon *gruel*, and we, her servants, taking our tea and hot dinners, and not dare to speak of it to any one!" By the conduct of this faithful servant, the poor mistress was preserved a little longer, though she certainly fell a sacrifice in the end!"

The sufferings of those persons who have ten thousand pounds a year are indeed great; but we had not imagined their state had been so desperate, as that any of them absolutely died of hunger. We live, however—as the proverb says—to learn; and we have no doubt that our readers, as well as ourselves, will have learned a good many things from the "Domestic Economist," which they had never learned before.

From *Tales of a Voyager.*

THE NIKKUR HOLL.

(Continued from page 273.)

SPIEL TROSK had now passed the summer in dragging for ingots and ducats; but, as I have already said, instead of becoming richer, the wealth he had before accumulated was greatly diminished. With his property his reputation for sagacity and success likewise began to decrease, and his countrymen attributed

to nothing less than infatuation his obstinacy of persisting to fish in places which were well known to be unfrequented by the inhabitants of the deep. It was in vain that he heard of shoals of herrings, ling, and tusk, being seen and caught in unusual quantities, round various points of the islands; his pertinacity yielded to none of his former objects of avidity, and his boat nightly returned to his cabin as clean of fish as it had departed in the morning. "The Skerry fisherman" had for some time ceased to be the principal contributor to the market of Lerwick, and no one had supplied his place, for no one possessed the energy and resolution which had led Spiel to cast his nets by night and by day, because probably no one was urged by the same incentive—avarice. Instead of daily adding to their store, the necessities of the partners had daily subtracted from it, till no store remained. Want succeeded to comparative affluence; and, from the want of the conveniences, they soon sunk to the want of the necessities of life. But, though this painful alteration was evidently owing to the strange obstinacy of Trosk, Winwig never for a moment deserted or upbraided his partner: he still placed the same unbounded reliance upon his superior powers as he had done when his exertions were successful; and, though now the whole task of supplying the means of existence had devolved upon him, he was never heard to complain.

These circumstances seemed to add another pang to the torments Trosk already endured, and his feelings were still more embittered by a belief that now began to infuse itself into his mind, that he was, as his neighbours declared, wasting his time; yet such was his madness, that the poorer he became, the longer and more strenuously did he continue his luckless fishery for gold and jewels. To add to his mental misery at his want of success, the fiend-like whisper of Carmilhan still annoyed his hour of sleep, at intervals, though it would leave him for a time; but it did not fail to return when he had begun to hope he should never experience it again.

At length poverty and disappointment, combined with avarice, actually unsettled his brain; for to nothing else than insanity can be attributed the desperation which determined him to follow the instructions of the little man who had accosted him on the morning before-mentioned. The charm proposed by this strange being was not unknown to the islands of Scotland, but it was known as a snare which had entrapped many to their fearful destruction, and the tales connected with it were of a kind appalling to the listener. But nothing now could influence the fisherman against his resolution to retrieve his fortunes, or perish—not even the pagan origin attributed to the spell: for it was alleged, and perhaps truly, that the slaughter of the victim was a sacrifice offered to the powers of darkness, as a propitiation for their good will, and all the abomination of a heathen and an idolater was imputed to the deed.

It was in vain that Petie Winwig, who was, (for a fisherman,) a devout kirk-going man, especially when it is considered that he loved to sleep on Sundays, endeavoured to dissuade his

friend from pursuing his purpose. Useless were his representations, that they should certainly manage, somehow or other, to get through the winter, and that it was sinful to tempt Providence by sleeping all night wrapped up in a cow-hide in the open air, when he might repose comfortably in bed beneath a rain-tight roof. Neither his arguments nor his entreaties had any effect upon Spiel, who seemed to grow more obstinate in proportion to the endeavours made to convert him from his design, and the fat good-natured fisherman's persuasions ended in his yielding to the violent harangues of his associate, and agreeing to accompany him to the desert place where the charm was to be effected.

The hearts of both were wrung with pain when they fastened a rope round the horns of a beautiful cow, which they had brought up from a calf with all the kindness usually shown to a favourite. She was the last remnant of their former prosperity, and had been retained till now, though they had frequently wanted a meal, which the sale of Luckie would have supplied. They could not part with her, they could not see her the property of another, but the delusion of Trosk made him ready to sacrifice every other feeling, and his overruling spirit dumped the opposition of his comrade.

It was now September, and the long nights of the long Shetland winter had commenced. The clouds of evening rode heavily on the gusty winds, which rolled them around, like huge icebergs eddying in the Maelstrooin; deep shadows filled the glens and valleys between the hills, and the moist peat bogs, and the murky channels of the rills, looked black and fearful, like yawning gulfs and gaping crevices in the earth. Spiel led the way, and Winwig came after, shuddering at his own temerity, and following his companion more from habit than from inclination. A thousand looks he spent upon the beautiful cow, which walked to execution like a young criminal, showing more youthful as his death draws nearer. It was of that small and graceful breed, whose sleek fat sides, and glossy coats, offer so strong a contrast to the shaggy lank limbs and pendant pot bellies, of the savage horses that browse on the Shetland hills. Her face wore the quiet and confiding expression which domesticated animals show towards those who caress and feed them; and when she turned, as she sometimes did towards Petie, as if in expectation of a root, or a tuft of hay, his feelings overcame him, and a tear passed across his eye, if it did not trickle from it. Often was he on the point of begging Spiel to spare their favourite beast, and exchange her for one less loved; but an awe, which never before had chained his tongue, now bound it, and he mechanically traced the footsteps of his friend, as though he had been his slave.

The spot to which the desperate fisherman bent his course was as desolate as his soul could desire. It was a shallow valley, between two hills, but it was a mountain glen, and was elevated above other vales, which led ascending from it towards the coast. The summits of its barren sides were shrouded in dull gray mist, and the patches of heather, and the blocks of stone which lay scattered along the slopes,

were imperfectly visible in the gloomy light, which entered rather from the dell beneath than from the sky above; many slow creeping streams stole darkling down the hills, and fed a boggy rivulet, which flowed oozing and slumbering through the swampy bottom, till, gathering in volumes, it fell into the succeeding dales, and terminated in the sea, which, by day, was visible at the end of the range of highlands, though now the waves could only be heard bursting furiously over the rocks and headlands that opposed it, or rolling mournfully among the pebbles that formed its bed on the level shore.

The only route which would allow the cow to attain the scene of her intended slaughter was along the edge of the stream, which brought its darkened waters from the upper glen. When the fishermen first joined it, near the beach, it was a full and headlong current, tumbling from the little basins it had worn among the rocks, with a quick pace and a brawling sound. In some places it wore its away through beds of disjointed stones, and gushed, in varied forms, between the opposing fragments; in others it sped unseen between banks of bright green moss, which hung over its sient course, almost concealing it; and, again, it appeared bursting out from a black cavity in the peaty soil, to fill a murky pool, or spread through a swampy hollow. Further up the valley, its progress was less distinct, and its voice scarce more than a murmur; but the verdant hue that marked its path along the glens, and the deep brown tint of its sometimes stagnant surface, offered a strong contrast to the pale, withered purple of faded heath, and the yellow mosses of the surrounding hills. No vestige of man was seen in these wild solitudes, and silence was only broken by the noise of water, and the cries of birds. The hoarse bellow of the ocean rose at times upon the blast, which rushed, but spoke not, through the barren dells, and the last late shriek of the fierce sknaw was mingled with its echo.

Not more unwilling could have been the march of the victim, had it known the fate to which its progress tended, than were the steps of Petie Winwig, as he followed the crooked track which the bogs and rivulets compelled his comrade to adopt. Opposing feelings of every description rose in his mind against the deed to which he lent himself an accomplice. Friendship exclaimed, that he was aiding the companion of his youth in the worst species of self-destruction—the destruction of the soul; humanity and gratitude upbraided him with abandoning the harmless animal, which he had taught to look upon him as a protector, and which had returned his kindness with its milk and its offspring; and religion whispered, that even he himself was about to participate in an unhallowed and fiendish sacrifice!—a rite of Baal!—a propitiation of the grace of Satan!—an offering of blood on high places! All the denunciations he had heard or perused against the sin of worshipping idols, and bowing to Beelzebub, came across his mind; all the stories to which he had listened, of the fatal ends of those who dabbled in the damned mysteries of witchcraft, rose fresh, but more terrible, upon his memory; and when his feet sunk, as

they often did, in the fresh loose peat, that sometimes formed their path, his soul shook with fear, that the earth was about to gape and swallow him. But Spiel Trosk strode steadily forward, leading the unfortunate "Luckie," with the air and energy of one who deems that nothing which may follow can exceed the misery that has passed.

His tall gaunt form, and long swift stride, gave him the look of a sorcerer, stalking supernaturally along to the perpetration of some devilish action; and could any uninitiated eye have seen the little procession which wound and mounted up the wild defile, leading from the sea to the highest glen, it must have considered it, (as it really was), hastening to perform in secret some infernal ceremony of necromancy.

The Skerry fisherman entered upon the last stage of the mountain valleys, with the firm step, and the daring feelings, which accompany the untamed criminal to the scaffold. With all his usual strength and nerve, he turned to help the breathless victim, whose unassisted efforts could not enable her to climb over a rocky ledge that separated the lower from the highest glen; and without heeding the tottering gait and pallid countenance of Petie, he led her away towards the centre of the area, with a pace quickening as he proceeded: Winwig, though he trembled, followed; and well might it have been supposed, from his drooping and abandoned aspect, that he too was about to be sacrificed with his favourite. As he crept onward, he felt the earth shake beneath him, and he perceived that Spiel was proceeding over a quaking bog, whose wide surface of closely woven moss seemed floating on a pool of water, and vibrated at every step, with a motion truly symbolic of his own sensations.

Even Luckie now seemed fearful to proceed, and looked back, and loved with a hollow sound, which was as unlike the rejoicing bellows she used to utter by the side of her native voe, as was her situation and her destiny. If any thing were wanting to fill to the brim Petie's cup of misery, it was a murmur from his beloved knout:—a gush of tears forced themselves to his eyes, and started over the lids; but, though they fell like rain drops on the ground, he did not speak. He was, with all his weakness, resolved not to oppose the measures of his friend, nor to add, by the expression of his own sorrow, to the high wrought agony of mind which he knew, from what he saw, Spiel was silently enduring.

In a few minutes Trosk reached the place where he had resolved to make trial of the efficacy of the charm. It was a small circumscribed spot, in the midst of a wide morass, whose trembling treacherous carpet spread around over the greater part of the valley—I call it a valley, because it was enclosed by hills, but it was rather a vast platform, near the summit of the mountains, whose highest ridges surrounded it like an amphitheatre, leaving open one side, which looked down into the dells beneath, and over them out to sea. The streamlets, that trickled from the acclivities, had penetrated the bed of moss, which had been gathering in thickness over the peat for ages; and the tough dense matwork quivered

above the moist ooze, without permitting the foot to pierce it.

The gloom of evening had greatly increased, whilst the Shetlanders had been making their way up the ascent of the long defile, and its obscurity was augmented by the blackness of a cloud, which had slowly floated above their heads, till it had settled round the neighbouring eminences. The mist, which ever accumulates about the tops of the Zetland mountains, had begun to fall in a thick drizzle, and there was so little light to help them, that they advanced close to a large gray stone, which stood up from the bosom of the marsh, without perceiving it to be tenanted. The moans of "Luckie" gave the alarm, and were answered by the loud scream of an eagle, which slowly spread its dusky wings, and swept off from the rock on which it had been seated. Petie started, but Spiel approached, and laid his implements on the rough fragment. Winwig turned round, and cast his eyes down into the valley, at the extremity of which the sea might be heard, tumbling and roaring among the crags of the coast; he looked up to the sky, and along the summits of the hills, and saw that the dim atmosphere was darkened by the overhanging volume of heavy vapour, that seemed increasing above him; he listened to a low rumbling sound, that issued from the murky cloud; he turned again, and found that Trosk had drawn the rope, that held the head of Luckie, round the base of the stone—he beheld him raise a poleaxe over his head—he could not bear this!—With his hands clasped, or rather clinched, he fell upon his knees, and exclaimed—"In the name of God, Spiel Trosk, spare yourself and Luckie! Aye, hinney, spare her!—spare yourself and me!—spare your soul!—spare your life! and if this deadly sin must be, wait till the morrow, and bring some other creature than our own dear kine."

"Petie, art thou daft!" cried Spiel, staring upon him with the eye of a madman, and with the weapon still uplifted in the air. "Shall I spare Luckie, and perish?"

"You would not perish," answered Winwig, rapidly,—*"you would not perish! Whilst I have hands, Spiel, what need you fear to perish? Stay, hinney! stay! and let me work from break of day till fall at night, rather than plunge your soul into perdition, and slay the poor dumb beast."*

"Then take this axe," exclaimed Spiel, with vehemence, and drive it through my brain!—I will not quit this spot again, unless I have my will—Can your hands work up the riches of the Carmillan?—Can your fingers supply more than the vilest necessities of life?—But let them end my misery!—Here, take my place, and I will be your victim."

"Spiel," cried Winwig, starting on his feet, and in an agony, "Strike!—spare nothing!—But ah, Trosk, it is your eternal life for which I fear!—know you not that this is the 'Peght's aultar stone'—and that you are about to offer up a sacrifice to the demon they worshipped?"

"I know no such thing," cried the other Shetlander loudly, and with a grinning laugh, that showed he was determined to know nothing, or to think of nothing, contrary to his purpose.—*"I know no such thing—I mean no*

such thing, Petie Winwig, I tell thee.—You are mad, man, and you will drive me mad.—But Luckie shall not die—you shall have her instead of me!"—and he dashed down the axe, and clutched the knife from the stone, with the intention of plunging it into his bosom.

Petie, the feeble-minded Petie, was in an instant at his side; he wrenched the instrument from his grasp, and in the next moment he seized the poleaxe, and whirling it round his head, he let the blade fall full on the skull of Luckie, with such force that he cleft it in twain, and she rolled dead, without a struggle, at the feet of her masters.

A flash of lightning, accompanied by a clap of thunder, followed this action, and Trosk stared at his companion, as a man would stare if he beheld a child accomplish what he should fear to attempt. Not that he could not have shown as much bodily strength himself; but that the mild and passionless Petie should have assumed a part so energetic, and so contrary to the spirit of his former life! But Winwig neither started at the thunder, nor looked at his companion, nor spoke, but instantly made use of the knife he had seized, to flay his favourite; and he proceeded as quickly and as dexterously as if she were only a seal. In this occupation he was joined by Spiel, after he had recovered from his surprise, though he felt as much reluctance now as eagerness before, and his heart sickened at the hot steams that arose from the carcass. Ere the hide was taken off, the mist had gathered so densely around the hills, that the fishermen were both enveloped in clouds, and drenched with rain. The fog rolled along the little plain in revolving billows, but slowly; for, though the wind was heard rushing through the dells below, and struggling with the distant surge, it was not yet amongst the mountains. The rumbling of thunder grew louder around them, and came nearer at times, exploding among the highest eminences, and descending at times upon the plain. Bright flashes and coruscations darted across the moss, and played about the "Stane," appearing to settle for a moment upon its summit, and then gliding swiftly over the surface of the swamp; and more than once the Shetlanders started, and looked up, as they fancied they heard the flap of a wing close above their heads.

At length, the skin being stripped off, it was stretched out upon the ground, at a little distance from the carcass, and Spiel laid himself upon it. Without breaking the silence that had been maintained since the fall of Luckie, Winwig proceeded to envelop his companion in the covering, still warm from the body, leaving only his head unwashed. He then bound the rope round the outside, and, having completed the operation as fully as he could devise, he stood for a moment looking down upon Trosk, whose features were now scarcely visible through the darkness of night. He then spoke—"Spiel," said he, "can I do any thing else for you?"

"Nothing more," replied the other, "fare thee well!"

"Farewell!" returned Petie, "and may God protect and forgive you, as I do."

These last words were uttered in a less firm tone than that in which he had before spoken,

and in an instant he was gone from the view of his associate.

The simple fisherman had scarcely left his more daring partner exposed upon the wild peat bog, than, as if his departure had been a signal concerted with the demons of storm and desolation, a tempest broke forth, to which neither the experience of Spiel, nor his recollection of the reports of others, could find a parallel. It began with a glare of lightning, which exposed to his view, not only the crags and hills in his own neighbourhood, but the valleys beneath, and the sea, and the small islands which lay scattered out beyond the bay. He saw them but for a moment, but he could perceive their rocks whitened with the foam of tremendous billows, which were bursting over them; and he believed he beheld what appeared to him the vision of a large strange-built vessel, driving along, dismasted upon the ocean. He scarcely did believe, and half doubted, that he had seen this latter object, for its figure and its crew, (whose frantic gestures he had also imagined he had distinguished,) were such as were to him before unknown. But if this sight were a mere phantom, what could have brought it before his eyes? The darkness that succeeded this wide gleam was of the deepest dye, and the peals of thunder that broke around him were as loud as though the heavens had burst in its discharge. A shower of fragments was scattered from the mountain tops, and poured down their sides, with a din and clatter more terrible than the noise of the elements. Spiel expected every moment to be crushed to pieces, or buried beneath a mass of rock, and his helpless state was now to him a source of the greatest anguish. Some of the pieces dashed nearly up to him, and others bounded past, and rushed headlong over the declivity into the dell beneath, where he could hear them rolling and splashing through the deep morass. It rained when Winwig had left him, but now a body of fluid fell down upon him scarcely divided into streams, for of drops there were none, and in an instant the surface of the quaking bog on which he lay became deluged. He suddenly found himself surrounded by water, which covered his lower extremities, leaving his head and shoulders free; for Petie had raised them on a tuft of moss, which, had he not done, Trosk would have been totally immersed. Still he felt the inundation rise, for the waterspout, or whatever else it was, continued to descend, and as he was unable to stir, either hand or foot, he gave himself up to death. He would have called upon Heaven, but the reflection of the iniquity in which he was engaged, choked his prayer. He would have invoked the powers of darkness, but a deep-felt horror thrilled through his frame at the idea. He endeavoured to struggle, but the hide of Luckie seemed to cling more closely to him, with an avenging embrace. He thought of Petie—where was Petie? He shouted Petie! Petie! with all his strength, but his voice was drowned in the rush and turbulence of the flood, and he strained it till its sound was only a hoarser scream. A hoarser scream replied to him, or was it echo? He screamed again, in greater agony, half hoping, half in terror; but the water filled his ears, and he knew not

if he were answered. "Gracious God, I perish!" murmured Spiel as the fluid touched his lips, and passed over them: but, in the next instant, a rush, like the hurried tumble of a cataract, faintly reached his hearing, and he felt the deluge sink from him, and leave his mouth uncovered. It subsided, however, but a little, yet enough to give him hope, and his dismay grew less. The pouring down from the clouds likewise diminished, and the pitchy blackness of the atmosphere was less intense. Gradually the fall of water became converted into a heavy shower, which continued to grow less, and glimpses of dull light broke through the mass of darkness. Spiel blessed the sight, and found his courage return; but he felt as exhausted as if he had been struggling with death, and he longed to be released from his confinement.

Still the purport of his sufferings was unaccomplished, and with reviving life he felt his avaricious desires re-enter his heart, and this even whilst the water was still above his shoulders. He was sensible, however, that it passed away, and he conjectured rightly that its sudden rise had been owing to one of the fragments of stone having rolled to the outlet of the stream, and stopped its passage into the glen, through the rocky ledge: but the weight of the accumulating body of water had moved it from its position, and allowed sufficient opening for the stream to escape, and this drew off the inundation by degrees.

Midnight passed, and Trosk, though he knew not the time, began to doubt the efficacy of the charm. He was tired and weary of his situation, and he would have preferred an incantation of a more busy kind. Rest with him was only appropriated to sleep, and that he granted with reluctance; but, now that he was compelled to be quiescent, he felt a sense of drowsiness. Whether this was the effect of habit, or fatigue, or cold, I cannot say, but so it was, and it so overpowered him, that, in spite of his situation, he lost at times all consciousness. The ebbing of the flood had nearly left him dry in the space of half an hour, and, believing morning to have advanced two hours at least, he resolved to give himself up to sleep, as the best way of passing the hours till he was released.

He closed his eyes and slept; but how long he knew not. He was awakened by what at first he thought something passing across his face, but he was soon sensible that it was a violent gust of wind. It was again nearly as dark as before, and repeated blasts rushed past him, with an angry murmur. There was but little rain now falling, and that came more like spray upon a gale than a shower, but he felt even more chilled than when he was surrounded by water. He heard the rage of the ocean more distinctly than he had done, and he fancied that it forced its stubborn waves much further into the valley below than the beach. An inexplicable turbulence seemed mingled with the usual uproar of billows bursting on a rocky shore, and the dells seemed more the seat of the confusion than of the echo. He could have imagined that the sea had overcome its boundaries of ages, and was taking possession of the conquered land. A rush of water

was certainly coming towards him—he longed to be able to see. Another glare of lightning, like the first, lit up all the horizon, and he saw for a moment the ocean and the islands looking more fearful than before. Even in that instant he strained his eyes to catch one glance of the ship he had thought abandoned to the fury of the elements, and he again believed he beheld it, raised on the back of a huge billow, which dashed it down at the foot of a distant promontory, and closed over it. The headland was the Nikkur Noss, which he knew well, as the scene of his mis-spent labours. He might, perhaps, have looked longer, for the lightning continued to flash so fast that there was scarcely an interval of darkness, but with a tremendous gush a column of foam rose up, from beyond the craggy ledge of the platform on which he lay, and, whirling round in the air, came towards him.

What passed during a few succeeding moments, Spiel could not well remember. He felt himself raised from the moss, and borne along above it, and he saw the Peights' Aulter Stane twisted out of the earth. He heard a raging struggle, as of wind and water fighting for mastery, and he was hurled against a bank with violence, and deprived of his senses.

When he recovered, the tempest had ceased, the heavens were clear and bright with a vivid illumination, and the air was still. He was lying, not where Petie had left him, but at the foot of the ridge of eminences, bounding the little plain, and his frame seemed shaken and more powerless than before. He could now distinguish the roll of the waves on the shore, flowing as they were wont in calm weather, and he attempted to discover the time by the rise of the tide; for there was not the least sign of dawn, though the sky was brilliantly enlightened. He listened attentively, and heard not only the brawling murmur of the sea pouring among the shingles, but a burst of solemn music mingled with it—yet so faint that he was not convinced of its reality. A pause ensued—again a strain of harmony floated on the untroubled air—and again it was lost as a gust of wind swept up the dell. Again he heard it louder than before, and he fancied it approached him, and, as it continued, he believed he could distinguish the tune of a psalm he had heard sung by the crew of a Dutch herring-buss, which had been off the Skerries in the preceding summer. Nay, he fancied he could perceive voices occasionally join the notes, and sing the very words he had formerly heard; for, as I have said before, Trosk understood the language. Although, when the winds rose, he always lost the sounds of this singular concert, yet, whenever there was a lull, he was satisfied that it gradually drew nearer, and he could now trace its advance, winding slowly up the glens from below, towards that in which he was extended.

At length it was so distinct, that he was persuaded it must have crossed the ledge that bounded the brink of the plain, and he endeavoured to raise his head, so that he might gain a view of the source of this extraordinary melody. There was a loose fragment of stone near him, and by dint of wriggling and pushing himself along like a seal, he contrived to

elevate himself upon it, and, looking forth, he beheld a long and gleamy procession approaching towards him, over the quaking bog on which he had first been laid. Sorrow and dejection were marked on the countenances of the beings composing the troop, and their habiliments appeared heavy with moisture, and dripping like fresh sea weeds. They drew close up to him, and were silent. First came the musicians, whose instruments he had heard so long and so anxiously, but he could not scrutinize them much, for, as they advanced opposite to him, they wheeled off to the right and left, and took their stations on either side. The front space was immediately occupied by a varied group, who appeared, by their deportment, to precede some object of great distinction, which, when they parted and filed off in the same manner as the band, presented itself to view.

This was a tall, bulky, though well built man, whose capacity of belly was properly balanced by the protuberance of that part which honour has assumed to herself. His head was not little, and his face appeared rather swollen. His shoulders were wide, and were clothed in a full coat of broad cloth, fashioned after the manner of the fourth generation past. Its skirts reached below his knees, round which they curved. It was collarless, but sleeves, vastly deep, hung from the arms, the cuffs of which were adorned with cut-steel buttons, of great circumference and brightness. Broad bands of rich gold lace covered every seam and edge, more glorious in the eyes of the beholder than the setting sun, and the lappels of a quilted vest hung down from the immense orb of his bowels, heavy with the precious metal that braided them. His thighs were arrayed in breeches of scarlet velvet, silk hose disguised his legs, and large square-toed shoes covered his feet, and lent their thongs to support gold buckles of great breadth, which glittered with precious stones. On his head was placed a long, flowing, flaxen, curling wig, surmounted by a small three-cornered cocked hat, buttoned up with gold bands, and a long, straight, basket-hilted sword hung, suspended in a broad buff-embroidered belt, by his side. In his hand he held a gold-headed clouded ground rattan, of great length and thickness, and close by his side walked a black boy, bearing a long, twisted, grotesquely fashioned pipe, which he occasionally offered to his lord, who stopped and gave a solemn puff or two, and then proceeded.

When he came immediately opposite to Spiel, he stood still and erect, and a number of others ranged themselves on his right hand and on his left, whose dresses were fine, but not so splendid as their superior's, and they bore pipes of common form only. Behind these drew up a groupe of persons, many of whom were ladies, some bearing infants in their arms, others leading children by their hands, all dressed in strange and gorgeous apparel, though of fashions unknown to him who beheld them; and, lastly, came a body of men and lads, with big loose trowsers, thick heavy jackets, and red worsted night-caps, whom Trosk instantly knew to be Dutch sailors. Each of these had a quid of tobacco stuck in his cheek, and a short black-

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ened pipe in his mouth, which he sucked in melancholy silence.

The fisherman lay still, and saw this grim troop assemble around him, with feelings of mingled alarm and wonder; his heart did not sink, for it was kept alive by fearful curiosity, but cold sweats gathered upon his brow. Presently, the principal figure looked round, and seeing his attendants all in their stations, he took his long twisted pipe from the hands of the negro, and began to smoke in long and deep drawn whiffs; and this seemed as a signal to the rest to follow his example, for, immediately, every mouth was in action, and which ever way Spiel cast his looks, he beheld nothing but glowing tubes and gleaming eyes turned towards him, while wreaths of smoke rose up from the multitude, and formed a dense cloud-like canopy above them. Nevertheless, though he could plainly distinguish the features and the dresses of this ghastly crew, he could also see the stars clearly glimmering through them, and now gleams of fire and electric flashes began to shoot across the heavens, and the sky grew more vividly bright than it had been. Still, though Trosk could behold all these appearances through the bodies of the phantoms, he could also perceive that his ghostly visitants were closing slowly upon him, that their ranks grew more dense, and the space between him and them more narrow, while their puffs became more violent, and the smoke rose up with redoubled velocity.

The Shetlander was naturally a bold and, indeed, a desperate man, and he had come to the gien with the desire of conversing with beings of another world; but when he beheld this fearful, strange, and unintelligible multitude crowded round him, and pressing nearer and nearer, as if about to overwhelm him, his courage yielded, his frame shook, and the sweat ran copiously down his face. The appearance of the black boy occasioned him more terror than all the rest; for, never having seen a negro in those far distant isles, he believed him to be a little devil, and his white teeth and whiter eye-balls looked terrific against his sable face; but his terror redoubled, when, on turning his eyes up to look at the sky above, he perceived close behind his head that little dry withered man who had accosted him in the skiff, sitting now as rigidly upright as before, but with a pipe in his mouth, which he seemed to hold there as if in grave mockery of all the assembly. Trosk started convulsively, and a choking sensation seized upon his throat; but, summoning all his energy, he mastered it, and directing himself to the principal person before him, he exclaimed, "In the name of him ye obey, who are ye? and what want ye all with me?"

The great man gave three puffs, more solemnly than ever, upon this adjuration, and then, taking the pipe slowly from his lips, and giving it to his attendant, he replied, in a tone of chilling formality, "I am Aldret Janz Dundrellesy Vander Swelter, whilome commander of the good ship Carmilhan, of the city of Amsterdam, homeward bound from Batavia, in the east, which being in northern latitude, 60° 10', and 17° 5', longitude east, from the island of Ters, at 12 p. m. on the night of the 21st of

October, 1699, was cast away on the inhospitable rocks of this island, and all on board perished. These are mine officers, these my passengers, and these the mariners forming my gallant crew. Why hast thou called us up from our peaceful bowers, at the bottom of the ocean, where we rest softly on beds of ooze, and smoke our pipes in quiet, listening to the songs of mermaids?—I say, why hast thou called us up?" Spiel had expected to commune with spirits, good or bad, but he had not anticipated a visit from the captain of the vessel he wished to rifle; and, indeed, the question he had to propose was rather an awkward one to put to Mynheer Vander Swelter, for ghosts are in general tenacious of hidden treasure, and a Dutch ghost was likely to be more tenacious than any other, and, in particular, the spirit of a commander in whose charge a treasure had been placed, since he might still think he had a right to preserve it for the true owners, or at least for their heirs lawfully begotten and duly qualified. But this was no time for deliberation, and the prospect of gaining his wishes poured like a reviving cordial over the soul of the fisherman, and washed away his terror. "I would know," replied he, "where I can find the treasure with which your ship was laden."

"At the bottom of the sea," answered the captain with a groan, which was echoed by all his crew.

"At what place?" said Spiel.

"In the Nikkur Noss," replied the spectre.

"How came they there?" inquired the Sker-ryman.

"How came you here?" answered the captain.

"I came here," said Spiel.

"'Tis false!" exclaimed the spirit, "you came no further than the Peghts' Aultar Stane."

"I did not think of that," cried Trosk, whose eagerness for wealth did not allow him to think of any thing else; "but how shall I get them?"

"A goose would dive in the Nikkur Noss for a herring, thou idiot," answered Mynheer Vander Swelter; "are not the treasures of the Carmilhan worth a similar exertion?—Wouldst thou know more?"

"Yes: how much shall I get?" said Spiel.

"More than you will ever spend," replied the captain, and the little man grinned behind Trosk's head, and the whole company laughed loud.

"Hast thou done with me?" said the commander.

"Yes, I have," answered Spiel Trosk.

"Thanks, and fare thee well!"

"Farewell, till we meet again," said Mynheer Vander Swelter, facing about and marching off, preceded by his musicians, and followed by his officers, passengers and crew, all puffing their pipes in majestic solemnity.

Again the grave music was heard winding down the dell, accompanied by the words of the psalm, and the fisherman marked the notes grow fainter and fainter, till at length they were lost in the murmur of the waves.

All the rest of the night Spiel spent in struggling to get free from his envelope, for he was anxious to commence his search for the trea-

tures by the break of day. At length, towards dawn, he extricated one arm from its confinement, and with that unbound the ropes that encircled the hide.

The pleasure with which he once more rose upon his feet was considerable, but it was lessened when he perceived an eagle tearing open the bowels of the ill-fated Luckie, and recollected the grief of Petie for her death, and his strange behaviour on the occasion. The intention, however, of enriching this friend of his youth, seemed to him ample compensation for his loss, and he looked for the Stane, which was not now by the side of the carcass. He saw nothing but fragments of rock lying around, and supposing that it had been shattered to pieces, though scarcely waiting to think at all, he hurried towards the cabin of his partner with the greatest precipitation.

Petie was lying on the ground, in a state of stupefaction: he was clothed, and Trosk, from a glance at his bed, perceived that he had not been in it during the night, and imagined that he had sunk on the earth the instant he had re-entered the cottage. It was not without infinite difficulty that the impatient fisherman recovered his gentle partner, and when he did revive him, the joy of Winwig knew no bounds. Even Luckie—poverty—everything, was forgotten in his delight at seeing Spiel alive and well. But the narrative, or rather the broken and disjointed sentences uttered by Trosk, soon dissipated this glimpse of happiness. "Dive in the Nikkur Noss!—dive like a cormorant in the Nikkur Noss!" was all he could exclaim, while his cheek resumed its paleness, and his teeth again became set firmly against each other. "I would dive into a whirlpool," cried Spiel, looking round upon the bare walls of the cottage, now deprived of all the marks of humble affluence they had formerly shown, "rather than see this.—No," he continued, "whether you follow or desert me, I will go;" and with these words he seized a torch, a tinder-box, and a rope, and darted forward.

Petie immediately set out after him, calling to him not to obey the counsel of the fiend, and reiterating all he had said on former occasions; but to little purpose, for Spiel resolutely kept so far ahead of him as not to hear his arguments, and, having reached the yawn, he leaped down to the shelf, where he had formerly rested, and pulled off his jacket. He then lit his torch, made fast the rope, and by its aid was beginning to descend, when Petie arrived. By this time the resolution of Winwig had again given way to the haste and energy of Trosk, and, without speaking, he also was prepared to descend; but he was stopped by his companion, who, in his usual commanding manner, bade him stay where he was, and aid him to go down by holding and steadying the rope.

A man less daring and determined than Trosk, would, under any circumstances, have found the descent impossible; the crags were slippery, and the rocks crumbled in his grasp, but avarice was his spur, and hope his guide, and by dint of perseverance and resolution he passed by every obstacle. The Nikkur Noss was at all times a retreat for turbulent waves and murmuring winds, which seemed to seek its obscurity, to vent their rage in secret; but

now unusual quiet reigned through the long tunnel, and when the Shetlander alighted on a projecting ledge, just above the level of the water, there was less uproar echoing through the vault than he had ever known. He immediately trimmed his torch, and looking down upon the stream that poured through the channel, saw nothing but a dark flow of water, eddying along, covered with froth and large bubbles. For a moment he considered how he should proceed, and he looked up to the high rough arched ceiling, in wonder at its craggy surface, and at the pendant stalactites that hung dripping from every point. He turned again to the water, and saw along its edge large sea-nettles, whose red and blue tentacula glittered in the light that he held in his hand. At length, with the impatience that had brought him there, he resolved to dive and search the bottom, through the whole of its length, and he laid his torch on the rock to prepare himself. Whilst stripping, he fancied he saw something gleam through the water, beneath where the link was placed, and being ready he plunged at once, and grasped a heavy body which he brought up.

It was a small iron bound box, but the rust had eaten into its hinges, and, applying force, the lid came off, and discovered a mass of golden coin. There was enough to have enriched the finder and his partner for their lives, and Petie loudly entreated Spiel to ascend, and tamper no longer with danger; but Trosk only looked upon what he had gained as the first fruits of his long labours. He drew in his breath for another dive, though a rush of angry waves had rolled through the gulf, and the wind had begun to bellow. He stepped down to the water's edge, but started, for he heard the word Carmilhan uttered with a titter, as he had often heard it whispered. He looked round and saw nothing, and smiled at his own imagination. He cast his eyes on the casket of ducats, and felt reanimated. Again he disappeared beneath the surface of the water—but he never rose again. A wild laugh echoed through the vault as he went down, and only a few bubbles came up at the place where he had plunged in.

Petie returned alone, but he returned an altered man. His mind had given way under the repeated shocks it had received, and he gradually sunk into a state of idiocy. He paid no more attention to fishing, or to husbandry; every thing about him went to decay; he sold his boat, and all he possessed, to support himself, and his only pleasure or recreation consisted in wandering about the sides of the Voe, or ascending the Nikkur Noss, muttering to himself, or looking anxiously into vacancy, as if he expected to see the spirit of Mynheer Vander Swelter start up from behind every stone. From this conduct he soon acquired the name of daft Petie, and he became an object both of pity and of terror to his countrymen, who, however, quickly abandoned the coast to which he used principally to resort, as a place infested by beings of another world.

Now comes the most singular part of my story; for it is so well attested that I know not how to doubt it, though it is so improbable that my reason will not allow me to give credit to

it. One dark and windy night, a fisherman had been driven, by stress of weather to take shelter in the voe, near which the cottage of Winwig was situated. He had just moored his boat, and was preparing to cross the heath to the village, when he saw a vessel bearing down towards the coast, avoiding all the rocks and shoals, and standing as boldly in as if she could sustain no damage from those dangerous and secret enemies.

The fisherman stood amazed at this unexpected sight. Heaven only knows how many ideas of storm ships and flying Dutchmen crossed his mind. At length, he recollected himself sufficiently to be aware, that, whatever the stranger might be, he had time enough to get out of the way, and he was preparing to fly when he saw a figure, which, notwithstanding the darkness, he recognised as Petie, moving along in the path he intended to have pursued, brandishing his arms, and muttering to himself, as was common with him in his nocturnal wanderings.

The superstition of the islanders had attached a degree of terror to the person of Petie, which, certainly, his still portly form and mild countenance could not otherwise have inspired; and the fisherman, alarmed and hesitating between the two objects of horror, had only sufficient sense left to throw himself on the ground, and crawl behind a small rock, which stood up on the shore, at a little distance from the foot of a cliff, where he hoped he might lie concealed till the danger was over. From this confined situation he could neither see nor hear any thing for some time, during which the winds arose, and the sea became more agitated. At length, he, too, fancied he heard voices on the air, and shortly he found himself surrounded by a ghostly crew, who encircled him with glowing pipes and gleaming eyes, but in unbroken silence.

For a long time this sight so terrified the Shetland fisherman, that his tongue so cleaved to the roof of his mouth, that, though he longed to mutter out a prayer or an adjuration, he felt himself unable to articulate, and, when he did speak, he could not recollect one word or the exorcism he had been meditating, but could only inquire, in the most brief and hurried terms, who his visitors were. He was answered immediately. A figure which he instantly recognised as Spiel Trosk, followed by another, which he knew to be Winwig, stepped before the rest and said,—“I am Spiel Trosk, boat-swain's mate of the good ship Carmilhan—will you enter among our crew?” At this instant, and before the Shetlander could find words for his intended refusal, a loud laugh resounded behind his head; he turned his eyes involuntarily, and beheld the little figure in the yellow jacket and red cap, grinning diabolically—This was too much—he could not bear it, and he fell back in a swoon.

When he revived the morning had broken, but there was no trace left of the Carmilhan and her crew. The man, who is always described as a sensible and steady fellow, was so well convinced of the reality of his vision, that he voluntarily made oath of it before the proper authorities; but he was not believed, or at least he was supposed to have fallen asleep,

and dreamt of ghosts, till it was observed that Winwig was missing. This, indeed, made some stir, and the strictest inquiries were set on foot for him; but he could never be found; and it was supposed by the judicious, that in a fit of insanity he had thrown himself into the sea; but the superstitious maintain that he, too, was at length persuaded to dive for the treasures of the Carmilhan—that he perished, and that his ghost now forms one of the spectral crew; and, in proof of this assertion, it is said that both he and Trosk, together with a motley crowd of Dutchmen, have been seen more than once haunting the Voe and the promontory of the Nikkur Noss.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

PAULINE.*

—One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturb'd, is order'd by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

Wordsworth.

Along the star-lit Seine went music swelling,
Till the air thrill'd with its exulting mirth;
Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling
For cares or stricken hearts were found on earth;

And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,
A happy chime of many-dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night
Lamps and fresh roses and green leaves were hung,
And from the painted walls a stream of light
On flying forms beneath soft splendour flung;
But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride
Was one, the lady from the Danube side.

Pauline, the meekly bright!—though now no more

Her clear eye flash'd with youth's all tameless glee,

Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see;
A charm with graver, tenderer sweetness fraught—

The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,

And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky,
Sate on her brow, beneath its graceful hair,
As her young daughter in the dance went by,
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known,
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurk'd there no secret boding in her breast?

Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh?
—Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest

'Midst the light laughter of festivity:

Whence come those tones?—alas! enough we know,

To mingle fear with all triumphal show!

* For the affecting story of the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, see Madame de Stael's *L'Allemagne*, vol. iii. p. 336.

Who spoke of Evil, when young feet were
 flying
 In fairy rings around the echoing hall,
 Soft airs through braided locks in perfume
 sighing;
 Glad pulses beating unto music's call?
 —Silence! the minstrels pause—and hark! a
 sound;
 A strange quick rustling which their notes
 had drown'd!

And lo! a light upon the dancers breaking—
 Not such their clear and silvery lamps had
 shed!

From the gay dream of revelry awaking,
 One moment holds them still in breathless
 dread;—
 The wild fierce lustre grows—then bursts a
 cry—
 Fire! through the hall and round it gathering
 —fly!

And forth they rush—as chased by sword and
 spear—
 To the green coverts of the garden-bowers;
 A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,
 Startling the birds and trampling down the
 flowers:

While from the dome behind, red sparkles
 driven
 Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight
 Heaven.

And where is she, Pauline?—the hurrying
 throng
 Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast
 Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird
 along,—
 —Till now the threshold of that Death is past,
 And free she stands beneath the starry skies,
 Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

“Bertha, where art thou?—speak, oh! speak,
 my own!”

—Alas! unconscious of her pangs the while,
 The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,
 Powerless hath sunk amidst the blazing pile;
 A young bright form, deck'd gloriously for
 Death,
 With flowers all shrinking at the flame's fierce
 breath!

But oh! thy strength, deep Love!—there is
 no power
 To stay the mother from that rolling grave,
 Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,
 And forth, like banners, from each lattice
 wave,
 Back, back she rushes through a host combin-
 ed—
 Mighty is anguish, with affection twined!

And what bold step may follow, 'midst the roar
 Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise?
 None!—Courage there stood still—and never
 more
 Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes!
 Was one brief meeting theirs, one wild fare-
 well,
 And died they heart to heart?—oh! who can
 tell?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke
 On that sad palace, 'midst its pleasure shades;
 Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with
 smoke
 And lonely stood its marble colonnades:

But yester-eve their shafts with wreaths were
 bound—

Now lay the scene one shrivell'd scroll around!
 And bore the ruins no recording trace
 Of all that woman's heart had dared and done?
 —Yes! there were gems to mark its mortal
 place,

That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone!
 Those had the mother, on her gentle breast,
 Worn round her child's fair image, there at
 rest.*

And they were all!—the tender and the true
 Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,
 Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly
 flew,
 To deep, lone, chasten'd thoughts of grief and
 love!

—Oh! we have need of patient Faith below,
 To clear away the mysteries of such wo!

F. H.

From the British Critic.

THE HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION
 OF SPAIN, from the time of its establish-
 ment to the reign of Ferdinand VII., com-
 posed from the Original Documents of the
 Archives of the Supreme Council, and from
 those of subordinate Tribunals of the Holy
 Office. Abridged and translated from the
 Original Works of D. Jean Antoine Llorente,
 formerly Secretary of the Inquisition, Chan-
 cellor of the University of Toledo, Knight of
 the Order of Charles III., &c. 1 vol. 8vo.
 15s. London. Whittaker. 1826.

OUR direct knowledge of the history and
 transactions of the Inquisition is unusually
 scanty, and in most instances, carries with it
 but little weight of authority. Nor indeed do
 we readily see how this could be otherwise;
 for secrecy was one of the leading principles
 of this institution, and that which it sought to
 hide could be revealed by two methods only;
 the treachery of its agents, or the disclosures
 of such victims as had escaped its extreme
 vengeance. It is evident that no great reliance
 can be placed on either of these sources; the
 good faith of a deserter is proverbially mis-
 trusted; and however truly an unhappy pri-
 soner might relate his own individual suffer-
 ings, he would not have possessed more oppor-
 tunities than other men of becoming acquainted
 with the general system by which they were
 occasioned. Moreover it was inconsistent with
 the keen-eyed vigilance of this tribunal, that
 many who, in either of these ways, had ob-
 tained the power of unlocking the secrets of its
 prison-house, should return to upper day.—
 Hence it is, that in the professed Histories of
 the Inquisition, we are presented with little
 more than transcripts from each other; that
 the mode of arrest, the conduct of audiences,
 the horrors of the torture-chamber, and the
 final dismission to penance or liberty, have
 been copied, with slight variation, from quarto
 to duodecimo, and recopied back again from

* “L'on n'a pu reconnoître ce qui restoit
 d'elle sur la terre, qu'un chiffre de ses enfans,
 qui marquoit encore la place où cet ange avoit
 péri.”

MADAME DE STAËL.

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duodecimo to quarto, without sufficient vouchers for authenticity or accuracy; and although it may be too much to assert, that the whole is false, nevertheless we have little doubt that the major part is either purely imaginary, or a mixture, in which a weak tincture of Truth is largely "dashed and brewed with lies."

The earliest account of the *Spanish Inquisition*, with which we are acquainted, is contained in a small French volume, without the name of the place in which it was printed, but bearing date 1568, *Histoire de l'Inquisition d'Espagne*; and this, in many points, more especially in the disgusting description of the question, is copied nearly to the letter, by almost every succeeding writer on the subject. The work is anonymous, and does not present any data upon which a judgment of the pretensions of its author to our confidence can be founded. As far, then, as this tract has been followed by others, we may be forgiven if belief in it is suspended. In 1656 an English narrative of the enormities of this tribunal was dedicated to Cromwell, then Protector, under the title of *Clamor Sanguinis Martyrum*; but this, in like manner, is devoid of authorities. Geddes, who was Chaplain of the English Factory at Lisbon, from 1678 to 1686, was a man of acute observation; he had witnessed an *auto-da-fé* in that capital in 1632—and he recounts the pathetic exclamation of one of the condemned, who, during the short interval between the gate of his dungeon and the stake, raised his eyes with rapture to the Sun, which he had not beheld for many years, and asked how it was possible that those who saw that glorious body could worship any being but Him who created it. He was immediately gagged, and the procession (*horrendum ac tremendum spectaculum*, as Pegna, himself an Inquisitor, has fitly termed it.) moved on. The exercise of ministerial functions by a Protestant clergyman gave offence to the Portuguese Inquisition, and Geddes was summoned before it. He pleaded the existing treaty between the two Governments, and contended boldly, but ineffectually, for his privilege; and, in the end, notwithstanding the manly support which he received from the English merchants, who wrote home representing their case, and claiming a right to a Chaplain and the free exercise of their religion, he was suspended by the Ecclesiastical Commission, through the agency of which James II. was at that time labouring to restore Popery in England. Of that which Geddes relates in his *View of the Inquisition in Portugal* (*Misc. Tracts*, 1.5.) whenever he speaks from his own knowledge, there can be no occasion to doubt; and the picture is sufficiently terrific. He had seen, with his own eyes, the insane barbarity, and heard the deafening yells of the populace when they were preparing to "make the dogs beads." Before the piles were lighted, the miserable victims, who were chained on a seat near their summit, were exposed to the insults of the crowd which surrounded them; and, at a given signal, bundles of lighted furze, fastened on long poles, were thrust in their faces, till their chins were singed to a coal; and this prelude of torture lasted during more than half an hour, before the faggots were kindled, and they expired un-

der a slow flame; for their height above the fire was such that it barely reached their seats.

Limborch, who comes next in order of time, had doubtless received much information from Orobio, a Spanish Jew, who, after escaping from the Inquisition, had returned to Amsterdam, and with whom this distinguished Arminian held a much more important "friendly conference," (*collatio amica*) respecting the great truths of Christianity. But Orobio probably had little to communicate beyond that which respected himself. It was the possession of a Book of Sentences of the Inquisition of Thoulouse which gave Limborch deeper insight into the mysteries of this accursed court. This black register contained all the sentences passed between 1307 to 1323, and Limborch appended it to a *Historia Inquisitionis*, 1632, in which many valuable facts are ably and ingeniously deduced from writings of certain Inquisitors, of whom a catalogue is prefixed to his work. This is by far the most legitimate, and, indeed, the only safe basis on which the discoveries of such an Historian can be founded. It is scarcely necessary to state, that this work of Limborch was translated into English in 1736, by the learned and laborious Sam. Chandler, who prefaced it by a copious Introduction, from his own pen, on the rise and progress of Persecution, and the real and pretended causes of it: a paper which led him into a controversy with Dr. Berriman. Wherever Limborch relies solely upon his own acuteness and sagacity, he presents his readers with a narrative ably and substantially put together, upon framework not likely to be disjointed—but occasionally he has condescended to borrow; and whenever he does so, our confidence ceases. His work, however, on the whole, is not only the fullest, but by far the most important with which we have met on this subject.

A French work, *Memoires Historiques pour servir à l'Histoire des Inquisitions*, was produced at Cologne in 1716, in two volumes, 12mo. It contains some pretty cuts in *taille douce*, and is put together without any deficiency in the finisness and presumption which, for the most part, characterize *Memoires pour servir*. Mr. Baker, a clergyman, in 1736, compiled an English quarto, which pretends to little, and fulfils its pretences; and we believe that the booksellers, from time to time, have put forth sundry minor works on the Inquisition, as often as a demand seemed to present itself; in which the undigested *crambe* of former Histories has been diligently recooked, and engravings of the vault of torture, the *san benito*, the *fuego revoltato*, and the skulls, marrowbones, and devils of the *relaxed*, have been carefully inserted.

The work of Paolo Sarpi relates more particularly to Venice, *Historia dell' Inquisitione e particolarmente della Veneta*—in its announcement there is no want of confidence; *Opera pia, dotta e curiosa, a consiglieri, casuisti e politici molto necessaria*; and, what perhaps will scarcely be anticipated, after such a puff direct, it does not vaunt itself beyond its merits. It contains a great mass of official *formulae*, from which a distinct view may be obtained of, at least, the outward modes of procedure, in the particular Court of which it treats. Michel

Angelo Lerri, Inquisitor of Modeno, has left a similar tract respecting his own tribunal.—*Breve informazione del modo di trattare la cause*, 1608.

In English we have three narratives, furnished by separate individuals who have been imprisoned in the dungeons of the Inquisition. William Lithgow's account of his travels and sufferings, is very generally known; and although largely interspersed with the marvellous, it bears internal evidence of truth in many of those parts relating to the inquiry now before us. Lithgow was a pedestrian, of the school of the fantastic Tom Coryat; and he verified the adage which adjudges to pupils a superiority over their masters: for Coryat was far outwalked by him. "In his three voyages," as he himself informs us, "his painful feet have traced over, besides passages of seas and rivers, thirty-six thousand and odd miles, which draweth near to twice the circumference of the earth." But his evil stars put an end to his ambulatory powers, by throwing him into the grasp of the Inquisition at Malaga. He was arrested at first on suspicion of being a spy, in 1620; but the charge was speedily converted into one of heresy, and attempts were made to compel him to change his faith. During the progress of this regeneration, he was so cruelly subjected to torture, as to be crippled for life. A fortunate accident enabled him to make his circumstances known to the English ambassador, and he was demanded from and surrendered by his persecutors. Of the miserable state to which their barbarities had reduced him, sufficient ocular testimony was afforded to the most incredulous; for, on his arrival in England, such was still his mangled condition, that when James I. expressed a wish to see and converse with him, he was obliged to be conveyed on a feather bed to Theobald's, where he was repeatedly exhibited to a crowded Court. The king sent him twice, at his own expense, to Bath, for the benefit of the waters; but his partial restoration was but the forerunner of new misfortunes. He had been directed by James to apply to Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, for the full value of the property which had been taken from him by the Governor of Malaga, and for an additional sum as a compensation for the injustice of his confinement. Gondomar promised fairly, but protracted the fulfilment of his promise; and Lithgow, in a moment of irritation, bitterly upbraided him in the Presence Chamber. The pride of the Spaniard could not brook this public insult, and the parties drew, and fought upon the privileged spot. The rank of Gondomar secured him from punishment for this high offence; but the less protected Lithgow atoned for it by nine months fresh imprisonment in the Marshalsea.

Isaac Martin passed two-thirds of a year in the prisons of the Inquisition at Granada, in 1718. He also was released by the interposition of the English ambassador, but not until he had received 200 lashes. His story may be found in a small volume published by himself at the time, and it is repeated by Baker. The latest prisoner who has recounted his sufferings in English is John Coustos, a lapidary, and a native of Berne. He was arrested on a charge

of Freemasonry, which he did not attempt to deny, by the Inquisition at Lisbon; and, after numerous unavailing attempts to seduce him from his profession of Protestantism, he was condemned to the galleys: an application from George II. procured his discharge after a short service; and he found an asylum in England, where he published his adventures in 1746. From the tone of the Preface which introduces them, it was plainly the intention of the existing Ministry, under whose auspices they were edited, to address them to a political object: since an exposure of the frauds and cruelties practised by the great public organ of the Roman Catholic Church, might be thought well calculated to strengthen the national abhorrence from that religion, for the revival of which, under the expelled dynasty, the flames of Civil war had so recently been kindled. Notwithstanding this party purpose, we see no reason for discrediting the narrative of Coustos, and still less that of Martin; and as far as they go, i. e. as affecting the individual cases, they both afford damning evidence of the iniquity of this institution.

But by those who will take the trouble of weaving their own texture from the raw material, and of creating for themselves that most powerful and incontrovertible of all convictions, which is furnished by deductions fairly drawn from the statements of the very parties concerning whom they seek information—deductions which these parties, when they made these statements, never imagined, and still less intended, should be drawn,—a plentiful harvest may be found in the works of the Inquisitors themselves. Nicolas Eymeric, a Dominican, was created Inquisitor General of the Kingdom of Arragon in the year 1356. He was afterwards named Chaplain to Gregory XI. at Avignon, and Judge of Heretical Causes, and he died a Cardinal, having filled these high and confidential offices during four and forty years. No one, therefore, can be supposed more competent to tell all which the Holy Office permitted or desired to be told; and, accordingly, the patient investigator of truth will meet with a rich treasure in his *Directorium Inquisitorium*. This work was first printed at Barcelona in 1503; afterwards twice at Rome in 1578 and 1587, and at Venice in 1596, each time with the commentaries of Pegna, of whom we shall have occasion to speak presently. It is divided into three parts. The first treats of the Articles of Faith: the second of the punishments assigned to heretics by the Canon law and the Decretals; of heresy itself and its different kinds; and of the crimes which fall under the jurisdiction of the Inquisition: the third of the various processes of this tribunal; of the power and privileges of its officers; of witnesses, criminals, judgments, and executions. It is not possible within our present limits to do more than offer this slight abstract of the principal heads of this important work. Its value, however, may be estimated by a recollection that it is the fruit of the experience, during almost half a century, of one who was the prime mover of the great engine, the machinery of which he partially describes.

The tract of Johannes Calderinus (he must not be confounded with his namesake, Domi-

tius, who was an admirable classical scholar, and flourished near a century before,) *de Hereticis*, appeared in 1571. Like that of Eymeric, it is a copious Directory, but we know too little of its author (alas! for fame! he is stated at the head of his first chapter to be *inter primarios sue ætatis celeberrimus*,) to determine his competence to the task. Pegna, a Spaniard, whom we have before mentioned, in 1588 was Auditor, and subsequently Dean of the Roman Rota. Besides commenting upon the work of Eymeric, he edited the *Lucerna Inquisitorum* of Franciscus Bernardus Comensis, and himself wrote an *Instructio seu Praxis Inquisitorum*; titles which sufficiently declare the nature and contents of the works to which they belong. To these may be added the names of three other volumes; one by Francesco Bruno, *De Indiciis et Tortura*—Lyons, 1547; another by Paramo, *De Origine et Progressu Officii Sanctæ Inquisitionis, ejusque dignitate et utilitate*: Madrid, 1598; and the last by Carena, who writes himself *Advocatus Fiscalis Off. Inq.* and who published at Cremona, in 1642, *De Off. Inq. et Modo procedendi in causis Fidei*.

Of Archibald Bower we have purposely forbore to speak. We believe him to have been a cunning and needy Scotchman, who would have said and done any thing for money, and who therefore can have little claims upon our credence. That he was educated at the college of Douay, was admitted into the order of Jesus, publicly taught Humanities (as his learned countrymen express themselves) and Philosophy under its direction, and in the end became Counsellor of the Inquisition at Macerata, we see no reason to deny. After this hopeful training, at forty years of age, in 1726, he abandoned his offices, escaped from Italy, and turned a hackney Protestant scribbler in England. He himself stated that this exchange arose from disgust at the enormities which he had witnessed in the Holy Office. Others boldly asserted, that it was in consequence of the discovery of an intrigue with a Nun to whom he was Confessor; and there appears nothing in his general character, or subsequent conduct, which justifies us in pronouncing this accusation to be untrue. His *Faithful Account of his Motives for leaving the office of Secretary to the Court of Inquisition*, was printed in 1750. Little credit was attached to it at the time, and his reputation, which was at a very low standard among his contemporaries, has not been elevated above it by the judgment of posterity.

A predecessor in the same line with Bower, and as much his superior in honesty as he was below him in abilities, (for the Scotch Ex-Jesuit possessed a considerable coating of knowledge, and a truly national dexterity in displaying and applying it,) was Hieronimo Bartholemi Piazza. He had been a Dominican, a Reader of Philosophy and Divinity, and one of the Delegated Judges of the Roman Inquisition. Having taken refuge in England, he published in 1722, *A Short and True Account of the Inquisition and its Proceedings, as it is practised in Italy, set forth in some particular Cases, by H. B. P. &c.*; and now by the grace of God a convert to the Church of England.

Piazza married and settled in Cambridge, where he obtained a livelihood by teaching French and Italian, more, as is recorded, to his own profit than that of his pupils. But his integrity was never impeached, and his book contains some curious particulars, which we have no doubt are authentic. That his former trade, even after his retirement, had left some of its hardness about his heart, may reasonably be supposed; and it is probably on this account that he relates the following piteous anecdote, which fell under his own immediate cognizance, with much unction and evident glee, as if he thought it a capital good story. A hue and cry was raised by the Inquisition after an offender who was *wanted*, and a particular description of his person was diligently circulated. He must have been sufficiently ill-favoured, for the unhappy Sosia, who was arrested by mistake in his stead, is described as "a country curate of poor look and weakly condition, pale, lean, and of grave countenance. Terrified by his accusation, although conscious of his innocence, this miserable prisoner, when brought up to be examined a second time by Piazza, "would answer nothing but, always trembling, *Quod dixi, dixi; quod scripsi, scripsi*." "This comical story" of "the speechless and whimsical curate," was immediately communicated to head-quarters; and the close of it is detailed as follows:—

"So the poor country curate, his hands being tied behind his back, was carried on horseback with great solemnity, as is usual upon such occasions, surrounded by all the *Signori Patentati* and their servants, in a cavalcade, I being at the head of 'em, from Osimo to Ancona, where the General Inquisitor resided. Here he exerted all his *cunning*, industry, and *CRUELTY* to make the poor curate speak, but to no purpose, TILL AT LAST HE WAS FOUND TO HAVE TURNED MAD, AND AT THE SAME TIME WAS DISCOVERED TO BE INNOCENT; for we heard from other Inquisitors that the person that was indeed guilty, had been lately arrested and taken up in some other place. This was the end of the pitiful case of this poor country curate, who was finally set at liberty and declared innocent by the General Inquisitor; but what became of him afterwards God knows, for I never heard any news of him after this *unlucky accident*."

This sad history does not require any comment. A respectable and unoffending Ecclesiastic is dragged as a public spectacle, exposed to the scorn of the rabble, before a tribunal, the well known horrors of which deprive him of his senses. Torture is used (for so much we think may fairly be understood by "cruelty") to procure his self-condemnation; and when his innocence is incontestably established, he is turned loose and unprotected on the world, without any compensation for his sufferings, or any guardianship over his insanity, too happy to have escaped with liberty, or perhaps with life, from the probable consequences of this "unlucky accident." It was Bower's falsification of this story which mainly led to the detection of his imposition. He laid the scene at Macerata, in the archives of the Inquisitorial Court of which place he pretended to have read the particulars.

A single other name will bring to an end our references to the writers on the Inquisition with whom we chance to be acquainted: a list which we feel that we have already extended beyond its due limits. Of the personal history of Reginaldus, or Gonsalvus Montanus, very little can now be learned, except that he was a Spaniard and a Protestant. He is supposed by Limborch to have collected a reformed congregation at Seville, about the time of the decease of Charles V.; and it is evident from his writings that he afterwards was a Professor at Heidelberg, where he published, in 1567, *Sanctæ Inquisitionis Hispanice Artes aliquot detectæ ac palam traductæ*. Most of the cases with which he illustrates the enormities of this tribunal, are repeated by some student who had heard them from his mouth, and who printed them at Heidelberg, about forty years after the appearance of this work, under the form of *De Inquisitione Hisp. orationumculæ vii. ex narrationibus R. C. M.*; and from one or the other of these sources they have been unsparingly borrowed by later compilers. Señor Llorente says, but without citing authority, (and we have not met with any confirmation of the statement,) that Gonsalvus had escaped from the prisons of the Inquisition at Seville. As we have not any guide to assure us of their authenticity, we abstain from citing any details; but we shall present our readers with the good round vituperation, in two learned languages, with which he assails the Institution, the wickedness of which he undertakes to expose by facts:—

"Est igitur Inquisitio horribilis, execrabilis et, post Ecclesiæ nomen cognitum, inaudita etiam apud effertatissimas gentes, et, ut uno verbo dicam, planè Diabolica, tam animi quam corporis, carnificina: quam contrà fas et jus diuinum ac humanum, Romani Pontificis mancipia, permissu Regum et jussu Antichristi, exercent in fideles; eò immanitate què major animo concipi nequeat, nedum oratione exponi; tantum in hunc finem, ut Idololatria Hetrusca stabiliretur, et superstitio Romana ad posteritatem propagetur, cum certo Fidei Christiana interitu."

To the end of the volume are appended certain epigrams, from which we shall venture to select one, which may enable our readers to determine the reason which induces us not to transcribe more.

In Triumviros Inquisitionis.

Τισί φόντε καὶ Αλκτω, δεινὴ τε Μύγαιρα
Τριμυροὶ ἀντιθῶν, ὅς λογος, εἰς Αἰδῆι:
Εὐσεβῶν δ' ἄνδρων ἐνὶ γῇ τρεῖς εἰσὶν ἱερῆς
Δημῶς ἀμωτεροὶ τετρακτὶς Εὐμενίδων.

But it is time to come to Señor Llorente, from whose confused and ill arranged histories we shall endeavour to pick out the most striking particulars. It is but just to the original author to premise, that the English work is an abridgement; but the compiler speaks of that which he has translated as "complex and voluminous," and of his own version as being "free and condensed." All things will bear comparison, and it is probable that, if we had the means of consulting the originals, we

might assent to the latter part of this statement, respecting which, at present, we are compelled to express some doubt.

Señor Llorente styles himself Secretary to the Inquisition of Madrid during the years 1789, 1790 and 1791, and therefore he has "the firmest confidence of being able to give to the world a true code of the secret laws by which the interior of the Inquisition was governed, and to compile this History."

"No one could write a complete and authentic History of the Inquisition, who was not either an Inquisitor or Secretary of the Holy Office. Persons holding only these situations could be permitted to make memoranda of Papal Bulls, the ordinances of Sovereigns, the decisions of the Council of the 'Supreme,' of the originals of the preliminary processes for suspicion of heresy, or extracts of those which had been deposited in the archives. Being myself the Secretary of the Inquisition of Madrid, during the years 1789, 1790 and 1791, I have the firmest confidence in my being able to give to the world a true code of the secret laws by which the interior of the Inquisition was governed, of those laws which were veiled by mystery from all mankind, excepting those men to whom the knowledge of their political import was exclusively reserved. A firm conviction, from knowing the deep objects of this tribunal, that it was vicious in principle, in its constitution, and in its laws, notwithstanding all that has been said in its support, induced me to avail myself of the advantage my situation afforded me, and to collect every document I could procure relative to its history. My perseverance has been crowned with success far beyond my hopes, for in addition to an abundance of materials, obtained with labour and expense, consisting of unpublished manuscripts and papers, mentioned in the inventories of deceased Inquisitors, and other officers of the institution, in 1809, 1810 and 1811, when the Inquisition of Spain was suppressed, all the archives were placed at my disposal; and from 1809 to 1812, I collected every thing that appeared to me to be of consequence in the registers of the Council of the Inquisition, and in the provincial tribunals, for the purpose of compiling this History."—*Preface*, pp. 12, 13.

There is much about this account which gives us but an evil impression of its author. During the three years that he was secretary he was deeply convinced of the iniquity of the office in which he was engaged, and yet he continued in it, for no other purpose, as it would seem, than to collect materials for his History; a History which he would never have ventured to publish but for the events which led to the overthrow of the Inquisition; an event it is scarcely possible that he could have enough foresight and sagacity to prognosticate six-and-thirty years ago. Of his personal history nothing further is communicated, save the following singular paragraph, which places the author on a level with that which Tucca and Varis were intended to be, and the Sultan Omar really was.

"When Joseph was acknowledged King of Spain, the archives of the Supreme Council and of the Court of Inquisition were confided

to me, in consequence of an order from his Majesty. With his approbation I burnt all the criminal processes, except those which belonged to history, from their importance, and the rank of the accused; but I preserved all the registers of the resolutions of the Council, the royal ordinances, the papal bulls and briefs, the papers of the affairs of the tribunal, and all the informations taken concerning the genealogies of the persons employed in the Holy Office, on account of their utility in proving relationship in trials when it is necessary."—p. 566.

The Preface, moreover, concludes with a statement of a cruelty so atrocious as not a little to stagger our confidence in the judgment, if not in the veracity of this writer. It requires a large proportion of credulity to admit that such a punishment as is described below could be adjudged, only six years back, in a civilized European capital; and that by a tribunal which it is admitted (p. 61.) has long ceased to inflict torture on its prisoners.

"The following fact shows that the inquisitors of our own days do not fall below the standard of those who followed the fanatic Torquemada. * * * was present when the Inquisition was thrown open, in 1820, by the orders of the Cortes of Madrid. Twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which he was: some had been confined three years, some a longer period, and not one knew perfectly the nature of the crime of which he was accused.

"One of these prisoners had been condemned, and was to have suffered on the following day. His punishment was to be death by the *Pendulum*. The method of thus destroying the victim is as follows:—The condemned is fastened in a groove, upon a table, on his back; suspended above him is a Pendulum, the edge of which is sharp, and it is so constructed as to become longer with every movement. The wretch sees this implement of destruction swinging to and fro above him, and every moment the keen edge approaching nearer and nearer: at length it cuts the skin of his nose, and gradually cuts on, until life is extinct. It may be doubted if the holy office in its mercy ever invented a more humane and rapid method of exterminating heresy, or ensuring confiscation. This, let it be remembered, was a punishment of the Secret Tribunal, A. D. 1820!!!"—*Preface*, p. xix.

Having thus vented our misgivings, we have put it in the power of our readers to decide for themselves as to the degree of trust which they may choose to repose in Senor Llorente. On his opening chapter there is little occasion to pause; it is a very meagre abstract of Church History during the first twelve centuries. To the thirteenth century, in common with other writers, he attributes the establishment of a general Inquisition; planned by Innocent III. against the Albigenses, furthered under his auspices by St. Dominic, and finally established by Gregory IX., who was elected to the papedom in 1227. The Arragonese branch can be traced by authentic records as far back as the year 1232, and, in the course of this century, courts were established in the dioceses of Tarragona, Barcelona, Urgel, Lerida and Girona. Castile adopted it in the thirteenth

century. The crimes over which the old Inquisition professed to exercise jurisdiction, were heresy and suspicion of heresy, sorcery, the invocation of demons, schism, concealment or assistance of heretics, and refusal by a noble to take an oath that he would expel heretics from any possessions over which he had power. Bishops were the ordinary inquisitors, by divine right; but the delegates appointed by the Pope were independent of them; and although the Inquisition had a particular prison for the accused, yet bishops, if called upon, were obliged to lend their houses for the abode of prisoners. No reader of any English history, unless it be Dr. Lingard's, is likely to have forgotten the tender mercies of Butcher Bonner's Coal Hole.

On the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the consequent union of the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, the Inquisition was permanently established in both, under much more severe regulations, and in that which may be considered its *modern* form. Its efforts at first were principally directed against the Jews; many of them, though outwardly converted through fear, and called *New Christians*, or *Marranos*, (the cursed race,) secretly returned to the religion of their fathers. Confiscation was a grand object with the avaricious Ferdinand, and the Inquisition afforded him a ready instrument for wringing their treasure from the golden Hebrews. The unbaptized were forbidden from exercising the profession of physician, surgeon, barber, merchant and innkeeper, they were compelled to wear a distinguishing badge, and to inhabit separate quarters, to which they were to retire before night.

"A convert was considered as relapsed into heresy, if he kept the Sabbath out of respect to the law which he had abandoned; this was sufficiently proved if he wore better linen and garments on that day than those which he commonly used, or had not a fire in the house from the preceding evening; if he took the suet and fat from the animals which were intended for his food, and washed the blood from it; if he examined the blade of the knife before he killed the animals, and covered the blood with earth; if he blessed the table after the manner of the Jews; if he has drunk of the wine named *caser*, (a word derived from *caxer*, which means *lawful*), and which is prepared by Jews; if he pronounces the *bahara* or benediction when he takes the vessel of wine into his hands, and pronounces certain words before he gives it to another person; if he eats of an animal killed by Jews; if he has recited the Psalms of David without repeating the Gloria Patri at the end; if he gives his son a Hebrew name chosen among those used by the Jews; if he plunges him seven days after his birth into a basin containing water, gold, silver, seed-pearl, wheat, barley, and other substances, pronouncing at the same time certain words, according to the custom of the Jews; if he draws the horoscope of his children at their birth; if he performs the *ruaya*, a ceremony which consists in inviting his relations and friends to a repast the day before he undertakes a journey; if he turned his face to the wall at the time of his death, or has been

placed in that posture before he expired; if he has washed, or caused to be washed, in hot water the body of a dead person, and interred him in a new shroud, with hose, shirt, and a mantle, and placed a piece of money in his mouth; if he has uttered a discourse in praise of the dead, or recited melancholy verses; if he has emptied the pitchers and other vessels of water in the house of the dead person, or in those of his neighbours, according to the custom of the Jews; if he sits behind the door of the deceased as a sign of grief, or eats fish and olives instead of meat, to honour his memory; if he remains in his house one year after the death of any one, to prove his grief." . . . "On the 6th of January, 1481, six persons were burnt, seventeen on the 26th of March following, and a still greater number a month after; on the 4th of November, the same year, two hundred and ninety-eight *New Christians* had suffered the punishment of burning, and seventy-nine were condemned to the horrors of perpetual imprisonment, in the town of Seville alone. In other parts of the province and in the diocese of Cadiz, two thousand of these unfortunate creatures were burnt; according to Mariana, a still greater number were burnt in effigy, and one thousand seven hundred suffered different canonical punishments."—pp. 35, 36, 37.

It was in 1483 that Father Thomas de Torquemada, a Dominican and prior of the monastery of the Holy Cross at Segovia, was appointed the first Grand Inquisitor General of Spain. His name was most appropriate to his office, (perhaps it sounds still more so in Latin, *de Turrecrematō*.) and it must be admitted that the Inquisition has frequently been lucky in the same way: thus we meet with Philip de Barbaris, as Inquisitor of Sicily; Gaspard Juglar, of Saragossa; Philip de Clemente, as Prothonotary of Arragon; Ximenez de Cinazas, as a Commissioner, and Cardinal de Judice, as Grand Inquisitor. Torquemada drew up the first instructions of the Spanish tribunal; they consisted of twenty-eight articles, and their general spirit may be deduced from the fifteenth.

"If a semi-proof existed against a person who denied his crime, he was to be put to the torture; if he confessed his crime during the torture, and afterwards confirmed his confession, he was punished as convicted; if he retracted he was tortured again, or condemned to an extraordinary punishment."—p. 41.

A few of Senor Llorente's observations on the mode of procedure by which examinations were regulated, will show how little chance there was that a prisoner should escape if he once fell within the toils of the Holy Office. Thus neither the accused nor the witnesses were ever informed of the cause of their citation; they often, therefore, stated circumstances entirely foreign to the subject of inquiry. On these they were interrogated as if they formed the main accusation; so that accidental depositions served as fresh denunciations, and, upon these, new processes were commenced. All tribunals, in connexion with that before which a prisoner was cited, were required to furnish against him any accusation which might chance to exist on their registers; and if one and the same charge was represented by different Courts in different terms, (as it

scarcely ever could happen otherwise,) each separate representation was adduced as a distinct charge. The same practice was adopted with witnesses, and if a single conversation was related in a different manner by any given number of persons, the charge formed upon this testimony appeared to indicate that the accused had expressed himself heretically on as many different occasions as there were witnesses against him. Hence the prisoner often imagined that he was accused of a great number of crimes, and if he answered one article in a different manner from another, (not perceiving that the facts were identical,) he was deemed guilty of contradiction and falsehood in his replies. Even if he confessed all that the witnesses deposed, he might still be subjected to the question; and although Senor Llorente has wisely abstained from disgusting his readers by particular representation of the severity of torture, he nevertheless affirms, that none of the accounts already given by others can be taxed with exaggeration. If the prisoner selected a lawyer for his defence, this advocate was neither allowed to see the original process, nor to communicate with his client. The sentence, be it what it might, was never communicated to the condemned till the commencement of execution: when those destined to the stake were given over to the secular arm, and *relaxed*, and those who were to be reconciled by different penances were attired in the *san benito*, with a paper mitre on their heads, a cord round their necks, and a wax taper in their hands. The *san benito* was a corruption of *sacra bendito*, (the blessed vest of penitence,) it was a close tunic, like a Priest's cassock, with crosses of a different colour on the breast, and in Spanish was properly named *zamarra*. St. Dominic and the original inquisitors kindly gave it as a protecting badge to reconciled heretics, at a time when all those who were suspected of heresy were indiscriminately massacred, even if unarmed, by the fury of the Papists.

A decree of the Cortes in 1518 abolished the punishment of perpetual imprisonment as inflicted by the Inquisition, and this for a reason of some considerable weight, "because the prisoners die of hunger and cannot serve God;" but the code which contained the regulations was never ratified, and Cardinal Adrian, the tutor of Charles V., and the successful rival of our own Wolsey for the papacy, increased the severity of the existing laws. Philip II., forty years afterwards, issued that fearful ordinance, by which death and confiscation became the portion of any one who dared to sell, buy, keep or read books prohibited by the Holy Office; and the *Indices expurgatoria* were framed on such vague principles, that we find that of the Inquisitor General Don Gaspard de Quiroga, in 1582, prohibiting the Index of Valdes his predecessor in the same ministry; while that of Valdes himself forbids all Hebrew books, and such in other languages as treat of Jewish customs, together with all sermons, writings, letters and discourses whatever on the Christian Religion, its mysteries, sacraments, and the Holy Scriptures, provided they were in manuscript.

Sorcery appears to have attracted great at-

tention from the Inquisition, and Senor Llorente has presented us with the adventures of a celebrated magician, Doctor Eugene Torralba, a physician of Cuenca, whom Cervantes has immortalized in the adventure of the *Dolorida*. "*No hagas tal*," says Don Quixote to Sancho, while both were bestriding Clavileno, *ny acuérdate del verdadero cuento del Licenciado Torralba, á quien llevaron los Diablos en volandas por el ayre caballero en una cana, cerrados los ojos, y en doce horas llegó á Roma, y se apeó en Torre de Nona, que es una calle de la ciudad y rió todo el fracaso, asalto, y muerte de Borbon, y por la mañana ya estaban de vuelta en Madrid, donde dió cuenta de todo lo que havia visto: el qual asimismo dexo, que quando iba por el ayre, le mandó el Diablo que abriese los ojos, y los abrió, y se rió tan cerca, á su parecer, del cuerpo de la luna, que la pudiera asir con la mano y que no osó mirar la tierra por no desvanecerse.*" ii. 94.

Torralba, when examined by the Inquisition, stated, that in the beginning of the sixteenth century, he formed, at Rome, an intimate acquaintance with a Dominican, named Brother Peter.

"This man told him one day, that he had in his service one of the good angels, whose name was *Zequel*, so powerful in the knowledge of the future, that no other could equal him; but that he abhorred the practice of obliging men to make a compact with him; that he was always free, and only served the person who placed confidence in him through friendship, and that he allowed him to reveal the secrets he communicated, but that any constraint employed to force him to answer questions made him for ever abandon the society of the man to whom he had attached himself. Brother Peter asked him if he would not like to have *Zequel* for his friend, adding that he could obtain that favour on account of the friendship which subsisted between them; Torralba expressed the greatest desire to become acquainted with the Spirit of Brother Peter."

"*Zequel* soon appeared in the shape of a young man, fair, with flaxen hair, dressed in flesh colour, with a black surtout; he said to Torralba, *I will belong to thee as long as thou livest, and will follow thee wherever thou goest.* After this promise *Zequel* appeared to Torralba at the different quarters of the moon, and whenever he wished to go from one place to another, sometimes in the figure of a traveller, sometimes like a hermit. *Zequel* never spoke against the Christian religion, or advised him to commit any bad action; on the contrary, he reproached him when he committed a fault, and attended the church service with him; he always spoke in Latin or Italian, although he was with Torralba in Spain, France, and Turkey; he continued to visit him during his imprisonment but seldom, and did not reveal any secrets to him, and Torralba desired the Spirit to leave him, because he caused agitation and prevented him from sleeping, but this did not prevent him from returning and relating things which wearied him."—p. 134.

Torralba received fees for some cures which he had performed through herbs, the secret virtues of which had been revealed to him by his Familiar, and *Zequel* on this account re-

proached him for his avarice. Occasionally, however, when the physician, thus debarred from legitimate practice, became sad from want of money, he found six ducats at a time lying in his chamber; but *Zequel*, when questioned, would not acknowledge that he had supplied them.

"The Cardinal de Santa Cruz, in 1516, commissioned Torralba to pass a night with his physician, Doctor Morales, in the house of a Spanish Lady named *Rosales*, to ascertain if what this woman related of a phantom, which she saw every night in the form of a murdered man, was to be believed; Doctor Morales had remained a whole night in the house, and had not seen any thing, when the Spanish lady announced the presence of the ghost, and the Cardinal hoped to discover something by means of Torralba. At the hour of one, the woman uttered her cry of alarm; Morales saw nothing, but Torralba perceived the figure, which was that of a dead man, behind him appeared another phantom with the features of a woman. Torralba said to him with a loud voice, *What dost thou seek here?* The phantom replied, *a treasure*, and disappeared. *Zequel*, on being questioned, replied, that under the house there was the body of a man who had been assassinated with a poignard."—p. 136.

The voyage to Rome is related much in the same manner by Senor Llorente, as by Cervantes, save that the *sea* is substituted for the *moon*, much to the detriment of the sublimity of the narrative. The rumours which this marvellous journey occasioned, led to Torralba's denunciation. He confessed all that has been related concerning *Zequel*, but wisely confined to his bosom certain doubts which he had elsewhere expressed respecting the immortality of the soul and the divinity of our Saviour; nevertheless the Council decreed that he should be tortured, "as much as his age and rank permitted." The points sought to be discovered were these; why he communicated with *Zequel*? Whether he believed him to be a bad angel? Whether he had made a compact with him? if so, what was its nature? and whether he had invoked him at first, or afterwards, by any conjuration? The rack induced him to admit that he *now* believed the Spirit to be a bad angel, because he had brought him into misfortune; but he continued to deny the existence of any compact. The trial was suspended for one year, and

"On the 6th of March, 1531, Torralba was condemned to the usual abjuration of all heresies, and to suffer the punishment of imprisonment and the *san benito* during the pleasure of the Inquisitor General; to hold no further communion with the Spirit *Zequel*, and never to attend to any of his propositions; these conditions were imposed on him for the safety of his conscience and the good of his soul."—p. 140.

The Admiral of Castile, however, soon procured a remission of Torralba's punishment, and retained him as his physician. His adventures have been introduced into different parts of the *Carlos Famosa*, a poem written by Louis Zapate, in 1566.

Another remarkable prisoner, during the seventeenth century, was Juan Perez de Saa-

vedra, a native of Cordova. His father was a military officer, and Saavedra, who early exhibited marks of considerable ability, employed it like Chatterton, to perfect himself in the art of forgery. His first experiments were harmless, but they soon assumed a less ambiguous character, and by counterfeit Papal Bulls, Royal Ordinances, Letters of change, and various signatures, he passed himself for a Knight Commander of the military order of St. Jago, and received the salary, amounting to three thousand ducats, for a year and a half. Other similar means produced him the large sum of 360,000 ducats, and his ingenious villany might have descended undiscovered to the grave, if ambition had not prompted him to a flight, scarcely paralleled in daring and extravagance. He forged a Bull from Pope Paul III., and letters bearing the signatures of Charles V. and Prince Philip, his son, to John III. King of Portugal, earnestly requesting him to establish the Inquisition in his dominions. Passing to Seville he hired a large train of attendants, bought litters and plate, and announced himself as a Cardinal Legate, *a latere*, from the Apostolical See. In that city he was received with marked distinction for eighteen days, and having announced his approach to the Court of Lisbon, he was met on the frontier with all due honours, and conducted to the Capital, in which, during three months, he successfully maintained the delusion. But the mask, however skillfully worn, could not be supported for ever. We are not informed of the particular facts which led to his detection; but while he was engaged on a tour through the several Dioceses of the kingdom, he was entrapped and arrested by the Familiars of the Spanish Inquisition. He was sentenced to ten years service in the galleys, wherein, however, he passed altogether, not less than nineteen; for the Alcaldes of Madrid refused to grant his release until they were compelled to accord it by a Papal Brief, which this arch-swindler had dexterity enough to procure, by representing that he had done several things extremely useful to Religion and the State, in the exercise of his false legation. In 1562, he was presented to Philip II. and the narrative which he related to that Monarch, was written down as he delivered it by Antonio Perez. Five years afterwards, Saavedra himself composed a similar history for the Inquisitor General.

But by far the most extraordinary case which was ever supposed to have been submitted to the authority of the Inquisition, both as respects the station or the fate of the culprit, is that of the miserable Don Carlos—miserable, whether we regard him as the victim of his own evil and depraved passions, or of the vindictive jealousy of a cruel father. Senor Llorente professes to have examined the archives of the Holy Office with the closest care; and from these he affirms that Don Carlos was neither tried nor condemned by the Inquisition, as all former narratives have asserted; that an opinion was given against him by the Council of State, of which the Inquisitor-general was President; a circumstance which may have occasioned the very general error; and that he perished in the end through a ver-

bal sentence approved by his father. The stipulation that Don Carlos should marry Isabella of France was inserted as a secret article, in a treaty concluded when the Prince was as yet not more than thirteen years of age; and there is reason, as Senor Llorente concludes, to suppose that he never was acquainted with this design; nor has he found in the MSS. which he has consulted any fact which may justify the belief that he was ever, in point of fact, in love with his stepmother. His disposition, even from boyhood, seems to have been marked by an insane ferocity, which led him to amuse himself, in very early years, by cutting the throats of young rabbits, and watching their expiring agonies. This instinctive perversion was increased by a severe fall, which injured the spine and head, when he was about seventeen years of age. His vices were confirmed by manhood, and he occasionally broke out into furious and indecent bursts of passion, which led to acts of extravagant and brutal violence. He often struck his servants, and on one occasion, his bootmaker having brought home a pair of boots which were too small, they were cut in pieces by the Prince's order, cooked, and forced down the unhappy cobbler's throat, to the great danger of his life. He attempted (and it would have been fortunate for humanity if he had succeeded) to stab the Duke d'Alva; and, in the end, when a marriage was proposed between him and his cousin, Anne of Austria, dissatisfied with the tardiness of the preliminary negotiation, he projected (like our own Charles I.) a secret visit to Germany, in order to accelerate the nuptials—a fact (if it be such) which would effectually disprove his accredited love for his stepmother. The persons to whom he applied for money, that he might compass this wild project, awakened in him thoughts of more ambitious tendency. They promised to declare him chief Governor of the Low Countries, and, in the end, kindled in his mind the atrocious hope of compassing his father's assassination. So incautiously, however, did he proceed, and so indiscriminately and openly did he communicate his guilty intentions, that Philip was early apprized of them. The following account of the Prince's arrest is given from the narrative of one of his ushers, written a few days after it had taken place.

"The prince, my master," says he, "had been for some days unable to take a moment's rest; he was continually repeating that he wished to kill a man whom he hated. He informed Don John of Austria of his design, but concealed the name of the person. The king went to the Escorial, and sent for Don John. The subject of their conversation is not known; but was supposed to be concerning the prince's sinister designs. Don John, doubtless, revealed all he knew. The king soon after sent post for the Doctor Velasco; he spoke to him of his plans, and the works at the Escorial, gave his orders, and added that he should not return immediately. At this time happened the day of jubilee, which the court was in the habit of gaining at Christmas; the prince went on the Saturday evening to the Convent of St. Jerome. I was in attendance about his person. His royal highness confessed at the convent,

but could not obtain absolution, on account of his evil intentions. He applied to another confessor, who also refused. The prince said to him, '*Decide more quickly.*' The monk replied, '*Let your highness cause this case to be discussed by learned men.*' It was eight o'clock in the evening; the prince sent his carriage for the theologians of the convent of Atocha. Fourteen came, two and two; he sent us to Madrid to fetch the monks Albarado, one an Augustinian, the other a Maturin; he disputed with them all, and obstinately persisted in desiring to be absolved, always repeating that he hated a man until he had killed him. All these monks declaring that it was impossible to comply with the prince's request, he then wished that they should give him an unconsecrated wafer, that the court might believe that he had fulfilled the same duties as the rest of the royal family. This proposal threw the monks into the greatest consternation. Many other delicate points were discussed in this conference, which I am not permitted to repeat. Every thing went wrong; the prior of the convent of Atocha took the prince aside, and endeavoured to learn the quality of the person he wished to kill. He replied that he was a man of very high rank, and said no more. At last the prior deceived him, saying, '*My Lord, tell me what man it is; it may, perhaps, be possible to give you absolution according to the degree of satisfaction your highness wishes to take.*' The prince then declared that it was the king, his father, whom he hated, and that he would have his life. The prior then said, calmly, '*Does your highness intend to kill the king yourself, or to employ some person to do it?*' The prince persisted so firmly in his resolution, that he could not obtain absolution, and lost the jubilee. This scene lasted until two hours after midnight; all the monks retired overwhelmed with sorrow, particularly the prince's confessor. The next day I accompanied the prince on his return to the palace, and information was sent to the king of all that had passed.

"The monarch repaired to Madrid on Saturday; the next day he went to hear mass in public, accompanied by his brother and the princes. Don John, who was ill with vexation, went to visit Don Carlos on that day, who ordered the doors to be shut, and asked him what had been the subject of his conversation with the king. Don John replied that it was about the galleys. The prince asked him many questions to find out something more, and when he found that his uncle would not be more explicit, he drew his sword. Don John retreated to the door; finding it shut, he stood on his defence, and said, '*Stop, your highness.*' Those who were outside having heard him, opened the doors, and Don John retired to his hotel. The prince, feeling indisposed, went to bed, where he remained till six in the evening; he then rose and put on a dressing-gown. As he was still fasting at eight o'clock, he sent for a boiled capon; at half-past nine he again retired to bed. I was on duty on that day also, and I supped in the palace.

"At eleven o'clock I saw the king descending the stairs; he was accompanied by the Duke de Feria, the grand prior, the lieutenant-

general of the guards, and twelve of his men: the king wore arms over his garments, and had a helmet on; he walked towards the door where I was; I was ordered to shut it, and not to open it to any person whatever. These persons were already in the prince's chamber, when he cried, '*Who is there?*' The officers went to the head of his bed, and seized his sword and dagger. The Duke de Feria took an arquebuse loaded with two balls. The prince, having uttered cries and menaces, was told, '*The Council of State is present.*' He endeavoured to seize his arms, and to make use of them; he had already jumped out of bed when the king entered. His son then said to him, '*What does your majesty want with me?*' '*You will soon know,*' replied the king. The doors and windows were fastened; the king told Don Carlos to remain quietly in that apartment until he received further orders; he then called the Duke de Feria, and said, '*I give the prince into your care, that you may guard him and take care of him:*' then addressing Louis Quijada, the Count de Lerma, and Don Rodrigo de Mendoza, he said to them, '*I commission you to serve and amuse the prince; do not do any thing he commands you without first informing me. I order you all to guard him faithfully, on pain of being declared traitors.*' At these words the prince began to utter loud cries, and said, '*You had much better kill me, than keep me a prisoner; it is a great scandal to the kingdom: if you do not do it, I shall know how to kill myself.*' The king replied, '*that he must take care not to do so, because such acts were only committed by madmen.*' The prince said, '*Your majesty treats me so ill, that you will force me to come to that extremity, either from madness or desperation.*' Some other conversation passed between them, but nothing was decided on, because neither the time nor place permitted it."—pp. 390-394.

During his confinement Don Carlos manifested the greatest impatience. He refused to confess; and was so irregular in his meals and repose that a perpetual fever preyed upon him. He put ice in his bed to temper the insupportable heat and dryness of his skin. He walked about naked for whole nights, and during eleven days refused any sustenance, only drinking immoderately of iced-water, which failed to relieve his burning thirst. A malignant fever and dysentery was the consequence of this rashness. Meantime the king created a special Commission for the examination of the case. He himself presided, and his assessors were Cardinal Espinosa, the Inquisitor-general; the Prince of Evoli; and Don Diego Briñieca de Munatones, a Councillor of Castile. These Commissioners condemned the unhappy Prince to death, for having attempted parricide and treason; but they added, at the same time, that general laws might be suspended in cases affecting the Blood Royal, and that, for the good of his subjects, the king might commute the punishment. Philip, however, affected the Roman Father. He opposed his conscience to his heart. (the real balance would have been nicely adjusted) and stating that it would be most unfortunate for his Kingdom if it were to be governed by a King "devoid of knowledge, talent, judgment, and virtue, full of vices and

passions, and above all, furious, ferocious, and sanguinary," he resolved upon permitting the laws to take their course, (a most convenient expression whenever an act of cruelty is to be perpetrated) "notwithstanding his attachment to his son and his anguish at so terrible a sacrifice." The conclusion of the tragedy is well known, although the precise manner by which the catastrophe was brought about has been differently represented. The King suggested that, from the state of health in which the Prince then was, there could be little hope of prolonging his life, and that it would be right to suffer him to commit some excess in eating and drinking which would produce his death. Before this took place, however, due care for his salvation imperiously required that he should confess and be absolved. The Prince of Evoli was commissioned so to express himself to Olivarez, the attendant physician, that he could not mistake the part which he was expected to perform. Olivarez accordingly administered a medicine which, in the expressive words of Louis Cabrera, (Hist. Philip II. vii.) a contemporary employed in the palace, "did not produce any beneficial effect, and the malady appeared mortal." Don Carlos confessed; three days after the King visited him, twice gave him his blessing, and retired weeping, and on the morning of the fourth the Prince expired.

There is little of interest in the remainder of this volume. The passion for *autos-da-fé* as public amusements, continued to a late season. The new Queen, Elizabeth de Valois, daughter of Henry II. of France, was entertained with one of these celebrations on her first arrival in Spain, in 1560, when she was no more than thirteen years of age; and in 1680, when Charles II. married Maria Louisa de Bourbon, nineteen miserable wretches expired in the flames in testimony of the national joy. Soon after Diaz, the Bishop elect of Avila, the royal confessor, was accused of having consulted demons. Charles II. had been unsuccessfully exorcised by Diaz; for his failure in progeny was gravely supposed to be the result of diabolical possession. But a rival conjuror extorted from the foul fiend an admission that a spell had been put upon the king, because the holy sacrament was left in the church without lamps or wax candles, and the communities of monks were dying of hunger; and Diaz, in order to unbewitch his master, redoubled his incantations. This was the basis of a subsequent charge from which he escaped by flight.

In 1732 Donna Aguida, a lady of noble birth, and of great reputation for sanctity, expired under the torture. The charges against her were infanticide and compact with the devil; and of the truth of one of these, at least, very adequate proofs seem to have been adduced. Still later, in 1781, a Nun was burned for a similar diabolical connexion. She was the last person who was committed to the flames by the Inquisition. In 1808 Buonaparte decreed the suppression of this tribunal: in 1813 the Cortes-General of Spain renewed the decree as on their own authority; and in the following year, one of the first measures after the return and restoration of our then

faithful ally, Ferdinand, was the re-establishment of the Holy Office in its former power and privileges.

We shall add, in conclusion, Senor Llorente's calculation of the number of victims whom the Inquisition has sacrificed. From the data on which he professes to have formed them, they by no means demand implicit assent. The first statement, however, is furnished by the parties themselves, and, horrible as it is, its truth therefore must be admitted. In the Castle of Triana, at Seville, wherein the Inquisitorial tribunal was held, an inscription, erected in 1524, imports that between that year and 1492 about 1000 persons had been burned, and 20,000 condemned to various penances. In the four years of the Marian persecution 288 persons were burned; so that Gardiner and Bonner exceeded Torquemada in zeal by a ratio of more than two to one. During the 300 years from 1481 to 1781, 31,912 heretics are said to have perished in the flames—and, adding to this period the years up to the present time, 17,639 effigies have been burned, representing such criminals as the Inquisition could not catch for more substantial vengeance—and 291,456 have been condemned to severe penances.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

COLONEL O'SHAUGHNESSY.

I was two-and-twenty years of age before I made up my mind as to what business I should follow for life. My father wished me to pursue his calling of a lawyer, but I hated law. My mother proposed bringing me up to the church: this I disliked also. It was then suggested, but with no better success, that I should study physic. Law was too sedentary for my disposition. I could not think of it without bringing to mind musty papers, equivocations, and endless chicanery. I had imbibed the common and absurd notion that all lawyers were rogues. I remembered the sharp, meagre, sallow figures who haunted our legal courts at Dublin, and if I saw a man unusually crafty, or expert at overreaching his neighbour, I set him straightway down as a lawyer. It was strange that I should possess such notions, for my father was one of the honestest men in existence, and one of the fattest.

The church. This was something better, but it would not do. Parsons were associated in my mind with fat paunches, and unmeaning indolence. The life of a parish priest, confined to one spot of the earth, and having no associates but country bumpkins and old maids, was intolerable. I knew several clergymen, and they were fat, pious, heavy-headed fellows. The parson of our parish, moreover, was a blockhead—at least, so I, in my wisdom, thought proper to consider him. This knocked on the head all hopes of turning my attention to the church.

Physic. I loathed the idea. Surgeons, physicians, apothecaries, men-midwives, were my dislike. Pills, potions, and pectorals, might be very well in their way, but to me, the very thought of them was abomination. My father's

patience was at an end. "Tom," said he, "you are now a man, and it is high time you should think of doing something for yourself. Suppose you follow my profession?" I begged to be excused.

"Suppose you become a parson?"

"Never. Parsons are fat, stupid, and gormandizing."

"Or a physician?"

"Worse than all." My father could contain himself no longer. His plump face, for he was very choleric, was flushed to a deep crimson. "Tom, I shall give you but two days to consider of it. You have befooled your mother and me long enough. What the devil, sir! do you mean to do nothing for yourself in this life? Before I was a year older than you, I was married, and in the receipt of two hundred a-year. If you are not prepared to give me a decisive answer by the day after to-morrow, by heavens, I will——" He did not finish the sentence; so much the worse. It was his anger which prevented him, and I knew that something serious was in the wind.

I did not sleep well that night. How could I? Things were come to a bearing. I knew my father's temper too well to think that he would wait any longer. By one means and another I had procrastinated and put off for more than a twelvemonth, and a greater delay it was impossible to expect. Next day I was unusually dull, and so were my father and mother. I saw that I had offended them, but in what manner to recover their good graces, without doing injustice to my own inclinations, I was at a loss to conceive. Lawyer—parson—doctor, floated alternately like motes through my brain. I must be one of the three; so my worthy parents had determined. Never, in the course of my life, did I make so many wry faces: the more I considered the matter, the more intolerable did it seem.

How things might have ended it is difficult to say, when my mother's eldest brother, Colonel O'Shaughnessy, arrived at our house. He had just reached England, from India, with his regiment, after an absence of ten years. Perhaps the whole army could not furnish such an admirable illustration of the ludicrous, both in person and manner. In stature he rose to six feet two inches, and was, without exception, the thinnest man, to be in good health, I ever saw. His legs were like spindle-shanks, and his long lank arms dangled from his shoulders, as if stuck there artificially, instead of being natural members. His nose and chin were both inordinately peaked: his mouth was large, and his cheeks hollow, and marked with strong lines. In addition to this, he squinted oddly with both eyes. His complexion was of a brownish yellow. The fore and lateral parts of his head were quite bald, but the hair, which still clung behind, was gathered into a *queue*, which descended about a foot down his back. This strange caricature of the human form was dressed in a long military coat, with an epaulette on each shoulder. On his head he wore a cocked-hat, surmounted by a white feather a couple of feet high. His lower limbs were cased in immense Hessian boots, reaching above the knee, and tight buckskin smallclothes—while a sword, sheathed in

a steel case, and hilted with silver and shagreen, dangled at his side. Such was the exterior of Colonel O'Shaughnessy.

I had always been a favourite with this military relative. I was called after him, and, during my boyhood, he showed me many marks of kindness. I remember the very day on which he left us twelve years before—I was then ten—he filled my pockets with pence, because I had beaten a boy bigger than myself. He swore it was what he had done when of that age. To him I communicated the awkward situation in which I was placed, and begged his advice.

"So they propose," said he, "to make a parson of you, boy? No, blood and wounds, that will never do. We have got plenty of them in the army. As for a doctor, every regiment has a brace of them: there is no need for you to add to the number. A lawyer do they talk of making you?—here my uncle squinted horribly, and grasped the handle of his sword—"I tell you, Tom, if you become a lawyer, you are no nephew of mine. Thunder and lightning, did I not once lose a hundred pounds by a rascally attorney? I tell you, Tom, there is no such commission in the service as that of a lawyer. No, boy; they are going to spoil your fine genius. You must enter the army. That is the only place for a lad of spirit." I caught, without a moment's delay, at this suggestion, and expressed my willingness to follow his advice. In truth I had always a *penchant* towards a military life, and was glad to adopt any scheme which promised to rid me of the detestable professions for which I was destined by my parents. But would they accede to my wish? I expressed my doubts to my uncle: he squinted at me a look of anger, as much as to say, "So you question my influence with your father and mother? In a trice he was closetted with the former, and laid the proposal before him—no more anticipating a refusal, than to be disobeyed by his own corporal on parade. He did not know the old lawyer, who point-blank objected to the scheme. I know not how my uncle looked on this occasion; I have no doubt it was very grim. High words, it is certain, ensued between them. The Colonel's notions of military discipline were too strict to enable him to digest any opposition to his wishes. I was in the next room trembling for the result, and I heard him bestow the appellations of ass—blockhead—ninny, very profusely upon my father, who retorted, by threatening him with an action at law for an assault. Thereafter the door opened, then was dashed fiercely by some one who passed out. It was my uncle. I heard his sword rattling, and his heavy Hessians trampling loudly as he descended the stair. He betook himself straightway to my mother, with whom he had an interview of half an hour. Whether his eloquence prevailed more with her than with her husband, is unknown. Certain it is, that he left the house in high dudgeon. I saw his tall gaunt form, surmounted by his gigantic feather, pass out at the front door. His servant carried his travelling-bag, boot-jack, and portmanteau behind him—and he sojourned to the nearest inn, there, as he said, to take up his quarters during the remainder of his stay in the city.

In a short time a military gentleman waited upon my father, with a challenge from the Colonel. The worthy lawyer got alarmed,—so did my mother,—so did I. I was even more than alarmed; I was irritated against my uncle, whom, notwithstanding all his well-intended kindness, I could not but deeply censure for such an outrage on my own flesh and blood.—No danger, however, ensued. My father could fight any man with a law-paper, but he had a mortal aversion to powder and shot. The consequence was, that he made a humble apology to his brother-in-law—promised to let me have my own way—and begged of the Colonel to return to his house. The whole business was settled within an hour. My uncle came back to dinner, and shook hands with his relation, congratulating me at the same time upon my approaching change of life. I have reason to believe that a reconciliation would not have ensued so easily, but for the circumstance of the Colonel having upwards of eight thousand pounds in the stocks. My father knew this; and, like a true philosopher, thought it a pity that he or his wife should run any risk of losing his future prospects in the same for the sake of a quarrel. He therefore wisely pocketed the affront, and sacrificed his own feelings to a sense of personal interest.

I got a commission in my uncle's regiment. I found that he was both laughed at, and loved and respected, by his brother officers. It may be wondered how such opposite feelings could exist with regard to one man; but so it was.—They all liked him for his good nature; they laughed at him for his oddities; and esteemed him for his courage and integrity. By the men he was called the Squinting Colonel; but this was done from sheer good humour, and not, as is too often the case, from malice or spleen. My pay did not permit me to indulge in wine at the mess dinners; but he placed me alongside of himself, and filled my glass from his own bottle. The only fault which he had was that of shooting with the long bow. Day after day he regaled us with stories of his exploits in India, and elsewhere. The mess-table was kept in a roar of laughter with his extravagancies. His face, always a perfect fiddle, was at these times irresistibly comic in its expression. The squint of his eyes increased—his nose and chin approached each other like nut-crackers—and his long mouth was drawn up into a grim smile of delight. He told the same story dozens of times over, and every time it was different. The humour, however, never evaporated; it was always rich and racy; and, when he had concluded any of his extraordinary recitals, the whole mess rubbed their hands, and "Excellent!—Devilish good, Colonel!" resounded from one end of the table to the other. My uncle was one of the very few bouncers whom I have ever known to be, at bottom, brave men.

It was an odd sight to see the Colonel on horseback. His horse was something like himself, tall and lean; but this attenuation was not, as his master alleged, the result of bad feeding. He was thoroughly provendered, only he did not take flesh kindly on, according to the fashion of well fed horses in general. Be this as it may, he was of the Rozinante breed;

and his rider, making allowance for difference of accoutrement, would have made no bad representative of the Knight of La Mancha. Wherever he was quartered he became speedily an object of attraction. Mounted on his tall, meagre charger, he rode like a military phantom—a shadow of war—and was every where known as the Squinting Colonel. The children would bawl it after him as he rode along; and he would throw down halfpence, for the purpose of seeing them scrambling for the treasure.

Nothing in my uncle's character equalled the dexterity with which he accounted for defects. He squinted, because his eyes were struck by a *coup du soleil*. He was thin, because the fat of his body had evaporated from hard exercise under the burning sun of India. He lost his hair in a brain-fever, and got his yellow-brown complexion in consequence of liver complaint. He had always a reason for every thing;—he was, in fact, a philosopher.

About a year after I joined the regiment, we were ordered to the continent. Bonaparte had broke loose from Elba, and was organizing his armies to try once more the fate of war with the congregated powers of Europe. Our voyage affords nothing worth relating. Suffice it to say, we marched to Brussels, and enjoyed for a time the luxuries and amusements of that pleasant city. My uncle had here occasion to fight a duel with a French officer, who thought fit to cast some practical jokes on the obliquity of his vision. The Frenchman insisted on fighting with the small-sword, and the Colonel gratified his desire. The result was singular enough. *Monsieur* lost an eye,—his adversary's foil having penetrated nearly an inch into that valuable organ. My uncle, with his usual philosophy, imputed the whole as a punishment from Heaven upon his presumptuous enemy, for insulting the optics of his neighbour.

This pleasant life could not last for ever. The storm was gathering around us, and we daily expected to commence "war's bloody game." However, we thought of it as little as possible, and drank the rich wines of Belgium, and sung merry catches, with as much apparent unconcern as if we had been in quarters at home. I believe there was not a mess like ours, for humour and brotherly feeling, in the whole army.

I remember the particular time when all this gay scene was changed into bustle and lamentation. My uncle had invited the officers to supper, and placed before them the firstlings of a large supply of capital Volnay and Champagne, which he had purchased from a French *merchand de vin*. Never did I behold him in better spirits. He related, with infinite humour, his exploits in India against serpents, tigers, and Pindarees; and varied the tales, which he had often told before, with such consummate ingenuity, that they no longer seemed the same things. The whole mess was convulsed with laughter. His wine, which they laid in in proper style, they pronounced to be "devilish good;" but his stories were "a d—d deal better." Pity that such delightful moments should be broken in upon—but so it was. In the midst of one of his most interesting ad-

ventures he stopped short, as if something caught his ear. He listened, and heard the distant report of firing. In a moment after, the bugles were sounded through the streets, calling to arms. "Gentlemen," said he, "we must move;—the enemy is at hand.—I will finish my story at some other time." Alas! we never all met together again. Many gallant fellows, who that evening laughed at the eccentricities of their worthy Colonel, were in a few hours stretched out cold and lifeless upon the field of honour.

I shall not attempt to describe the appearance which Brussels presented on this memorable night. All was deafening noise and confusion. We were taken unawares;—the French, with their characteristic promptness of movement, had come upon us sooner than we expected, and we cursed their unmannerly intrusion from the bottom of our souls. We did not mind fighting; but to be taken away from our wine was more than could be easily endured;—and we swore sundry deadly oaths to be straightway revenged upon them for their impertinence. Let no one blame my uncle for being off his guard; if he was so, so was every one else. The Duke of Wellington was quadrilling it at a ball, and the Colonel was amusing his friends with wine and mirth at his own supper-table.

We were marched to Waterloo. I must candidly confess, that my sensations were far from being of a pleasant kind, and I believe those of my comrades were not much more agreeable. We knew that a doubtful battle had been fought at Quatre Bras, and were assured that the Prussians had sustained a signal defeat at Ligny. This knowledge did not contribute much to raise our spirits; and when we observed the remnants of the gallant Scotch regiments, which were almost annihilated at the former place, and the number of wounded brought in, we became convinced that we had our work cut out for us, and that the French were not to be so easily beaten as we had expected. However, no one said a word. Each moved on in dubious silence, resolved to do his best; but inwardly cursing the ill luck which brought him there, and wishing himself at Dan or Beersheba.

We were placed, as ill luck would have it, in the very front of the battle. Our regiment was known to be a good one, and the Colonel steel to the back-bone; and, in truth, we needed all our qualities, for we were drawn out opposite to a formidable artillery, backed by a strong body of foot and cuirassiers. My uncle rode up to me. "Tom, you dog, mind your colours."—"I wish you and the colours were at the devil," said I to myself—I could not help it, for I began to feel confoundedly uncomfortable. The battle, a considerable time before this, had commenced in various parts of the line: the rest was joining in it rapidly; and it now became our turn to take part, as the enemy opposite was advancing his iron front to the attack. At last his artillery, succeeded by showers of musquetry, opened upon us. We returned these compliments in the same style, and doubtless with good effect. I shall never forget my feelings on the first discharge of the French guns. In every quarter of our line an

opening was made, and a number of men seen to drop, some killed outright, and some desperately wounded. The gaps were instantly filled by others, who stepped forward from the rear ranks. It was the first of my battles, and I felt, in spite of all my efforts, the trepidation and anxiety of a novice. The noise, smoke, confusion, and destruction, were horrible. "Keep steady, my brave boys—fire away," was heard on all sides from the officers encouraging their men. The gallant fellows needed no encouragement: they fought like lions. Not a man thought of flinching: the same indomitable British spirit animated them all.

During the whole of this time I stood in the very heart of the fight, the *King's* colours waving over my head. The men were dropping fast around me. I heard the balls whizzing like hail past my ears. In a little longer I was so stupefied that I hardly knew what I did, or where I was. At last I heard the voice of my uncle calling out, "Well done, Tom—that's a brave boy. Take care of your colours, and stand fast." His words aroused me, and I looked up, and saw him in the act of leading on his men to the charge. At this moment the ensign who bore the *regimental* colours fell dead about ten yards from my side. The standard was raised by a sergeant, who was almost instantly killed. "Fine encouragement," thought I, "for flag-bearers; I suppose my turn will be next." I now began to reflect how much better I should have been at home, following after some pacific profession, than standing here to be pinked by any rascally Frenchman who fancied me for a shot. Honour is a very pretty thing to talk of on the peace establishment, but during war it is one of the ugliest things in the world: and so little of a soldier am I, that I would rather, any day, die like a Christian on my bed, than be killed in battle in any manner, however honourable. But this is a digression.

My uncle, as I said, was leading us on to the charge, but the smoke was so thick that I could perceive nothing but his long, gaunt physiognomy—surmounted with his cocked hat and white feather—rising above it. The lower part of his body, and the whole of *Rozinante*, were enveloped in darkness. We were guided entirely by his upper region, and followed him *en masse*. I advanced with the rest, because I knew that staying behind would serve no purpose. Don't suppose it was valour that led me on—devil a bit. It was rather the blind impulse of insensibility which rushes to danger, without knowing what it is about. I rushed forward as if the French were at my heels. I was so confused that I verily believed our men to be the enemy, and that I was endeavouring to get out of the way. We had not proceeded far when I perceived my uncle's head, cocked hat and feather, which towered above the smoke, disappear like the snuff of a candle. "The Colonel is gone," cried several voices: they were mistaken. It was only *Rozinante* that had been shot under him. He was extricated by two grenadiers, and got upon his legs in the twinkling of an eye. He did not wait to be remounted, but led the attack on foot—rushing with such immense strides towards the foe, that his men could

scarcely keep pace with him. "All is over now," I thought, "the Colonel is taking to his heels, and why should not I do the same?" Still did I, in my stupefaction, suppose that the French were behind us, and that it was a duty to get out of the way as soon as possible. I therefore redoubled my speed, but I never let go the colours—being told that the honour of the regiment consisted in their preservation. My uncle, long as his strides were, was left behind. No sooner had I passed him than he shouted out, "Well done, Tom! There is a gallant boy! You'll be promoted for this!" The soldiers who were advancing after me with fixed bayonets, set up at the same time a cry of admiration. "Hurrah for Ensign Fogarty," resounded along the whole line. "What the deuce," said I to myself, "do the French speak English? They are mocking my flight, no doubt, but I care nothing about it if I only get clear of their cursed clutches." So away I went, improving my speed at every step, when all at once I was brought to a pull up, by coming in front of a forest of bayonets, bristling from a dense body of infantry before me. I was close upon them ere I noticed my mistake: they were the enemy, and stood prepared to receive the shock of our soldiers who were coming up to meet them. What took place here I know not. I have merely a dim recollection of a dreadful shock between two bodies of men. I seemed to be the centre of a struggle which ensued, and was levelled to the earth by a violent blow on the temple. This is all that I saw of the battle of Waterloo.

There is here a blank of some weeks in my existence. I awoke as from a long sleep, and found myself stretched upon a bed, in a darkened chamber. A moment before I seemed to be in the midst of slaughter: now I lay in the quietness of a sick bed. I was certainly ill, for I felt weak beyond measure, and could scarcely turn upon my couch. My head swam, a faint cloud floated before me, and ringings and whisperings fell upon my ears. On looking around more attentively, I perceived a beautiful female form seated beside me. I gazed on her as on a vision from heaven, and attempted to speak. She observed my endeavours, and, rising up, placed one slender finger upon my lips, in token of silence. I repeated my attempt at utterance, when she shook her head, and whispered, with a smile of the most affectionate tenderness, "*Ne parlez pas, mon cher. Vous êtes encore trop faible.*" For some time I could do nothing but gaze at this lovely apparition. Her countenance was lighted up with the beauty not only of form but of feeling; and appearing, as she did, under such strange circumstances, she seemed to my wandering imagination more a creature of the sky than of this earthly planet.

Days passed, and I was still waited on by this ministering angel. She sat by the bedside, bathing my heated temples and administering nourishment. Nor was she the only one who performed such offices of kindness. A lady older than herself, and seemingly her mother, would frequently enter the room and lend her helping hand. I had also the consciousness of being waited on by a physician,

who came to visit me often during the day. At times, also, I perceived through the thin curtains at the foot of the bed, the shadow of a tall military officer with a cocked hat, and a lofty feather which towered almost to the roof of the chamber. My senses rallied. I began to think correctly, and was at last by my gentle nurse permitted to speak. I found that both she and her mother were French, and understood no other language. Fortunately I was well versed in that tongue, by which means our intercourse was easy and agreeable. In the course of ten days I was permitted by the physician to sit up; and it was then I was told by my kind attendants, in answer to my anxious inquiries, that I had been wounded in the battle of Waterloo, and lodged in their house by a strange English officer, who also resided there, but of whom they knew nothing.

I now began to reflect whether my uncle was in the land of the living, and came to the melancholy conclusion, that he must be killed, or he would have made some inquiry after me, and doubtless found me out. Scarcely had these painful ideas crossed my mind, when, the door of the chamber happening to be opened, I heard shouts of laughter in a room apparently at some distance. "Excellent, Colonel—devilish good—ha, ha!—Here's to your health in another bumper of your Burgundy." These words I distinctly heard among the laughter, and knew they could come only from one source, viz., from some of the members of our mess. I was right; they were not all dead; and the Colonel still survived, to amuse them with his Hindoo adventures, and share with them his wine.

My uncle was at last admitted to see me. He complained mightily of being kept out so long by the two ladies and the medical attendant. There was not the least alteration in his appearance since I last saw him, with the exception of his cocked-hat, which was somewhat battered about the tips, and his Hessians, which were beginning to look rather the worse of the wear; his regimental coat and buckskins were nearly as good as ever. Till I introduced him as my connexion, the ladies were ignorant of his relationship or degree. He understood nothing of French, and did not think it necessary to let it be known that he was my kinsman. He was the strange officer to whom they alluded, who had caused me to be transported hither. The physician was a friend of his own, belonging to another regiment, and had been employed by him to wait upon me during my illness.

My uncle gave me a piece of information, which surprised me a good deal. I had been promoted to a Lieutenancy for my good conduct. Good conduct indeed! It would be too much to relate all the praises which he bestowed upon me. My valour he described as beyond all belief. The act of leading on the regiment after he had been dismounted, and rushing forward with the colours in face of the enemy, he looked upon as one of the gallantest things ever done. He recollected nothing to equal it, except an exploit once performed by himself in India, when he run his sword down the throat of a boa constrictor, after his assistants, twenty in number, took to

flight. I learned, moreover, that I was gazetted in the English papers. The regiment, in truth, was proud of its standard-bearer; and nothing was talked of among the men but the valour of Ensign Fogarty. It appeared farther, from his discourse, that when I approached the French line there was an immediate attempt made by *Mounseer* to dispossess me of the colours. In this they would certainly have succeeded but for the coming up of our men, between whom and them a furious struggle commenced. The French resolved to take the standard, the British were determined they should not. I was thus the centre of a conflict, and gallantly, according to all accounts, did I demean myself in it; holding the staff like the very devil, till one of the enemy gave me a blow on the temple with the butt-end of his musket, and I lay for dead. My uncle, however, assured me, by way of consolation, that he thrust the fellow through with his sword, who committed this assault upon my person. What became of me till after the battle, nobody knew. I was given over for lost; but on searching for my body, he found me lying, with some sparks of life, among a heap of slain. With much difficulty, he managed to have me conveyed to Brussels, and lodged in the house of a benevolent lady, who, with her daughter, were my constant attendants ever since. Such was the sum of his information, which he communicated with a gesticulation peculiar to himself. It may be added, that the greater part of the regiment had by this time gone on to Paris, but he had obtained permission from the Commander-in-Chief to stay where he was till my recovery. Never was praise less deserved, or more absurdly obtained, than mine. The very mention of it became loathsome to me; but, as confessing the true state of things would serve no purpose, I kept it to myself.

I was now heartily tired of a military life, and resolved to quit the army. Indeed, I would have been obliged to do so, as my right arm was materially injured, one of the bones having been broken during the battle, but in what manner I never could learn. For this I obtained a pension, which, with my half pay, I conceived sufficient for all my wants. My uncle also resolved to sell out and retire. This he did, three months after returning to Ireland. But before bidding adieu to the Continent, an event took place which I must mention—I took a wife to myself. The reader will probably think of the beautiful creature, whose presence first greeted my return to sensation in the sick chamber; it was indeed she. I had no merit in loving her, as any body who saw her would have done the same thing; but I of course was bound to her by a thousand ties of a more attractive nature than usual. She was both a Protestant and an anti-Bonapartist; and we were joined together in the Lutheran church of St. Etienne, at Brussels, my uncle giving away the bride. I dare say she was very fond of me; she was, at least, proud of getting so valiant a man for her husband.

Shortly after our marriage, we went, in company with the Colonel, to England, and from thence to Ireland. My uncle hesitated for some time, whether, as he was a bachelor,

he would take up house himself, or live with my father in Dublin, or with me. The former was too dull and monotonous a life for him, and he soon therefore laid the idea aside. He would have liked very well to live with his sister, but unfortunately my father's ways of thinking and his were so dissimilar, that there was no prospect of their harmonizing together, the former being Whiggish in his principles, and the Colonel a staunch Tory. He, therefore, resolved to ensconce himself under my roof. I forgot to say, that, the week after our arrival, he made me a present of two thousand pounds.

It is now ten years since these events have taken place. My pretty Louise and I live very happily together, and she now speaks English as well as her native tongue. We have a couple of fine boys and a handsome girl—quite as many children as a military man has any occasion for. The Colonel lately made his will, in which he has left the whole of his property, with the exception of some small legacies, to me and my two sons. He says I must provide for my daughter as I think proper. Among the country people round about—for we live in the country, six miles to the north of Belfast—he is much liked. He is still the Squinting Colonel of the children, whom he sometimes amuses, by grinning in their faces, and telling frightful stories. The farmers around think him a man of prodigious valour—as he undoubtedly is—and stare wondrously at his extraordinary exploits in India, which he still relates with unimpaired humour and veracity. He is, in fact, a favourite with everybody, and with none more than my wife and children. His mind is a perfect storehouse of military marvels, which my boys are perpetually urging him to relate. It is, indeed, delightful to see the young rogues staring, wonder-struck at the old gentleman, while he is pouring forth upon their imaginations his marvellous deeds. Sometimes we have a visit from such of our messmates as survive—and then the old affair of “Capital, Colonel—devilish good,” is sure to be renewed, as when, ten or eleven years before, we sat at the regimental table.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

From the Monthly and European Magazine.

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood
play'd;

By the waving tree thro' which thine eye
First look'd in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell—
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves,
To the wind of morn at thy casement-eaves;
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath-chimes;

By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight called unto household mirth;
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told;
By the quiet hours when hearts unite
In the parting prayer, and the kind "good-
night;"

By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light!
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray,
From the loves of its guileless youth away;
When the sully breath of the world would
come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's
home;
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the tree at thy parent's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once
more!

From the Monthly and European Magazine.

ON THE WANT OF MONEY.

It is hard to be without money. To get on without it is like travelling in a foreign country without a passport—you are stopped, suspected, and made ridiculous at every turn, besides being subjected to the most serious inconveniences. The want of money I here allude to is not altogether that which arises from absolute poverty—for where there is a downright absence of the common necessities of life, this must be remedied by incessant hard labour, and the least we can receive in return is a supply of our daily wants—but that uncertain, casual, precarious mode of existence, in which the temptation to spend remains after the means are exhausted, the want of money joined with the hope and possibility of getting it, the intermediate state of difficulty and suspense between the last guinea or shilling and the next that we may have the good luck to encounter. This gap, this unwelcome interval constantly recurring, however shabbily got over, is really full of many anxieties, misgivings, mortifications, meannesses, and deplorable embarrassments of every description. I may attempt (this essay is not a fanciful speculation) to enlarge upon a few of them.

It is hard to go without one's dinner through sheer distress, but harder still to go without one's breakfast. Upon the strength of that first and aboriginal meal, one may muster courage to face the difficulties before one, and to dare the worst: but to be roused out of one's warm bed, and perhaps a profound oblivion of

care, with golden dreams (for poverty does not prevent golden dreams,) and told there is nothing for breakfast, is cold comfort for which one's half-strung nerves are not prepared, and throws a damp upon the prospects of the day. It is a bad beginning. A man without a breakfast is a poor creature, unfit to go in search of one, to meet the frown of the world, or to borrow a shilling of a friend. He may beg at the corner of a street—nothing is too mean for the tone of his feelings—robbing on the highway is out of the question, as requiring too much courage, and some opinion of a man's self. It is, indeed, as old Fuller, or some worthy of that age, expresses it, "the heaviest stone which melancholy can throw at a man," to learn, the first thing after he rises in the morning, or even to be dunned with it in bed, that there is no loaf, tea, or butter in the house, and that the baker, the grocer, and buttermilk have refused to give any farther credit. This is taking one sadly at a disadvantage. It is striking at one's spirit and resolution in their very source,—the stomach—it is attacking one on the side of hunger and mortification at once; it is casting one into the very mire of humility and Slough of Despond. The worst is, to know what face to put upon the matter, what excuse to make to the servants, what answer to send to the tradespeople; whether to laugh it off, or be grave, or angry, or indifferent; in short, to know how to parry off an evil which you cannot help. What a luxury, what a God's-send in such a dilemma, to find a half-crown which had slipped through a hole in the lining of your waistcoat, a crumpled bank-note in your breeches-pocket, or a guinea clinking in the bottom of your trunk, which had been thoughtlessly left there out of a former heap! Vain hope! Unfounded illusion! The experienced in such matters know better, and laugh in their sleeves at so improbable a suggestion. Not a corner, not a cranny, not a pocket, not a drawer has been left unrummaged, or has not been subjected over and over again to more than the strictness of a custom-house scrutiny. Not the slightest rustle of a piece of bank-paper, not the gentlest pressure of a piece of hard metal, but would have given notice of its hiding place with electrical rapidity, long before, in such circumstances. All the variety of pecuniary resources, which form a legal tender on the current coin of the realm, are assuredly drained, exhausted to the last farthing before this time. But is there nothing in the house that one can turn to account? Is there not an old family watch, or piece of plate, or a ring, or some worthless trinket that one could part with? nothing belonging to one's self or a friend, that one could raise the wind upon, till something better turns up? At this moment an old clothesman passes, and his deep, harsh tones sound like an intended insult on one's distress, and banish the thought of applying for his assistance, as one's eye glanced furtively at an old hat or a great coat, hung up behind a closet door. Humiliating contemplations! Miserable uncertainty! One hesitates, and the opportunity is gone by; for without one's breakfast, one has not the resolution to do any thing!—The late Mr. Sheridan was often reduced to

this unpleasant predicament. Possibly he had little appetite for breakfast himself; but the servants complained bitterly on this head, and said that Mrs. Sheridan was sometimes kept waiting for a couple of hours, while they had to hunt through the neighbourhood, and beat up for coffee, eggs, and French rolls. The same perplexity, in this instance, appears to have extended to the providing for the dinner; for so sharp set were they, that to cut short a debate with a butcher's apprentice about leaving a leg of mutton without the money, the cook clapped it into the pot: the butcher's boy, probably used to such encounters, with equal coolness took it out again, and marched off with it in his tray in triumph. It required a man to be the author of *THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL*, to run the gauntlet of such disagreeable occurrences every hour of the day. There was one comfort, however, that poor Sheridan had: he did not foresee that Mr. Moore would write his *Life*!*

* Taylor, of the Opera House, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds; and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called *living from hand to mouth*. He was always in want of money, though he received vast sums which he must have disbursed; and yet nobody can tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife's fortune (sixteen hundred pounds) in a six weeks' jaunt to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country, they always went in two post-chaises and four; he in one, and his son Tom following in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty—they throw away all the ready money they get upon any new fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of course accumulate to a dreadful amount. "Such gain the cap of him who makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed." Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have ready money. Mrs. Barber (I think it was) made answer that the time was short, but that ready money was a very charming thing, and that he should have it. Accordingly, at the time appointed she brought the dress, which came to five-and-twenty pounds, and it was sent in to Mr. Sheridan, who sent out a Mr. Grimm (one of his jackalls) to say he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank note in the house. She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred pound note, if it were necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for farther instructions; who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this, Mrs. B. said, she was also provided; she had brought one in her pocket. At

The going without a dinner is another of the miseries of wanting money, though one can

each message she could hear them laughing heartily in the next room at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after, Sheridan came out in high good humour, and paid her the amount of her bill, in ten, five, and one pounds. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it, "I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home, and write it upon parchment!" He once mounted a horse which a horse-dealer was showing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's street, rode it to Tattersall's, and sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and, in a quarter of an hour afterwards they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted, he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and, being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown. I have heard one of his old City friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much. A play had been put off one night, or a favourite actor did not appear, and the audience demanded to have their money back again: but when they came to the door, they were told by the check-takers there was none for them, for that Mr. Sheridan had been in the mean time, and had carried off all the money in the till. He used often to get the old cobbler who kept a stall under the ruins of Drury Lane to broil a beef-steak for him, and take their dinner together. On the night that Drury Lane was burnt down, Sheridan was in the House of Commons, making a speech, though he could hardly stand without leaning his hands on the table, and it was with some difficulty he was forced away, urging the plea, "What signified the concerns of a private individual, compared to the good of the State?" When he got to Covent Garden, he went into the Piazza Coffee-House, to steady himself with another bottle, and then strolled out to the end of the piazza to look at the progress of the fire. Here he was accosted by Charles Kemble and Fawcett, who complimented him on the calmness with which he seemed to regard so great a loss. He declined this praise, and said—"Gentlemen, there are but three things in human life that in my opinion ought to disturb a wise man's patience.—The first of these is bodily pain, and that (whatever the ancient stoics may have said to the contrary) is too much for any man to

bear up against this calamity better than the former, which really "blights the tender blossom and promise of the day." With one good meal, one may hold a parley with hunger and moralize upon temperance. One has time to turn one's self and look about one—to "screw one's courage to the sticking-place," to graduate the scale of disappointment, and stave off appetite till supper time. You gain time, and time in this weathercock world is every thing. You may dine at two, or at six, or seven—as most convenient. You may in the mean while receive an invitation to dinner, or some one (not knowing how you are circumstanced) may send you a present of a haunch of venison or a brace of pheasants from the country, or a distant relation may die and leave you a legacy, or a patron may call and overwhelm you with his smiles and bounty,

"As kind askings upon their coronation day;"

or there is no saying what may happen. One may wait for dinner—breakfast admits of no delay, of no interval interposed between that and our first waking thoughts.* Besides, there are shifts and devices, shabby and mortifying enough, but still available in case of need. How many expedients are there in this great city (London,) time out of mind and times without number, resorted to by the dilapidated and thrifty speculator, to get through this grand difficulty without utter failure! One may dive into a cellar, and dine on boiled beef and carrots for penance, with the knives and forks chained to the table, and jostled by greasy elbows that seem to make such a precaution not unnecessary (hunger is proof against indignity!)—or one may contrive to part with a superfluous article of wearing apparel, and carry home a mutton-chop and cook it in a garret; or one may drop in at a friend's at the dinner-hour, and be asked to stay or not; or one may

bear without flinching: this I have felt severely, and I know it to be the case. The second is the loss of a friend whom you have dearly loved; that, gentlemen, is a great evil: this I have also felt, and I know it to be too much for any man's fortitude. And the third is the consciousness of having done an unjust action. That, gentlemen, is a great evil, a very great evil, too much for any man to endure the reflection of; but that" (laying his hand upon his heart,) "but that, thank God, I have never felt!" I have been told that these were nearly the very words, except that he appealed to the *mens conscia recti* very emphatically three or four times over, by an excellent authority, Mr. Mathews the player, who was on the spot at the time, a gentleman whom the public admire deservedly, but with whose real talents and nice discrimination of character his friends only are acquainted. Sheridan's reply to the watchman who had picked him up in the street, and who wanted to know who he was, "I am Mr. Wilberforce!"—is well known, and shows that, however frequently he might be at a loss for money, he never wanted wit!

* In Scotland, it seems, the draught of ale or whiskey with which you commence the day, is emphatically called "taking your morning."

walk out and take a turn in the Park, about the time, and return home to tea, so as at least to avoid the sting of the evil—the appearance of not having dined. You then have the laugh on your side, having deceived the gossips, and can submit to the want of a sumptuous repast without murmuring, having saved your pride, and made a virtue of necessity. I say all this may be done by a man without a family (for what business has a man without money with one?—See *English Malthus* and *Scotch Macculloch*)—and it is only my intention here to bring forward such instances of the want of money as are tolerable both in theory and practice. I once lived on coffee (as an experiment) for a fortnight together, while I was finishing the copy of a half-length portrait of a Manchester manufacturer, who had died worth a plum. I rather slurred over the coat, which was a reddish brown, "of formal cut," to receive my five guineas, with which I went to market myself, and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes, and while they were getting ready, and I could hear them hissing in the pan, read a volume of *Gil Blas*, containing the account of the fair Aurora. This was in the days of my youth. Gentle reader, do not smile! Neither Monsieur de Very, nor Louis XVIII., over an oyster-pâté, nor Apicius himself, ever understood the meaning of the word *luxury*, better than I did at that moment! If the want of money has its drawbacks and disadvantages, it is not without its contrasts and counterbalancing effects, for which I fear nothing else can make us amends. Amelia's *hashed mutton* is immortal; and there is something amusing, though carried to excess and caricature (which is very unusual with the author) in the contrivances of old Caleb, in "The Bride of Lammermuir," for raising the wind at breakfast, dinner, and supper time. I recollect a ludicrous instance of a disappointment in a dinner which happened to a person of my acquaintance some years ago. He was not only poor but a very poor creature, as will be imagined. His wife had laid by fourpence (their whole remaining stock) to pay for the baking of a shoulder of mutton and potatoes, which they had in the house, and on her return home from some errand, she found he had expended it in purchasing a new string for a guitar. On this occasion a witty friend quoted the lines from Milton:

"And ever against eating cares,
Wrap me in soft Lydian airs!"

Defoe, in his *Life of Colonel Jack*, gives a striking picture of his young beggarly hero sitting with his companion for the first time in his life at a three-penny ordinary, and the delight with which he relished the hot smoking soup, and the airs with which he called about him—"and every time," he says, "we called for bread, or beer, or whatever it might be, the waiter answered, 'coming, gentlemen, coming'; and this delighted me more than all the rest!" It was about this time, as the same pithy author expresses it, "the Colonel took upon him to wear a shirt!" Nothing can be finer than the whole of the feeling conveyed in the commencement of this novel, about wealth and finery from the immediate contrast of privation and poverty. One would think it a labour, like

the Tower of Babel, to build up a beak and a fine gentleman about town. The little vagabond's admiration of the old man at the banking-house, who sits surrounded by heaps of gold as if it were a dream or poetic vision, and his own eager anxious visits, day by day, to the hoard he had deposited in the hollow tree, are in the very foremost style of truth and nature. See the same intense feeling expressed in Luke's address to his riches in the *City Madam*, and in the extraordinary raptures of the "Spanish Rogue" in contemplating and hugging his ingots of pure gold and Spanish pieces of eight: to which Mr. Lamb has referred in excuse for the rhapsodies of some of our elder poets on this subject, which to our present more refined and tamer apprehensions sound like blasphemy.* In earlier times, before the diffusion of luxury, of knowledge, and other sources of enjoyment had become common, and acted as a diversion to the cravings of avarice, the passionate admiration, the idolatry, the hunger and thirst of wealth and all its precious symbols, was a kind of madness or hallucination, and Mammon was truly worshipped as a god!

It is among the miseries of the want of money, not to be able to pay your reckoning at an inn—or, if you have just enough to do that, to have nothing left for the waiter;—to be stopped at a turnpike gate, and forced to turn back;—not to venture to call a hackney-coach in a shower of rain;—(when you have only one shilling left yourself, it is a *bores* to have it taken out of your pocket by a friend, who comes into your house eating peaches in a hot summer's day, and desiring you to pay for the coach in which he visits you);—not to be able to purchase a lottery-ticket, by which you might make your fortune, and get out of all your difficulties;—or to find a letter lying for you at a country post-office, and not to have money in your pocket to free it, and be obliged to return for it the next day. The letter so unseasonably withheld may be supposed to contain money, and in this case there is a foretaste, a sort of actual possession taken through the thin folds of the paper and the wax, which in some measure indemnifies us for the delay: the bank-note, the post-bill seems to smile upon us, and shake hands through its prison bars;—or it may be a love-letter, and then the tantalization is at its height: to be deprived in this manner of the only consolation that can make us amends for the want of money, by this very want—to fancy you can see the name—to try to get a peep at the hand-writing—to touch the seal, and yet not dare to break it open—is provoking indeed—the climax of amorous and gentlemanly distress. Players are sometimes reduced to great extremity, by the seizure of their scenes and dresses, or (what is called) *the property of the theatre*, which hinders them from acting; as authors are prevented from finishing a work, for want of money to buy the books necessary to be consulted on some material point or circumstance, in the progress of it. There is a set of poor devils, who live upon

a printed *prospectus* of a work that never will be written, for which they solicit your name and half a crown. Decayed actresses take an annual benefit at one of the theatres; there are patriots who live upon periodical subscriptions, and critics who go about the country lecturing on poetry. I confess I envy none of these; but there are persons who, provided they can live, care not how they live—who are fond of display, even when it implies exposure; who court notoriety under every shape, and embrace the public with demonstrations of wantonness. There are genteel beggars, who send up a well-penned epistle requesting the loan of a shilling. Your snug bachelors and retired old maids pretend they can distinguish the knock of one of these at their door. I scarce know which I dislike the most—the patronage that affects to bring premature genius into notice, or that extends its piecemeal, formal charity towards it in its decline. I hate your Literary Funds, and Funds for Decayed Artists—they are corporations for the encouragement of meanness, pretence, and insolence. Of all people, I cannot tell how it is, but players appear to me the best able to do without money. They are a privileged class. If not exempt from the common calls of necessity and business, they are enabled "by their so potent art" to soar above them. As they make imaginary ills their own, real ones become imaginary, sit light upon them, and are thrown off with comparatively little trouble. Their life is theatrical—its various accidents are the shifting scenes of a play—rags and finery, tears and laughter, a mock-dinner or a real one, a crown of jewels or of straw, are to them nearly the same. I am sorry I cannot carry on this reasoning to actors who are past their prime. The gilding of their profession is then worn off, and shows the false metal beneath; vanity and hope (the props of their existence) have had their day; their former gaiety and carelessness serve as a foil to their present discouragements; and want and infirmities press upon them at once. "We know what we are," as Ophelia says, "but we know not what we shall be." A workhouse seems the last resort of poverty and distress—a *parish pauper* is another name for all that is mean and to be deprecated in human existence. But that name is but an abstraction, an average term—"within that lowest deep, a lower deep may open to receive us." I heard not long ago of a poor man, who had been for many years a respectable tradesman in London, and who was compelled to take shelter in one of those receptacles of age and wretchedness, and who said he could be contented with it—he had his regular meals, a nook in the chimney, and a coat to his back—but he was forced to lie three in a bed, and one of the three was out of his mind and crazy, and his great delight was, when the others fell asleep, to tweak their noses, and flourish his night-cap over their heads, so that they were obliged to lie awake, and hold him down between them. One should be quite mad to bear this. To what a point of insignificance may not human life dwindle! To what fine, agonizing threads will it not cling! Yet this man had been a lover in his youth, in a humble way, and still begins his

* Shylock's lamentation over the loss of "his daughter and his ducats," is another case in point.

letters to an old maid (his former flame), who sometimes comforts him by listening to his complaints, and treating him to a dish of weak tea, "MY DEAR MISS NANCY!"

Another of the greatest miseries of a want of money, is the tap of a dun at your door, or the previous silence when you expect it—the uneasy sense of shame at the approach of your tormentor; the wish to meet, and yet to shun the encounter; the disposition to bully; the fear of irritating; the real and the sham excuses; the submission to impertinence; the assurances of a speedy supply; the disingenuousness you practise on him and on yourself; the degradation in the eyes of others and your own. Oh! it is wretched to have to confront a just and oft-repeated demand, and to be without the means to satisfy it; to deceive the confidence that has been placed in you; to forfeit your credit; to be placed at the power of another, to be indebted to his lenity; to stand convicted of having played the knave or the fool; and to have no way left to escape contempt, but by incurring pity. The suddenly meeting a creditor on turning the corner of a street, whom you have been trying to avoid for months, and had persuaded you were several hundred miles off, discomposes the features and shatters the nerves for some time. It is also a serious annoyance to be unable to repay a loan to a friend, who is in want of it—nor is it very pleasant to be so hard run as to be induced to request the repayment. It is difficult to decide the preference between debts of honour and legal demands; both are bad enough, and almost a fair excuse for driving any one into the hands of money-lenders—to whom an application, if successful, is accompanied with a sense of being in the vulture's gripe—a reflection akin to that of those who formerly sold themselves to the devil—or, if unsuccessful, is rendered doubly galling by the smooth, civil leer of cool contempt with which you are dismissed, as if they had escaped from your clutches—not you from their's. If any thing can be added to the mortification and distress arising from straitened circumstances, it is when vanity comes in to barb the dart of poverty—when you have a picture on which you had calculated, rejected from an Exhibition, or a manuscript returned on your hands, or a tragedy damned, at the very instant when your cash and credit are at the lowest ebb. This forlorn and helpless feeling has reached its *acme* in the prison-scene in Hogarth's *RAKE'S PROGRESS*, where his unfortunate hero has just dropped the Manager's letter from his hands, with the laconic answer written in it:—"Your play has been read, and won't do." To feel poverty is bad; but to feel it with the additional sense of our incapacity to shake it off, and that we have not merit enough to retrieve our circumstances—and, instead of being held up to admiration, are exposed to persecution and insult—is the last stage of human infirmity. My friend, Mr. Leigh Hunt (no one is better qualified than he to judge) thinks, that the most pathetic story

in the world is that of Smollett's fine gentleman and lady in gaol, who have been roughly handled by the mob for some paltry attempt at raising the wind, and she exclaims in extenuation of the pitiful figure he cuts, "Ah! he was a fine fellow once!"

It is justly remarked by the poet, that poverty has no greater inconvenience attached to it than that of making men ridiculous. It not only has this disadvantage with respect to ourselves, but it often shows us others in a very contemptible point of view. People are not soured by misfortune, but by the reception they meet with in it. When we do not want assistance, every one is ready to obtrude it on us, as if it were advice. If we do, they shun us instantly. They anticipate the increased demand on their sympathy or bounty, and escape from it as from a falling house. It is a mistake, however, that we court the society of the rich and prosperous, merely with a view to what we can get from them. We do so, because there is something in external rank and splendour that gratifies and imposes on the imagination; just as we prefer the company of those who are in good health and spirits to that of the sickly and hypochondriacal, or as we would rather converse with a beautiful woman than with an ugly one. I never knew but one man who would lend his money freely and fearlessly in spite of circumstances (if you were likely to pay him, he grew peevish, and would pick a quarrel with you). I can only account for this from a certain sanguine buoyancy and magnificence of spirit, not deterred by distant consequences, or damped by untoward appearances. I have been told by those who shared of the same bounty, that it was not owing to generosity, but ostentation—if so, he kept his ostentation a secret from me, for I never received a hint or a look from which I could infer that I was not the lender, and he the person obliged. Neither was I expected to keep in the back-ground or play an under part. On the contrary, I was encouraged to do my best; my dormant faculties roused, the ease of my circumstances was on condition of the freedom and independence of my mind, my lucky hits were applauded, and I was paid to shine. I am not ashamed of such patronage as this, nor do I regret any circumstance relating to it but its termination. People endure existence even in Paris: the rows of chairs on the Boulevards are gay with smiles and dress; the saloons, they say, are brilliant; at the theatre there is *Mademoiselle Mars*—what is all this to me? After a certain period, we live only in the past. Give me back one single evening at Boxhill, after a stroll in the deep-empurpled woods, before Buonaparte was yet beaten, "with wine of attic taste," when wit, beauty, friendship presided at the board! Oh no! Neither the time nor friends that are fled, can be recalled! Poverty is the test of sincerity, the touchstone of civility. Even abroad, they treat you scurvily if your remittances do not arrive regularly, and though you have hitherto lived like a *Milord Anglais*. The want of money loses us friends not worth the keeping, mistresses who are naturally jilts or coquets; it cuts us out of society, to which dress and equipage are the only introduction; and deprives us of a num-

* It is provoking enough, and makes one look like a fool, to receive a printed notice of a blank in the last lottery, with a postscript hoping for your future favours.

ber of luxuries and advantages of which the only good is, that they can only belong to the possessors of a large fortune. Many people are wretched because they have not money to buy a fine horse, or to hire a fine house, or to keep a carriage, or to purchase a diamond necklace, or to go to a race-ball, or to give their servants new liveries. I cannot myself enter into all this. If I can *live to think, and think to live*, I am satisfied. Some want to possess pictures, others to collect libraries. All I wish is, sometimes, to see the one and read the other. Gray was mortified because he had not a hundred pounds to bid for a curious library; and the Duchess of — has immortalized herself by her liberality on that occasion, and by the handsome compliment she addressed to the poet, that "if it afforded him any satisfaction, she had been more than paid, by her pleasure in reading the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*."

Literally and truly, one cannot get on well in the world without money. To be in want of money, is to pass through life with little credit or pleasure; it is to live out of the world, or to be despised if you come into it; it is not to be sent for to court, or asked out to dinner, or noticed in the street; it is not to have your opinion consulted or else rejected with contempt, to have your acquirements carped at and doubted, your good things disparaged, and at last to lose the wit and the spirit to say them; it is to be scrutinized by strangers, and neglected by friends; it is to be a thrall to circumstances, an exile in a foreign land; to forego leisure, freedom, ease of body and mind, to be dependent on the good-will and caprice of others, or earn a precarious and irksome livelihood by some laborious employment: it is to be compelled to stand behind a counter, or to sit at a desk in some public office, or to marry your landlady, or not the person you would wish; or to go out to the East or West-Indies, or to get a situation as judge abroad, and return home with a liver-complaint; or to be a law-stationer, or a scrivener or scavenger, or newspaper reporter; or to read law and sit in court without a brief, or be deprived of the use of your fingers by transcribing Greek manuscripts, or to be a seal engraver and pore yourself blind; or to go upon the stage, or try some of the Fine Arts; with all your pains, anxiety, and hopes, most probably to fail, or, if you succeed, after the exertions of years, and undergoing constant distress of mind and fortune, to be assailed on every side with envy, back-biting, and falsehood, or to be a favourite with the public for awhile, and then thrown into the back-ground—or a gaol, by the fickleness of taste and some new favourite; to be full of enthusiasm and extravagance in youth, of chagrin and disappointment in after-life; to be jostled by the rabble because you do not ride in your coach, or avoided by those who know your worth and shrink from it as a claim on their respect or their purse; to be a burden to your relations, or unable to do any thing for them; to be ashamed to venture into crowds; to have cold comfort at home; to lose by degrees your confidence and any talents you might possess; to grow crabbed, morose, and querulous, dissatisfied with every one, but most

so with yourself; and plagued out of your life, to look about for a place to die in, and quit the world without any one's asking after your will. The *wiseacres* will possibly, however, crowd round your coffin, and raise a monument at a considerable expense, and after a lapse of time, to commemorate your genius and your misfortunes!

The only reason why I am disposed to envy the professions of the church or army is, that men can afford to be poor in them without being subjected to insult. A girl with a handsome fortune in a country town may marry a poor lieutenant without degrading herself. An officer is always a gentleman; a clergyman is something more. Echard's book *On the Contempt of the Clergy* is unfounded. It is surely sufficient for any set of individuals, raised above actual want, that their characters are not merely respectable, but sacred. Poverty, when it is voluntary, is never despicable, but takes an heroic aspect. What are the begging friars? Have they not put their base feet upon the necks of princes? Money as a luxury is valuable only as a passport to respect. It is one instrument of power. Where there are other admitted and ostensible claims to this, it becomes superfluous, and the neglect of it is even admired and looked up to as a mark of superiority over it. Even a strolling beggar is a popular character, who makes an open profession of his craft and calling, and who is neither worth a doit nor in want of one. The Scotch are proverbially poor and proud: we know they can remedy their poverty when they set about it. No one is sorry for them. To be a lord, a papist, and poor, is perhaps to some temperaments a consummation devoutly to be wished. There is all the subdued splendour of external rank, the pride of self-opinion, irritated and goaded on by petty privations and vulgar obloquy to a degree of morbid acuteness. Private and public annoyances must perpetually remind him of what he is, of what his ancestors were (a circumstance which might otherwise be forgotten); must narrow the circle of conscious dignity more and more, and the sense of personal worth and pretension must be exalted by habit and contrast into a refined abstraction—"pure in the last recesses of the mind"—unmixed with, or unalloyed by "baser matter!"—It was an hypothesis of the late Mr. Thomas Wedgewood, that there is a principle of compensation in the human mind which equalizes all situations, and by which the absence of any thing only gives us a more intense and intimate perception of the reality; that insult adds to pride, that pain looks forward to ease with delight, that hunger already enjoys the unsavoury morsel that is to save it from perishing; that want is surrounded with imaginary riches, like the poor poet in Hogarth, who has a map of the mines of Peru hanging on his garret walls; in short, that "we can hold a fire in our hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus"—but this hypothesis, though ingenious and to a certain point true, is to be admitted only in a limited and qualified sense.

There are two classes of people that I have observed who are not so distinct as might be imagined—those who cannot keep their own money in their hands and those who cannot keep

their hands from other people's. The first are always in want of money, though they do not know what they do with it. They *muddle* it away, without method or object, and without having any thing to show for it. They have not, for instance, a fine house, but they hire two houses at a time; they have not a hot-house in their garden, but a shrubbery within doors; they do not gamble, but they purchase a library, and dispose of it when they move house. A princely benefactor provides them with lodgings, where, for a time, you are sure to find them at home: and they furnish them in a handsome style for those who are to come after them. With all this sieve-like economy, they can only afford a leg of mutton and a bottle of wine, and are glad to get a lift in a common stage; whereas with a little management and the same disbursements, they might entertain a round of company and drive a smart tilbury. But they set no value upon money, and throw it away on any object or in any manner that first presents itself, merely to have it off their hands, so that you wonder what has become of it. The second class above spoken of not only make away with what belongs to themselves, but you cannot keep any thing you have from their rapacious grasp. If you refuse to lend them what you want, they insist that you *must*; if you let them have any thing to take charge of for a time (a print or a bust) they swear that you have given it them, and that they have too great a regard for the donor ever to part with it. You express surprise at their having run so largely in debt; but where is the singularity while others continue to lend? And how is this to be helped, when the manner of these sturdy beggars amounts to dragooning you out of your money, and they will not go away without your purse, any more than if they came with a pistol in their hand? If a person has no delicacy, he has you in his power, for you necessarily feel some towards him; and since he will take no denial, you must comply with his peremptory demands, or send for a constable, which out of respect for his character you will not do. These persons are also poor—*light come, light go*—and the bubble bursts at last. Yet if they had employed the same time and pains in any laudable art or study that they have in raising a surreptitious livelihood, they would have been respectable, if not rich. It is their facility in borrowing money that has ruined them. No one will set heartily to work, who has the face to enter a strange house, ask the master of it for a considerable loan, on some plausible and pompous pretext, and walk off with it in his pocket. You might as well suspect a highway-man of addicting himself to hard study in the intervals of his profession.

There is only one other class of persons I can think of, in connexion with the subject of this Essay—those who are always in want of money from the want of spirit to make use of it. Such persons are perhaps more to be pitied than all the rest. They live in want, in the midst of plenty—dare not touch what belongs to them, are afraid to say that their soul is their own, have their wealth locked up from them by fear and meanness as effectually as by bolts and bars, scarcely allow themselves a coat to their

backs or a morsel to eat, are in dread of coming to the parish all their lives, and are not sorry when they die, to think that they shall no longer be an expense to themselves—according to the old epigram:

"Here lies Father Clarges,
Who died to save charges!"

THOUGHTS ON BORES.

BY MISS EDGEWORTH.

A BORE is a biped, but not always *unplumed*. There be of both kinds;—the female frequently plumed, the *male-military* plumed, helmed, or crested, and whisker-faced, hairy, *Dandy bore*, ditto, ditto, ditto.—There are bores unplumed, capped, or hatted, curled, or uncurled, bearded and beardless.

The bore is not a ruminating animal, carnivorous, not sagacious—prosing—long-winded—tenacious of life, though not vivacious. The bore is good for promoting sleep, but though he causeth sleep in others, it is uncertain whether he ever sleeps himself; as few can keep awake in his company long enough to see. It is supposed that when he sleeps it is with his mouth open.

The bore is usually considered a harmless creature, or of that class of irrational bipeds who hurt only themselves. To such, however, I would not advise trusting too much. The bore is harmless, no doubt, as long as you listen to him; but disregarded, or stooped in mid-career, he will turn upon you. It is a fatal, if not a vulgar error, to presume that the bore belongs to that class of animals that have no gall; of which Pliny gives a list (much disputed by Sir Thomas Browne and others.) That bores have gall, many have proved to their cost, as some now living, peradventure, can attest. The milk of human kindness is said to abound naturally, in certain of the gentler bore kind; but it is apt to grow sour if the animal be crossed—not in love, but in talk. Though I cannot admit to a certainty that all bores have not gall, yet assuredly they have no tact, and they are one and all deficient in sympathy.

A bore is a heavy animal, and his weight has this peculiarity, that it increases every moment he stays near you. The French describe this property in one word, which, though French, I may be permitted to quote, because untranslatable, *il s'appesantit*—Touch and go, it is not in the nature of a bore to do—whatever he touches, turns to lead.

Much learning might be displayed, and much time wasted, on an inquiry into the derivation, descent, and etymology of the animal under consideration. Suffice it to say, that for my own part, diligence hath not been wanting in the research. Johnson's Dictionary and Old Bailey, have been ransacked; but neither the learned Johnson, nor the recondite Bailey, throw much light upon this matter. The Slang-Dictionary, to which I should in the first place have directed my attention, was unfortunately not within my reach. The result of all my inquiries amounts to this—that *bore*, *boar*, and *boar*, are all three spelt indifferently, and consequently are derived from

one common stock.—What stock remains to be determined? I could give a string of far-fetched derivations, each of them less to the purpose than the other, but I prefer, according to the practice of our great lexicographer, taking refuge at once in the Coptic.

Of one point there can be little doubt, that bores existed in ancient as well as in modern times, though the deluge has unluckily swept away all traces of the antediluvian bore,—a creature which analogy leads us to believe must have been of formidable power.

We find them for certain in the days of Horace. That plague, worse, as he describes, than asthma or rheumatism, that prating, praising thing which caught him in the street, stuck to him wherever he went—of which, stopping or running, civil or rude, shirking or cutting, he could never rid himself—what was he but a bore?

In Pope I find the first description in English poetry of the animal—whether imitated from Horace, or a drawing from life, may be questioned. But what could that creature be but a bore, from whom he says, no walls could guard him, and no shades could hide: who pierced his thickets; glided into his grotto; stopped his chariot; boarded his barge; from whom no place was sacred—not the church free; and against whom John was ordered to tie up the knocker.

Through the indexes to Milton and Shakspeare I have not neglected to hunt; but unfortunately, I have found nothing to my purpose in Milton, and in all Shakspeare, no trace of a bore; except it be that *thing*, that popinjay, who so pestered Hotspur, that day when he, faint with toil and dry with rage, was leaning on his sword after the battle—all that bald, disjointed talk, to which Hotspur, past his patience, answered neglectingly, he knew not what, and that sticking to him with questions even when his wounds were cold. It must have been a bore of foreign breed, not the good downright English bore.

All the classes, orders, genera, and species of the animal, I pretend not to enumerate. Heaven defend!—but some of those most commonly met with in England, I may mention, and a few of the most curious, describe.

In the first place, there is the *mortal great bore*, confined to the higher classes of society. A celebrated wit, who, from his long and extensive acquaintance with the fashionable and political world, has had every means of forming his opinion on this subject, lays it down as an axiom, that none but a rich man, or a great man, *can* be a great bore; others are not endured long enough in society, to come to the perfection of tiresomeness.

Of these there is the travelled and the untravelled kind. The travelled, formerly rare, is now dreadfully common in these countries. The old travelling bore was, as I find him aptly described—"A pretender to antiquities, roving, majestic-headed, and sometimes little better than crazed; and being exceedingly credulous, he would stuff his many letters with *fooleries* and *misinformations*"—*vide* a life published by Hearne—Thomas Hearne—him to whom Time said "whatever you forget, I learn."

The modern travelled bore is a garrulous creature. His talk, chiefly of himself, of all that he has seen that is incredible; and all that he remembers which is not worth remembering. His tongue is neither English, French, Italian, or German, but a leash, and more than a leash of languages at once. Besides his having his *quantum* of the ills that flesh is subject to, he has some peculiar to himself, and rather extraordinary. He is subject, for instance, to an indigestion of houses and churches, pictures and statues. Moreover, he is troubled with fits of what may be called the *cold enthusiasm*; he babbles of Mont Blanc and the picturesque; and when the fit is on, he raves of Raphael and Correggio, Rome, Athens, Pæstum, and Jerusalem. He despises England, and has no home; or at least loves none.

But I have been already guilty of an error of arrangement; I should have given precedence to the *old original English bore*; which should perhaps be more properly spelt *boor*; indeed it was so, as late as the time of Mrs. Cowley, who, in the *Belle's Stratagem*, talks of man's being *boored*.

The boor is now rare in England, though there are specimens of him still to be seen in remote parts of the country. He is untravelled always, not apt to be found straying, or stirring from home. His covering is homespun, his drink home-brewed, his meat home-fed, and himself home-bred. In general, he is a wonderfully silent animal. But there are talking ones; and their talk is of bullocks. Talking or silent, the indigenous English bore is somewhat sulky, surly, seemingly morose; yet really good-natured, inoffensive, if kindly used and rightly taken; convivial, yet not social. It is curious, that though addicted to home, he is not properly domestic—*bibulous*—said to be despotic with the female.

The *parliamentary bore* comes next in order. Found of high places; but not always found in them. His civil life is but short, never extending above seven years at the utmost; seldom so long. His dissolution often occurs, we are told, prematurely; but he revives another and the same.—Mode of life.—During five or six months of the year these bores inhabit London—are to be seen every where, always looking as if they were out of their element. About June or July they migrate to the country—to watering places—or to their own places; where they shoot partridges, pheasants, and wild ducks; hunt hares and foxes, cause men to be imprisoned or transported, who do the same without *license*; and frank letters,—some illegibly.

The parliamentary bore is not considered a sagacious animal, except in one particular. It is said that he always knows which way the wind blows, quick as any of the four-footed swinish multitude. Report says also that he has the instinct of a rat in quitting a falling house. An incredible power was once attributed to him, by one from Ireland, of being able at pleasure to turn his back upon himself. But this may well be classed among vulgar errors.

Of the common parliamentary bore there be two orders: the silent, and the speechifying. The silent is not absolutely deprived of utterance; he can say "Yes" or "No"—but regu-

larly in the wrong place, unless well tutored and well paid. The talking parliamentary bore can outwatch the Bear. He reiterates eternally with the art peculiar to the rational creature of using many words and saying nothing. The following are some of the cries by which this class is distinguished.

"Hear! Hear! Hear!—Hear him! Hear him! Hear him!—Speaker! Speaker! Speaker! Speaker!—Order! Order! Order!—Hear the honourable member!"

He has besides certain set phrases, which, if repeated with variations, might give the substance of what are called his speeches; some of these are common to both sides of the house, others sacred to the ministerial, or popular on the opposition benches.

To the ministerial belong—"The dignity of this house"—"The honour of this country"—"The contentment of our allies"—"Strengthening the hands of government"—"Expediency"—"Inexpediency"—"Imperious necessity"—"Bound in duty"—with a good store of *exercises*, as "Cannot at present bring forward such a measure"—"Too late"—"Too early in the session"—"His majesty's ministers cannot be responsible for"—"Cannot take it upon me to say"—"But the impression left upon my mind is"—"Cannot undertake to answer exactly that question"—"Cannot yet *make up* my mind;" (an expression borrowed from the laundress).

On the opposition side the phrases chiefly in use amongst the bores are, "The constitution of this country"—"Reform in Parliament"—"The good of the people"—"Inquiry should be set on foot"—"Ministers should be answerable with their heads"—"Gentlemen should draw together"—"Independence"—and "Consistency."

Approved beginnings of speeches as follows—
—for a raw bore:

"Unused as I am to public speaking, Mr. Speaker, I feel myself on the present occasion called upon not to give a silent vote."

For old stagers:

"In the whole course of my parliamentary career, never did I rise with such diffidence."

In reply, the bore begins with

"It would be presumption in me, Mr. Speaker, after the able, luminous, learned, eloquent speech you have just heard, to attempt to throw any new light; but, &c. &c."

For a premeditated harangue of four hours or upwards he regularly commences with

"At this late hour of the night, I shall trouble the house with only a few words, Mr. Speaker."

The Speaker of the English House of Commons is a man destined to be bored. Doomed to sit in a chair all night long—night after night—month after month—year after year—being bored. No relief for him but crossing and uncrossing his legs from time to time. No respite. If he sleep it must be with his eyes open, fixed in the direction of the haranguing bore. He is not, however, bound, *bona fide*, to hear all that is said. This, happily, was settled in the last century. "Mr. Speaker, it is your duty to hear me,—it is the undoubted privilege, Sir, of every member of this house to be heard," said a bore of the last century to

the then Speaker of the House of Commons. "Sir," replied the Speaker, "I know that it is the undoubted right of every member of this house to speak, but I was not aware that it was his privilege to be always heard."

The courtier-bore has sometimes crept into the English Parliament.—But is common on the continent: infinite varieties—as *Le courtisan propre*, *courtisan homme d'état*, and *le courtisan philosophe*—a curious but not a rare kind in France, of which M. de Voltaire was one of the finest specimens.

Attempts have been made to naturalize some of the varieties of the philanthropic and sentimental French and German bores in England, but without success. Some ladies had them for favourites or pets; but they were found mischievous and dangerous. Their morality was easy,—but difficult to understand; and compounded of three-fourths sentiment—nine-tenths selfishness, twelve-ninths instinct, self-devotion, metaphysics and cant. 'Twas hard to come at a common denominator. John Bull, with his four rules of vulgar arithmetic, could never make it out; altogether he never could abide these foreign bores. Thought 'em confounded dull too—Civilly told them so, and half asleep bid them, "Pr'ythee begone"—They not taking the hint but lingering with the women, at last John wakening out-right, fell to in earnest, and routed them out of the island.

They still flourish abroad, often seen at the tables of the great. The *demi-philosophe-moderne-politico-legislativo-metaphisico-non-logico-grand philanthrope* still scribbles, by the ream, *pieces justificatives, projets de loi*, and volumes of metaphysical sentiment, to be seen at the fair of Leipzig, or on ladies' tables. The greater bore, the *courtisan propre*, is still admired at little *serene* courts, where well-dressed and well drilled—his back much bent with Germanic bows;—not a dangerous creature—would only bore you to death.

We come next to our own *blue bores*—the most dreaded of the species,—the most abused,—sometimes with reason, sometimes without. This species was formerly rare in Britain—indeed all over the world. Little known from the days of Aspasia and Corinna to those of Madame Dacier and Mrs. Montague. Mr. Jerminham's blue worsted stockings, as all the world knows, appearing at Mrs. Montague's *conversations*, had the honour or the dishonour of giving the name of blue stockings to all the race; and never did race increase more rapidly than they have done from that time to this. There might be fear that all the daughters of the land should turn blue.—But as yet John Bull—thank Heaven! retains his good old privilege of "choose a Wife and have a Wife."

The common female blue is indeed intolerable as a wife—opinionative and opinionated; and her opinion always is that her husband is wrong. John certainly has a rooted aversion to this whole class. There is the deep blue and the light; the *light blues* not esteemed—not admitted at Almacks. The deep-dyed in the nine times dyed blue—is that with which no man dares contend. The *blue chatterer* is seen and heard every where; it no man will attempt to silence by throwing the handkerchief.

The next species—the *mock blue*—is scarcely

worth noticing; gone to ladies' maids, dress makers, milliners &c. found of late behind counters, and in the oddest places.

The *blue mocking bird* (it must be noted though nearly allied to the last sort) is found in high as well as in low company; it is a provoking creature. The only way to silence it, and to prevent it from plaguing all neighbours and passengers, is never to mind it nor to look as if you minded it; when it stares at you, stare and pass on.

The *conversazione* or *bureau d'esprit blue*. It is remarkable that in order to designate this order we are obliged to borrow from two foreign languages—a proof that it is not natural to England; but numbers of this order have been seen of late years, chiefly in London and Bath, during the season. The *bureau d'esprit* or *conversazione blue*, is a most hard-working creature—the servant of the servants of the public.—If a dinner-giving blue, (and none others succeed well or long) Champagne and ice and the best of fish are indispensable. She may then be at home once a week in the evening, with a chance of having her house fuller than it can hold of all the would be wits and three or four of the leaders of London. Very thankful she must be for the honour of their company. She had need to have all the superlatives in and out of the English language at her tongue's end; and when she has exhausted these, then she must invent new. She must have tones of admiration and looks of ecstasy for every occasion. At reading parties,—especially at her own house, she must cry—"charming!"—"delightful!"—"quite original!" in the right places even in her sleep.—Awake or asleep she must read every thing that comes out that has a name, or she must talk as if she had—at her peril—to the authors themselves,—the irritable race!—She must know more especially every article in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews; and at her peril too, must talk of these so as not to commit herself, so as to please the reviewer abusing, and the author abused;—She must keep the peace between rival wits;—She must swallow her own vanity—many fail in this last attempt—choke publicly, and give it up.

I am sorry that so much has been said about the blues; sorry I mean that such a hue and cry has been raised against them all, good, bad and indifferent. John Bull would have settled it best in his quiet way by just letting them alone, leaving the disagreeable ones to die off in single blessedness. But people got about John, and made him set up one of his "*No popery*" cries; and when he comes to that pitch he loses his senses and his common sense completely. "*No blues!*" "*Down with the blues!*"—now what good has all that done? only made the matter ten times worse. In consequence of this universal hub-bub a new order of things has arisen.

The *blue bore disguised* or the *renegade blue*. These may be detected by their extraordinary fear of being taken for blues. Hold up the picture or even the sign of a blue boar before them, and they immediately write under it "*'Tis none of me.*" They spend their lives hiding their talent under a bushel; all the time

in a desperate fright lest you should not see it. A poor simple man does not know what to do about it, or what to say or think in their company, so as to behave himself rightly and not to affront them. Solomon himself would be put to it to make some of these authoresses unknown, avow or give up their own progeny. Their affectation is beyond the affectation of woman, and it makes all men sick. Others without affectation are only arrant cowards. They are afraid to stand exposed on their painful pre-eminence. Some from pure good nature make themselves ridiculous; imagining that they are nine feet high at the least, shrink and distort themselves continually in condescension to our inferiority; or lest we should be blasted with excess of light, come into company shading their farthing candle—burning blue, pale and faint.

(To be continued.)

From the Monthly and London Magazines.

NARRATIVE OF THE BURMESE WAR, detailing the Operations of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell's Army, from its Landing at Rangoon in May, 1824, to the Conclusion of the Treaty of Peace at Yandaboo, in February, 1826. By Major Snowgrass, Military Secretary to the Commander of the Expedition, and Assistant Political Agent in Ara. 8vo. pp. 319. 12s. London. Murray. 1827.

It cannot, we apprehend, have escaped the notice of any well-informed observer of Indian affairs, that the late Burmese war has constituted an entirely novel and most critical epoch in the fortunes of our eastern empire. The moment had arrived when, on the close of the Pindaree and Mahratta war of 1820, the whole of Hindostan appeared securely and thoroughly subjugated to our authority. Not the vestige of any native power seemed to remain in that vast peninsula, which could longer disturb its peace, or endanger the universal supremacy of the British dominion. Just at that moment, petty causes of discord began to arise with a new and barbarous enemy; who previously, although seated on the most vulnerable part of our frontier, and having for above half a century rapidly extended their conquests in our vicinity, had unaccountably failed to awaken the anxiety, or excite the attention of our Indian government. Still, as the aggressions of this people became more and more vexatious, they were met for some years with remonstrances only: until, at length, this forbearance or apathy in our authorities, was all at once succeeded by an abrupt, and even rash determination of offensive war.

The activity, the vigorous efforts, and the constancy with which the local government persevered in the contest, are really entitled to the highest praise. There was, too, more than one collateral circumstance which peril-

ously deepened the chances that had been staked upon the issue. The mutiny of the Sepoy regiments at Barrackpore, in Bengal, in the beginning of the war, was one of the most dangerous contingencies that ever arose in our Indian history. The native troops in the Bengal Presidency had notoriously conceived a horror both of the Burmese and of their country; and the ostensible discontents of the mutinous, were no more than so many shallow pretexts, to cover their aversion and fear of the service on which they were ordered. The facts and the extent of that mutiny have been variously misrepresented; but we have no doubt, from well authenticated particulars which have reached us, that nothing less than the intrepid promptitude, and the necessary severity with which, after every milder proceeding had failed to recal them to obedience, the mutineers were attacked, and part of them put to the sword, could have averted the revolt of the whole army of Bengal. Of all the tremendous consequences that must have ensued, it is needless to say, that the total paralysing of our operations in Ava would have been among the very lightest!

But this revolt was quelled by one act of undaunted firmness. The impending danger quickly passed away; and the invasion of Ava proceeded. It proceeded favourably: but not without the experience that the employment of full half of our aggregate European force in India, and the labours of three arduous campaigns, were barely adequate to the successful consummation of a war, which, at the outset, it had been sagely proposed to finish at a blow, with four European battalions, and the capture of a single seaport! But here again arose a new danger. This pressing demand of the war in Ava, by obliging the concentration of half the European force of all British India upon a single point, had drained both the presidencies of Madras and Bengal of their garrisons. This was the juncture chosen by the ruler of Bhurtpore, in Upper India, to set our power at defiance; and such was the military state of our provinces, that when the local government had strained every remaining nerve to assemble an army for the siege of that formidable fortress—which alone had formerly arrested the triumph of the British arms in the days of our highest glory—it was found possible to assemble before the place no more than two battalions of British infantry. To these were joined, indeed, a Sepoy force of many thousand men; but, in the assault of Bhurtpore, we know that not one of the native regiments could be induced to approach the walls, until the king's troops had surmounted the ramparts.

But, in fact, both in the operations before Bhurtpore, and in the Burmese war, the native troops were of little more use than to swell the array of our lines. Whether from the belief that Bhurtpore was impregnable, and from the dread which the natives of India had conceived of the Burmese, or else from a degeneration of their ancient qualities, in neither case did the Sepoys uniformly display that boasted valour and patient fortitude, for which they had been famed in former wars.

Late experience has revealed circumstances in the state of discipline, and the whole condition of the native army, which, our government may be assured, urgently demand most serious consideration in their vital influence upon the durability of our Indian power. To this subject we may, perhaps, find a more fitting opportunity to revert; suffice it now to say, the events before us proved that, on the British troops alone could reliance always be placed, and on the occasion of Bhurtpore, the safety of India may positively be said to have been committed, at the bayonet's point, to two weak British battalions. The pledge was nobly redeemed: and nothing ever impressed the people of India with more wonder and awe of our power, than the energy and rapidity with which the reduction of Bhurtpore—that living reproach of our pride—was accomplished. But if the assault of that fortress had unhappily failed, there is good reason to believe, that all the subjugated native powers of India would have risen against our yoke; and that, in six months, the flames of insurrection would have burst forth throughout the whole extent of the peninsula.

Amidst such collateral dangers of mutiny and war, in the heart of our own possessions, was the struggle in the Burmhan empire steadily prosecuted. In itself, the contest was attended with all the difficulties which defective intelligence—scanty supplies—a tropical climate, whose deluging rains were fatal to the European constitution—a most intricate and desolated country—a hostile population—and an active and harassing enemy, could oppose to an invading army. Yet, no obstacle was sufficient to shake the resolution of the British leader, or to damp the ardour and patience of his followers. An advance was accomplished through six hundred miles, for the most part of forest and swamp, which were pierced only by blind tracts and bridle paths, and in the face of an enemy always ten times superior in numbers; and the terms of peace were at last triumphantly dictated by the invaders, almost at the gates of the capital of Ava. Thus was the struggle ultimately crowned, certainly with honour, perhaps with more solid advantage:—but in any case, not without an immense sacrifice of invaluable lives.

Of the deeply interesting operations of a struggle so peculiar and important, some authentic history was of course highly desirable; and the narrative, which Major Snodgrass has given in the unpretending volume before us, fully answers every purpose that could possibly be wished. It is a clear, simple, and, we doubt not, a most faithful detail. The writer's official and confidential situation, which attached him to the person of the commanding general, gave him a perfect acquaintance with every movement of the army and every event of the war; and it is evident that his work is to be received as a publication from the highest authority. His style admirably befits the "round unvarnished tale" of a soldier: it is sufficiently correct, without the slightest ambition of ornament or "fine writing." What he has to say is generally delivered in plain, unaffected, matter-of-fact language; and, if he is ever be-

trayed into a grandiloquent expression, the reader will observe with a smile the occasion and the subject. It is only in describing the boastful preparations of the Burmhan leaders, or the immense masses of their array, that he has caught for a moment the spirit of that tumid phraseology, in which, to judge from some papers in his appendix, no oriental people more curiously excel, than the subjects of his *golden-footed* majesty of Ava. But in relating the most daring achievements of our own troops, or explaining the most remarkable skill of their leader, nothing can be more modest or unassuming than his manner.

Such are the merits of Major Snodgrass's volume: its defects, if so they may be termed, are very excusable. In a work of this kind, we are to look neither for the critical examination of measures of doubtful expediency, nor the prominent exposure of military and political faults. The author has of course avoided all discussion of the kind; and he takes for his business only the relation of facts, the detail of operations, and the description of the people and the country forming the theatre of warfare. Not, however, that he is by any means chargeable with undue or partial reservation: for he often suffers circumstances to appear that, with less honesty and candour, he might easily have suppressed; and his account of the war has many indirect admissions of error, from which the reader is left without difficulty to deduce his own reflections. More than, or even as much as, all this, the public had assuredly no right to expect in an official narrative. In fact, we have very rarely met with an authentic military memoir, so lucidly composed, so full of curious and even romantic incident, offering so much general information on the peculiarities of the country and its people, as well as the features of the war, and abounding altogether in such various attractions even for un military readers.

Without detailing the origin and growth of the circumstances which produced the Burmese war, Major Snodgrass at once opens his volume with the assembling of the expedition against Rangoon. It is not our office to supply his omissions; but we may just record our belief, that some appeal to arms had really become necessary on the part of our government. A barbarous and restless people, seated on our immediate frontier, had for years been trying our patience by a series of petty aggressions: they had never felt the weight of the British arms; and being unused to any distinction between forbearance and fear, they naturally, like true Asiatics, grew more insolent and intolerably arrogant in their pretensions, in proportion as they found our authorities slow to answer provocation. Nay, to such a height had their ambitious projects arisen with the impunity which they had enjoyed, that their rude court contemplated no less a design than the conquest of all Hindostan. In the course of the war, abundant evidence was gained, that a scheme of invading Bengal with a hundred thousand men, had been agitated by the court of Ava, and publicly announced to its subjects, above twelve months before the commencement of hostilities on our part. It

was full time that these barbarians should be deterred, by a prompt and signal chastisement, from the continued or renewed indulgence of their dreams of ambition: that they should be taught by experience, the immeasurable superiority of our troops; and be left with an indelible warning to their presumption, against the danger of trifling with such neighbours. Nothing less than the infliction of some serious example upon them, could ensure the repose of our frontier against their incursions: we are convinced of the justice and necessity of the war; we doubt only the propriety of the manner and of the season in which it was commenced.

The Burmhan empire was accessible to our assaults, either by land, from the Chittagong frontier on the south-east of Bengal, or, by water, from the long sea-board of Arracan and Pegu, which extends from the head of the bay of Bengal, down as far south as the latitude of the Great Andaman island. Through the Chittagong frontier, lay infinitely the shortest line from our possessions to the Burmhan capital, Amarapura: but the difficulties of the route might be insuperable; and the point of attack selected in preference was Rangoon, in Pegu, the principal, or rather the only, commercial seaport of the empire, situated in the delta of the Irrawaddy, and about six hundred miles below the capital, which is also washed by that great river. To Rangoon, then, was a force hastily despatched in April, 1824, from Bengal and Madras, under Brigadier-General Sir Archibald Campbell, consisting in all, of between five and six thousand men, and including, as we have said, only four European battalions. The appearance of this armament off Rangoon was probably, at first, quite a surprise upon the Burmhan authorities: the fleet was suffered to ascend the river and anchor before the town, almost entirely without opposition; and, on the 11th May, the troops were landed and took possession of the place.

But they found only a miserable town of wooden hovels, deserted by its inhabitants, and stripped of every article of provision or transport that could possibly be useful to an invading army. Every effort, also, to open an amicable communication with the people, was most completely frustrated, by the precautions and vigilance of their rulers. No sooner, in fact, had it been concluded by the Burmese governor impossible to defend Rangoon, than the whole country in its vicinity was literally, to use an expressive phrase, driven and desolated. Men, cattle, river craft, provisions, every thing for many miles, had been carefully removed into the neighbouring jungle; and the whole population and resources of the district were thus secured within a hidden cordon of armed men, which, in a country where every male is by profession a soldier, was rapidly drawn around the invaders and hemmed them in, while it remained concealed from their view, and buried in the darkness of an almost impenetrable forest. Silently and actively did the Burmese chiefs mature their operations: "neither rumour nor intelligence," says Major Snodgrass, "of what was passing within their posts ever reached us; beyond the invisible line which

circumscribed our position, all was mystery or vague conjecture."

This natural resolution of a shrewd and warlike, though barbarous enemy, to defend their country to extremity, had not been at all calculated upon on our part.

The enemy, so far from being intimidated by the landing of our troops, had evidently commenced a patient and systematic plan of laying waste the country before them, and blocking them up in their narrow quarters, until they should be starved or harassed into an evacuation of the empire. From the day on which the British disembarked "it was obvious," says our author, "that we had been deceived by erroneous accounts of the character and sentiments of the people, and that decided hostility from both Burmese and Peguer was all we had to expect;" and, as for the means of water transport up the Irrawaddy, there was no longer the slightest chance of procuring boats and boatmen from the hostile population.

Our little army had been but a few days in possession of Rangoon, when their situation became most anxious and distressing; and from that epoch the appearance of affairs grew for many months continually more gloomy. As soon as the unexpected news of their debarkation reached the court of Ava, the most vigorous preparation commenced for their expulsion. An invasion from the southern coast had never been contemplated by the Burmese authorities; and the main force of the empire appears to have been assembled, under their most esteemed general, Maha Bandoola, to menace the Chittagong frontier. But now "the war tocin was sounded in every part of the kingdom;" and every town and village within three hundred miles of Rangoon poured down its complement of armed men, to drive the audacious and *rebel* strangers (for so were they designated) back into the ocean. Whole fleets of boats full of warriors were continually descending the stream of the Irrawaddy to the scene of rendezvous; and towards the end of May, their audacity increasing with their vast numbers, the enemy gradually approached nearer and nearer to the British position, and commenced stockading themselves in the jungle, within hearing of our advanced posts.

Their advance met with every encouragement from the skilful and gallant commander of our little army, who, unable to undertake any distant operation, desired above all things to give full scope to their arrogance; and he silently awaited the moment when they should place themselves well within his reach, that he might damp their temerity by some effectual chastisement. They had stockaded an advanced corps almost within musket shot of the British piquets, before, on the 28th of May, he sallied upon them for the first day's encounter; driving them, with a body of only six or seven hundred men and two field pieces, for about five miles before him, through their unfinished works in the jungle, carrying two of their completed stockades by the bayonet, and leaving four hundred of them dead upon the field, before he returned to his quarters. The wet season had already set in, the troops had marched knee-deep in water, through the inundated

rice-grounds, the artillery could not be dragged forward, and torrents of rain rendered fire-arms almost unserviceable.

This first encounter made some impression upon the spirits of the Burmese, and produced the arrival of two deputies from their camp, with hollow proposals to negotiate, which were evidently, however, designed but to gain time. But the check had only rendered the barbarians more wily and cautious; day and night they were still busily employed in fortifying their positions in the forest; their sharpshooters and small parties, under cover of the darkness, constantly harassed our outposts, and allowed the weary soldier no respite or repose; and within a fortnight from the first partial attack, a more serious assault upon their lines had become necessary. The ordinary defences of these barbarians were stockades, or stout palisading, varying from eight to twenty feet in height, loop-holed for fire arms, strengthened by transverse beams, and furnished with raised stages or ramparts of scaffolding in the interior, for the defenders to occupy. These works were generally erected in the forest or jungle, and the approach to them obstructed by abatis, or felled and projected trees. They seem to have been constructed with a rapidity that could scarcely have been surpassed by the skill of American woodsmen; and they were generally defended with stubborn resolution.

The enemy had now formed a chain of stockades, extending across the forest, about three miles in front of Rangoon, to the village of Kemmendine on the river; and upon this position another attack was made on the 10th and 11th of June. One advanced stockade was so strong, that it was necessary to breach it with artillery; our troops rushed into the yawning chasm with an impetuosity which nothing could resist; and the work was in a few minutes carried: but not before the dead bodies of two hundred of the enemy had attested the obstinate courage of the defence. At the village of Kemmendine itself, it was determined to try the effect of mortars upon the principal stockade; and after a short bombardment, the enemy, unaccustomed to these destructive engines of modern warfare, and panic stricken at the dreadful havoc made by shells on their crowded garrison, fled in dismay.

But even the salutary terror and discouragement into which the enemy were thrown by these operations, gave only a temporary relief to our troops, by deterring the Burmese parties, for a short time, from repeating their nocturnal inroads upon the British lines. In two or three weeks, having received large reinforcements, they again began to advance and press upon the British position; and, in a single day, eight thousand men were computed to have crossed above Kemmendine to the Rangoon side of the river. The jungles around seemed animated by an unseen multitude of people; clouds of smoke marked the encampments of the different corps of the Burmhan army in the forest; and their noisy preparations for attack, formed a striking contrast to the still and quiet aspect of the British line. Having received positive commands

from their king to delay no longer driving the British into the sea, they at length ventured, on the 1st of July, to become the assailants, and commenced a general attack near the Great Dagon Pagoda, in front of Rangoon, which, in itself a fortress, was occupied by a king's regiment, and formed the key of the British position.

"In the course of the forenoon Burmese columns were observed on the west side of the river, marching across the plain of Dalla, towards Rangoon. They were formed in five or six different divisions, and moved with great regularity, led by numerous chiefs on horseback—their gilt umbrellas glittering in the rays of the sun, with a sufficiently formidable and imposing effect, at a distance that prevented our perceiving any thing motley or mobbish, which might have been found in a closer inspection of these warlike legions.

"On reaching the bank of the river opposite to Rangoon, the men of the leading division, laying aside their arms, commenced entrenching and throwing up batteries for the destruction of the shipping, while the main body disappeared in a jungle in the rear, where they began stockading and establishing their camp, gradually reinforcing the front line as the increasing extent of the batteries and entrenchments permitted.

"Later in the day, several heavy columns were observed issuing from the forest, about a mile in front of the east face of the Great Pagoda, with flags and banners flying in profusion. Their march was directed along a gently-sloping woody ridge towards Rangoon: the different corps successively taking up their ground along the ridge, soon assumed the appearance of a complete line, extending from the forest in front of the Pagoda, to within long gun-shot distance of the town, and resting on the river at Puzedown, which was strongly occupied by cavalry and infantry; these formed the left wing of the Burmese army. The centre, or the continuation of the line, from the Great Pagoda up to Kemmendine, where it again rested on the river, was posted in so thick a forest, as to defy all conjecture as to its strength or situation; but we were well aware that the principal force occupied the jungle in the immediate vicinity of the pagoda, which was naturally considered as the key to our position, and upon which the great effort would accordingly be made. In the course of a few hours we thus found ourselves completely surrounded, with the narrow channel of the Rangoon river alone unoccupied in our rear, and with only the limited space within our lines that we could still call our own. The line of circumvallation taken up by the enemy, obviously extended a very considerable distance, and divided as it was by the river, injudiciously weakened his means of assailing us on any particular point; but as far as celerity, order, and regularity are concerned, the style in which the different corps took up their stations in the line, reflected much credit on the arrangement of the Burmese commander. When this singular and presumptuous formation was completed, the soldiers of the left columns, also laying aside their spears and muskets, com-

menced operations with their intrenching tools, with such activity and good will, that in the course of a couple of hours their line had wholly disappeared, and could only be traced by a parapet of new earth gradually increasing in height, and assuming such forms as the skill and science of the engineer suggested.

"The moving masses, which had so very lately attracted our anxious attention, had sunk into the ground; and to any one who had not witnessed the whole scene, the existence of these subterranean legions would not have been credited: the occasional movement of a chief, with his gilt chattah (umbrella), from place to place, superintending the progress of their labour, was the only thing that now attracted notice. By a distant observer, the hills, covered with mounds of earth, would have been taken for any thing rather than the approaches of an attacking army; but to us who had watched the whole strange proceeding, it seemed the work of magic or enchantment.

"In the afternoon his Majesty's thirteenth regiment and the eighteenth Madras Native Infantry, under Major Sale, were ordered to move rapidly forward upon the busily-employed and too-confident enemy; and, as was suspected, they were found wholly unprepared for such a visit, or for our acting in any way, against such numerous opponents, on the offensive. They had scarcely perceived the approach of our troops before they were upon them, and the fire which they at last commenced proved wholly inadequate to checking their advance. Having forced a passage through the intrenchments, and taken the enemy in flank, the British detachment drove the whole line from their cover with considerable loss; and having destroyed as many of their arms and tools as they could find, retired unmolested before the numerous bodies which were now forming on every side around them.

"The trenches were found to be a succession of holes, capable of containing two men each, and excavated, so as to afford shelter, both from the weather and the fire of an enemy; even a shell lighting in the trench could at most but kill two men. As it is not the Burmese system to relieve their troops in making these approaches, each hole contained a sufficient supply of rice, water, and even fuel for its inmates; and under this excavated bank, a bed of straw or brushwood was prepared, in which one man could sleep while his comrade watched. When one line of trench is completed, its occupiers, taking advantage of the night, push forward to where the second line is to be opened, their place being immediately taken up by fresh troops from the rear, and so on progressively,—the number of trenches occupied varying according to the force of the besiegers, to the plans of the general, or to the nature of the ground. The Burmese, in the course of the evening, reoccupied their trenches, and recommenced their labours, as if nothing had occurred; their commander, however, took the precaution of bringing forward a strong corps of reserve to the verge of the forest, from which his left wing had issued, to protect it from any future interruption in its operations."

The Burmese have great faith in astrology, and it appears that a considerable corps of bigots or impostors accompany their army. The Invulnerables form another and singular portion of their troops: these men, excited by opium, and emboldened by superstition, show a marked contempt of danger; some of them exhibited a war-dance of defiance, upon the most exposed parts of the defences, even during the heat of action. To this corps was confided the dangerous task of driving our troops from their post in the great temple near Rangoon.

"At midnight, on the 30th, the attempt was accordingly made, the Invulnerables, armed with swords and muskets, rushing in a compact body from the jungle under the Pagoda; a small piquet, thrown out in our front, retiring in slow and steady order, skirmishing with the head of the advancing column, until it reached the stairs leading up to the Pagoda, at the summit of which the troops were drawn out, silently awaiting the approach of the Invulnerables, whose numbers in the darkness of the night (the moon having set previous to the commencement of the attack) could only be guessed at, by the noise and clamour of their threats and imprecations upon the impious strangers, if they did not immediately evacuate the sacred temple, as, guided by a few glimmering lanterns in their front, they boldly and rapidly advanced in a dense multitude along the narrow pathway leading to the northern gateway. At length vivid flashes, followed by the cannon's thundering peals, broke from the silent ramparts of the British post, stilling the tumult of the advancing mass, while showers of grape and successive volleys of musketry fell with dreadful havoc among their crowded ranks, against which the imaginary shield of self-deceit and imposition was found of no avail, leaving the unfortunate Invulnerables scarcely a chance between destruction and inglorious flight. Nor did they hesitate long upon the alternative; a few devoted enthusiasts may have despised to fly, but as they all belonged to the same high-favoured caste, and had brought none of their less-favoured countrymen to witness their disgrace, the great body of them soon sought for safety in the jungle, where they, no doubt, invented a plausible account of their night's adventure, which, however effectual it may have proved in saving their credit, had also the good effect to us of preventing them in future from volunteering upon such desperate services, and contributed in some degree, to protect the troops from being so frequently deprived of their night's rest."

From this epoch, the Burmese leaders, convinced of the hopelessness of coping with the invaders in the field, reverted for some time to their much more formidable system, of fortifying themselves in the most inaccessible parts of the forest, straitening the quarters of the British, and harassing our worn out troops by desultory skirmishes and nightly inroads. It was once more necessary to force them to a general encounter; and on the 8th of July, in the most inclement part of the rainy season, Sir Archibald Campbell moved out to attack their stockaded camp, at Kummeroot on the

river, five miles from the town, by land and water. Ten stockades were carried by escalade; with the capture of thirty pieces of cannon, and with a loss to the Burmese of their chief commander and eight hundred killed, while all the surrounding jungles were filled with their miserable wounded and dying.

This sanguinary defeat seems at length to have made a deep impression upon the enemy, though it produced no solicitation for peace. The British were no longer so closely molested; their quarters and foraging parties had a wider range, and a portion of the peaceable inhabitants of Rangoon, being freed from the confinement in which their own army had kept them, began to return to their homes. The rains, however, were now at their height: and Sir Archibald Campbell, being still without the means of advancing a day's march into the interior, made the best use which he could of this forced inaction, by detaching small expeditions by sea to seize some of the maritime possessions of the enemy. In this manner, Tavoy, Mergui, Martaban, and the whole coast of Tenasserim, southward of Rangoon, were reduced by our arms. But these conquests were found to have no effect upon the obstinacy of the court of Ava; disease was already making fearful ravages in the British cantonments; and the prospect of a successful termination for the contest, became every day more uncertain and cheerless. But amidst all the appalling difficulties which surrounded him, it is very honourable to the British general, that his constancy of purpose seems never for an instant to have faltered; by the government of India he was worthily supported; and by the troops themselves, even the severest privations and the heaviest sufferings were patiently endured. Still the epidemic was raging among them with increasing violence; those who yet crawled to their posts, were reduced to emaciation and debility; and by the end of September, although the original army had been reinforced, scarcely three thousand dusky soldiers were left to guard the lines.

The time had now arrived when the war was to assume a new feature. Finding all their efforts before Rangoon terminate only in the defeat and dismay of successive armaments, the court of Ava were driven to their last resource; and Maha Bandoola and his numerous army, all the veteran warriors of the empire, were suddenly recalled from the borders of Bengal, to proceed against Rangoon. The army of Bandoola broke up from the Chit-tagong territory, and disappeared in the course of one night; our own frontiers were thus relieved from the presence of the force which had created so much alarm in Calcutta; and the whole weight of the barbarous empire was thrown upon the Irrawaddy, to crush and overwhelm Sir Archibald Campbell's little army. Reduced and enfeebled as they were, this handful of gallant men still hailed with delight the hope of at last measuring their strength, in one final struggle, with the aggregate force of the enemy.

This Maha Bandoola, the favourite and most able general of the Burmese, appears really to have been a leader not unworthy of

the confidence reposed in him by his nation. By the end of November, he had assembled in front of the British, an army the largest and best equipped which the court of Ava had ever sent into the field: 60,000 fighting men, a large train of artillery and elephants, and a body of Cassay horse. Of the infantry, 35,000 were musketeers, and many were armed with jingals, a small but most annoying piece, carrying a ball of from six to twelve ounces, and mounted on a carriage which two men can manage and move about at pleasure; the rest were spearmen: and all were well provided with implements for stockading and entrenching. With this immense force, Bandoola, moving forward, in a single night filled the forests on the British front within musket shot of our position. In the same manner was the opposite bank of the river occupied and entrenched; and thus, in the course of a few hours, says Major Snodgrass, we found ourselves completely surrounded, with the narrow channel of the Rangoon river alone unoccupied in our rear, and with only the limited space within our lines that we could call our own. The manner in which this investment was performed, is very deserving of notice.

The British had, meanwhile, not been inactive in preparing a warm reception for the perpetual assaults, which were now to be expected from the overweening confidence of an enemy prodigiously superior in numerical strength. So fearfully had disease already done its work among the Europeans, that their diminished ranks were totally inadequate to cover the extent of position which they unavoidably had to maintain; and to remedy this evil, as far as possible, a chain of posts had been constructed, of redoubts and fortified pagodas, well garnished with artillery, and held by small garrisons. It was on the first of December, that the enemy, working their approaches so close to every part of the British position that our soldiers were often wounded as they lay in their beds, commenced along the whole line a series of furious attacks, which gave our troops no rest for several days and nights, and did not terminate without many obstinate conflicts. At Kemmendine, the post which rested on the river, and formed the shoulder of the British position, was so repeatedly attacked, that for some days there was never peace above two hours at any time. The ultimate attempts of the enemy were here directed to the destruction of our shipping by their fire-rafts. With the possession of Kemmendine, they could have launched these tremendous engines into the stream, from a point where they must have reached our shipping, in the crowded harbour of Rangoon; but while we retained that post, they were obliged to despatch them from above it, and the setting of the current carried them upon a projecting point of land, where they invariably grounded; and this circumstance, no doubt, much increased Bandoola's anxiety to drive us from so important a position. Major Snodgrass has very vividly described a night attack by these fire-rafts, as well as their formidable construction:

"Already the wearied soldiers had lain down

to rest, when suddenly the heavens and the whole surrounding country became brilliantly illuminated by the flames of several tremendous fire-rafts, floating down the river towards Rangoon; and scarcely had the blaze appeared, when incessant rolls of musketry and peals of cannon were heard from Kemmendine. The enemy had launched their fire-rafts into the stream with the first of the ebb-tide, in the hope of driving the vessels from their stations off the place; and they were followed up by war-boats, ready to take advantage of the confusion which might ensue, should any of them be set on fire. The skill and intrepidity of British seamen, however, proved more than a match for the numbers and devices of the enemy; entering their boats, they grappled the flaming rafts, and conducted them past the shipping, or run them ashore upon the bank. On the land side, the enemy were equally unsuccessful, being again repulsed with heavy loss, in the most resolute attempt they had yet made, to reach the interior of the fort.

"The fire-rafts were, upon examination, found to be ingeniously contrived, and formidably constructed, made wholly of bamboos, firmly wrought together, between every two or three rows of which a line of earthen jars, of considerable size, filled with petroleum, or earth-oil and cotton, were secured; other inflammable ingredients were also distributed in different parts of the raft, and the almost unextinguishable fierceness of the flames proceeding from them can scarcely be imagined. Many of them were considerably upwards of a hundred feet in length, and were divided into many pieces attached to each other by means of long hinges, so arranged, that when they caught upon the cable or bow of any ship, the force of the current would carry the ends of the raft completely round her, and envelop her in flames, from the deck to her main-topmast head, with scarcely a possibility of extricating herself from the devouring element."—pp. 105, 106.

"The corps of Maha Nemiow had for some days remained stationary within a morning's walk of Prome, assiduously occupied in strengthening their hidden position in the jungles of Simbike and Kyalaz, on the Nawine river, maintaining so close and vigilant a watch, and conducting matters with so much secrecy, as to prevent us from gaining the slightest information either as to the extent or nature of their defences, or the intention of their leader, when finished. Eight thousand men of his corps d'armée were Shans, who had not yet come in contact with our troops, and were expected to fight with more spirit and resolution than those who had a more intimate acquaintance with their enemy. In addition to a numerous list of Chobaws and petty princes, these levies were accompanied by three young and handsome women of high rank, who were believed, by their superstitious countrymen, to be endowed not only with the gift of prophecy and foreknowledge, but to possess the miraculous power of turning aside the balls of the English, rendering them wholly innocent and harmless. These Amazons, dressed in warlike costumes, rode constantly among the troops,

inspiring them with courage and ardent wishes for an early meeting with their foe, as yet only known to them by the deceitful accounts of their Burmese masters.

"On the 30th of November arrangements were made for attacking the enemy on the following morning, beginning with the left, and taking the three corps d'armée rapidly in detail, which their insulated situation afforded every facility for doing. Commodore Sir James Brisbane, with the flotilla, was to commence a cannonade upon the enemy's post, upon both banks of the Irrawaddy, at daylight, and a body of Native infantry was at the same time to advance along the margin of the river, upon the Kee Whongee's position at Napadee, and to drive in his advanced posts upon the main body, drawing the enemy's whole attention to his right and centre, while the columns were marching out for the real attack upon the left, at Simbiki. Leaving four regiments of Native infantry in garrison, at daylight, on the morning of the 1st of December, the rest of the force was assembled, and formed in two columns of attack at a short distance in front of Prome; one, under Brigadier-general Cotton, marched by the straight road leading to Simbiki, while the other, accompanied by the commander of the forces, crossed the Nawine river, moving along its right bank, for the purpose of attacking the enemy in the rear, and cutting off his retreat upon the Kee Whongee's division. The columns had scarcely moved off, when a furious cannonade upon our left announced the commencement of operations on the river, and so completely deceived the enemy, that we found the piquets of his left withdrawn, and the position at Simbiki exposed to a sudden and unexpected attack. Brigadier-general Cotton's column first reached the enemy's line, consisting of a succession of stockades erected across an open space in the centre of the jungle, where the villages of Simbiki and Kyalaz had stood, having the Nawine river in the rear, a thick wood on either flank, and assailable only by the open space in front, defended by cross fires from the zigzagging formation of the works. The Brigadier-general having quickly made his dispositions, the troops, consisting of His Majesty's forty-first in front, and the flank companies of His Majesty's Royal and eighty-ninth regiments, with the eighteenth Madras Native infantry in flank, moved forward with their usual intrepidity: the Shans, encouraged by the presence of their veteran commander, who, unable to walk, was carried from point to point, in a handsomely gilded litter; and cheered by the example, and earnest exhortations to fight bravely, of the fearless Amazons, offered a brave resistance to the assailants; but no sooner was a lodgment made in the interior of their crowded works, than confusion ensued, and they were unable longer to contend with, or check the progress of, the rapidly increasing line which formed upon their ramparts, and from whose destructive volleys there was no escaping: the strongly-built inclosures, of their own construction, every where preventing flight, dead and dying blocked up the few and narrow outlets from the work. Horses and men ran in wild con-

fusion from side to side, trying to avoid the fatal fire; groups were employed in breaking down, and trying to force a passage through the defences, while the brave, who disdained to fly, still offered a feeble and ineffectual opposition to the advancing troops. The gray-headed Chobwas of the Shans, in particular, showed a noble example to their men, sword in hand, singly maintaining the unequal contest, nor could signs or gestures of good treatment induce them to forbearance—attacking all who offered to approach them with humane or friendly feelings, they only sought the death which too many of them found. Maha Nemiow himself fell while bravely urging his men to stand their ground, and his faithful attendants being likewise killed by the promiscuous fire while in the act of carrying him off, his body, with his sword, Whongee's chain, and other insignia of office, were found among the dead. One of the fair Amazons also received a fatal bullet in the breast, but the moment she was seen, and her sex was recognised, the soldiers bore her from the scene of death to a cottage in the rear, where she soon expired.

"While this was passing in the interior of the stockades, Sir Archibald Campbell's column, pushing rapidly forward to their rear, met the defeated and panic-struck fugitives in the act of emerging from the jungle, and crossing the Nawine river: the horse-artillery was instantly unlimbered, and opened a heavy fire upon the crowded fort. Another of the Shan ladies was here observed flying on horseback with the defeated remnant of her people; but before she could gain the opposite bank of the river, where a friendly forest promised safety and protection, a shrapnel exploded above her head, and she fell from her horse into the water; but whether killed, or only frightened, could not be ascertained, as she was immediately borne off by her attendants."

Through the particulars of the enemy's assaults upon our lines, we need not follow our author's most animated narrative: it is needless to say, that they were every where repulsed. Then, the enemy having expended their ardour in vain attacks, and having fairly committed their *matériel* and their men within his reach, the British general, on the 5th of December, became in turn the assailant; and on that, and the four following days, he successively defeated all parts of the enemy's lines in detail, and with immense slaughter, capturing every gun which they had, and the whole *matériel* of their army, and making a route so complete, that, on the 9th, the whole of their vast multitude had entirely disappeared from before the victors. The account of these operations varies little from that of the preceding attacks; and of such we have already extracted a sufficient account to illustrate the peculiarity of the warfare in which our troops were engaged. The repetition of similar circumstances would here be useless: but it is impossible to contemplate, without pride and wonder, the picture presented by these operations, of the immense superiority of the European over the Asiatic mind. Here, totally enveloped and hemmed in by an enemy deficient neither in valour nor ingenuity, were a small band of our country-

men, numbering fewer hundreds than their assailants numbered thousands; and yet, coolly and undauntedly repulsing every attempt to dislodge and overwhelm them; returning, with terrific vengeance, the attacks of this immense multitude; and totally destroying or routing them, at the bayonet's point. For defeated as the enemy had been, it was not the mere fire of our troops that could dislodge them from their entrenchments. In the imagined safety of their cover, they firmly maintained themselves and returned the British fire: it was only at the decisive and intrepid charge, that they quailed to the courage of the European, and refused to encounter him hand to hand.

The final retreat of Bandooleh, and his discomfited legions, left the field open for the advance of the British up the Irrawaddy towards the capital; which in February, the season also at length permitted. For this active prosecution of the war, the Indian government had meanwhile been making the most vigorous preparations. Five hundred native boatmen had arrived at Chittagong, and boats had been diligently prepared for river service; seventeen hundred draught cattle and means for field transport had been landed from British India; and the army was now reinforced by four regiments of European infantry, several battalions of Sepoys, two squadrons of cavalry, a troop of horse-artillery, and another of rockets. Yet so defective was still the matériel of transport, and so small the numbers of our disposable force, that inspired by any less energy and courage, they might have seemed strangely inadequate to the deep invasion of a vast and populous kingdom. The advance was made in two divisions, by land and water: after leaving sufficient garrisons in Rangoon, and the other maritime conquests, the land column, under Sir Archibald Campbell in person, could not by any effort be increased beyond thirteen hundred European, and a thousand native infantry, with the cavalry, horse-artillery, and rockets; the marine column, under Brigadier-General Cotton, consisted only of eight hundred European infantry and a small battalion of Sepoys, but it was embarked in a powerful flotilla of sixty boats, carrying, all one, and some two, pieces of heavy ordnance, and escorted by a detachment of British seamen in the launches of the men-of-war.

The plan of operations provided that the combined columns should advance upon the line of the Irrawaddy towards the capital; while, from the south-east frontier of Bengal, a large and well appointed force under General Morrison, after seizing the capital of Arracan, should cross the lofty mountain-range of that country, and penetrate to the Irrawaddy, to form a junction with the army from Rangoon. But General Morrison's advance from Arracan was rendered impossible by the frightful mortality which broke out in his camp, and by the difficulties attending a movement across the mountains. Rangoon became, therefore, the only base of operations; and a body of less than five thousand men, the only disposable army for the conquest of a great empire.

It was on the 11th of February, 1825, that the second campaign of the war opened with the breaking up of our army from their quar-

ters. Our author's brief sketch of this little band on their advance, has something very picturesque and impressive.

"On reaching camp on the first day's march," says he, "the scene which presented itself was at once grotesque and novel; no double-poled tent bespoke the army of Bengal, or rows of well-pitched rowtiks that of the sister presidency; no Oriental luxury was here displayed, or even any of the comforts of an European camp, to console the traveller after his hot and weary march; but officers of all ranks couching under a blanket, or Lilliputian tent, to shelter themselves from a meridian sun, with a miserable, half-starved cow or pony, the sole beast of burden of the inmate, tied or picketed in the rear, conveying to the mind more the idea of a gipsy bivouac, than of a military encampment. Nothing of the pomp or circumstance of war was here apparent; nor would even the experienced eye have recognised in the little group that appeared but as a speck on the surface of an extensive plain, a force about to undertake the subjugation of an empire, and to fight its way for six hundred miles, against climate, privations, and a numerous enemy. At five in the morning the drum beat to arms, and the tawdry camp speedily disappearing, a gallant line alone remained, animated by the finest feeling, and prepared to encounter every difficulty which might present itself."—pp. 138, 139.

The bold undertaking of a scheme of such disproportionate conquest, and its undaunted accomplishment, form indeed a spectacle to excite admiration and astonishment; and all the circumstances of the enterprise are of a nature to recal to the imagination the romantic achievements of a Cortez or a Pizarro. Maha Bandooleh, with his army, reduced by losses and desertion to about fifteen thousand men, was now strongly stockaded and intrenched at a place called Donobow, on one of the branch rivers of the delta of Rangoon, about sixty miles above that place; and here the invaders received the last check in their operations. The water division were repulsed in an attack of the enemy's stockades, and proved too weak in numbers to carry them; and Sir Archibald Campbell, who, with the land column, had already passed on and reached the main stream of the majestic Irrawaddy, at Sarawah, was compelled to retrograde to general Cotton's support. Bandooleh and his army were now invested in their works at Donobow by the combined divisions; batteries were raised against their position; and every indication was given of a resolute defence, when, on the 1st of April, the brave leader of the Burmese was fortunately killed in his lines by one of our rockets. This man had evidently possessed native talents and qualities for martial command, uncultured and stained by cruelty as they were, of no common order; and he had been the sole stay of a sinking cause. With his fall, expired the resolution of his followers; and on the succeeding night, his whole dispirited army silently evacuated their works and fled, leaving behind one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon mounted on the defences. After the death of Bandooleh, the invaders encountered no opposition of moment in their ra-

pid advance to Prome, which they reached on the 25th of April; and at that place, a large city on the Irrawaddy, about two hundred and fifty miles from Rangoon, the British found excellent winter quarters, which the return of the rainy season soon after rendered it necessary to occupy.

Thus terminated our second campaign in Ava; and still, notwithstanding all their heavy losses, the despot and his government had breathed no syllable of peace or submission. Nor, in the defence of the empire, had they been wanting in all the resolution, and a great deal of the skill, which the councils of more civilized states could have adopted in a similar emergency. Wherever it had been found hopeless to encounter the invaders in the field, a well laid and systematic plan had been steadily pursued to obstruct and paralyze their advance. The Burmese leaders, by the terror in which their authority was held by the peasantry, kept all their operations veiled from the invaders in the most impenetrable mystery: the country was every where desolated and fired before them; the population and cattle were driven; provisions and resources were totally destroyed. And all this was done systematically, and with no appearance of panic or haste. Not even Russia (says Major Snodgrass), in her memorable resistance to the armies of Napoleon could have offered to the invading host such a continued scene of desolation: neither man nor beast escaped the retiring columns; and heaps of ashes, with groups of hungry howling dogs, alone indicated where towns and villages had stood. The unexpected fall of Bandoolah, and the rapid advance of the British, amidst the consternation produced in the enemy by that event, alone happily saved the district around Prome from destruction; and that city was already in flames when our army took possession of it. To this system, justifiable as we must admit it to have been in a war of national defence, were added all the less excusable resources of oriental perfidy; and now began repeated attempts to lull the invaders into security and inaction, and to gain time by hollow, faithless negotiations. While, at the same time, every effort was strained by the still obstinate monarch and his ministers, to raise a new and a yet more numerous army, than that which had melted away before the irresistible course of our invasion.

By the end of November, an unwieldy array of seventy thousand men was thus assembled in front of Prome: where, at the close of the wet season, our army, after every reinforcement, could still muster no larger a field force than five thousand men. There were now present eight British regiments of infantry, whose original numbers alone would have counted up as many thousands: but such had been the ravages of death in their ranks, in a war of eighteen months, infinitely less by the sword than by disease, that these eight European battalions could produce only three thousand bayonets! They numbered to their barbarian foes but as one to twenty, yet were they the eager assailants; and the rains having ended, the third campaign was opened by the British, with a general attack upon the enemy. Again was a total defeat, on the first days of December,

inflicted upon this immense host; but again not without the heavy cost on our part of many gallant lives. The route, however, to the capital, was once more open; and now, alternately fighting and negotiating, but always advancing, our army vigorously followed up its successes, until the court of Ava was at length terrified into a sincere submission. In this manner, by a continuous march of near three months, our victorious little band had traversed as many hundred miles, and approached within only *fifteen leagues*, or three days' distance, of Amarapura, before its monarch finally, on the 24th of February, 1826, ratified the articles of peace which had been dictated to his envoys.

By this treaty, the king of Ava ceded to the East India Company the provinces of Arracan already conquered by our arms, and, farther south, the coasts of Tavoy, Mergui, and Tenasserim; and he also submitted to pay the sum of a crore, or one hundred lacs of rupees—about a million sterling—as an indemnification for the charges of the war. It was stipulated that one quarter of this sum should be paid on the spot, and another instalment to the same amount before our evacuation of Rangoon; and that the remaining half should be discharged in two years. The first certainly, and we believe the second instalment, was duly received—the remaining half million will probably never be seen.

Such has been the honourable, and therefore the fortunate, termination of this arduous and dangerous war; and judging, as mankind ever judge, from the result only, it may be deemed an advantageous circumstance for the safety of our eastern empire, that we were forced into hostilities, which have humbled an arrogant and ambitious power, and given its barbarous rulers, for the first time, so salutary an impression of our strength. The perilous crisis through which our eastern dominion passed in the operation will be overlooked or forgotten. Whether the severe chastisement which the Burmhan power has received will, however, have made an impression so lasting as to deter its government from all future aggressions, time alone can determine; but there can be no doubt that the possession of Arracan, and the throwing back of our eastern frontier from Bengal to the distant mountains of that country, must tend to the security of our empire. The policy of having added the more southern maritime conquests of Tavoy and Tenasserim to our already overgrown empire, appears to us, we confess, far more problematical. A few commercial advantages can scarcely recompense us for the charge of maintaining those distant and detached possessions, and for the fruitful occasions of a new rupture with our barbarous neighbours, the hazard of which must be much increased by so long a continuity of frontier.

The engrossing interest of the principal subject of Major Snodgrass's volume has so occupied our attention and limits, that we have not been enabled to find room for any of the collateral matter which he has ably blended with his narrative of military operations. But we cannot conclude without observing, that the work is full of the most desirable and amusing information, on the national character and man-

ners of the Burmese, the state and form of their political and civil institutions, and the geographical and commercial features of their country. It is not a little creditable to the intelligence and mental activity of the gallant author, that, in the midst of a contest so harassing, and in the incessant occupation of official duties, he should have found means to accumulate this mass of unprofessional knowledge; and he has thus rendered his little work, independently of its military merits, second only in value for its statistical details to Symes's excellent account of his more peaceful mission to Ava.

From the London Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF COUNT DE BENYOWSKY.

To the Editors of the London Magazine.

GENTLEMEN—The public attention having been lately attracted by a drama to an episode in the life of the celebrated Count Benyowsky, your readers may perhaps be interested in an authentic, indeed an official detail of the last moments of a man whose adventures more resembled those of the hero of a melodrame, than of an actor in real life, and who, had he been born under a happier star, might have transmitted his name to posterity as the founder of an empire. I became possessed of this valuable document, a translation of which I annex, from having been so fortunate as to render some services to one of the keepers of the archives of the French marine, who allowed me to extract this and a few more curious articles from the mass of official rubbish under which they had been buried for nearly forty years; for so long it is since a bullet from a nameless hand deprived Africa of one whose powerful mind, directed exclusively to the advancement of his infant colony, might have done more towards the civilization of that hapless quarter of the globe, than all the petty commercial establishments of the *Grand Monarque*, or even than all the more liberal, though luckless, expeditions undertaken in our own days. Fate however decreed it should be otherwise; the interesting colony was crushed in its birth, and all must sympathize with me at seeing the senseless natives crowding around the dead lion, whom, when alive, they crouched before. In a few hours they demolished the fort and town, from whence the rays of knowledge and humanity were to have diffused themselves, whilst the powerful hand that should have repelled them lay cold in death, and the French commander sat by, enjoying the destruction of which he had been the cause. At all events, though strict justice obliges us to acknowledge that he had founded his colony on an act of piracy, it is impossible to refuse a sigh to the fate of the noble-minded, the enterprising, the gallant Benyowsky.

I am, gentlemen, yours, &c. R. E. S.

Journal of the Expedition undertaken against M. de Benyowsky, sent to M. le Vicomte de Souillac, Governor General of the French Colonies beyond the Cape of Good Hope, by

M. L'Archer, Captain and Adjutant of the Regiment of Pondicherry, commanding a Detachment of Sixty Men sent for that purpose.

Foulpoint, Isle of Madagascar, July 13, 1786.

GENERAL—I hasten to have the honour of giving you an account of the expedition undertaken by your orders to Angoutzy, by the detachment from the regiment of Pondicherry which I command; I request you to allow me to address to you the following detailed account of it.

Setting sail from the Isle of France the 9th of May, in the *Louisa*, we dropped anchor in the French establishment of Foulpoint on the 17th, at nine at night.

You had ordered us to stop here to obtain more recent information of the new establishment formed at Angoutzy by M. de Benyowsky, who had seized on the flag and the property belonging to his most Christian Majesty at that place.

M. le Mayeur, the negotiating agent at Foulpoint, being there to join the detachment under my orders, to act as counsellor, interpreter, and guide, could not embark until two days after, on the evening of the 19th.

On the 20th, at half-past two in the morning, the *Louisa* weighed anchor, sailed from Foulpoint Roads, and directed her course to the Isle of Saint Marie. The object of this second delay was to procure from the principal inhabitants of this isle still more certain intelligence than what M. le Mayeur could have collected for us at Foulpoint. We there learned that M. de Benyowsky had sent two white men, and several blacks, to the upper end of the Bay of Antongil, not far from Manaar, to explore a silver mine, but that he himself remained near Angoutzy; that he had built a village there which he called the "town of the Mauritanique God," and in which he had assembled a great number of the natives. I could not however acquire any certain intimation of the position of this village, of its distance from the sea, of the road we should follow to penetrate to it, nor of the fortifications or strength of M. de Benyowsky.

M. Lequenue had told me at Foulpoint that he had fifteen or sixteen whites, and nearly two hundred armed blacks; but neither fortifications nor artillery; but in this he was mistaken. On the 21st, at eleven in the forenoon, the *Louisa* again set sail, and on the 23d, at four in the afternoon, cast anchor in the Bay of Cape L'Est. At the upper end of this bay is a magazine, in which the French, who carried on negotiations for his most Christian Majesty, enclosed their property and provisions. M. de Benyowsky had seized on it at his arrival, and with the European merchandise paid the blacks who built his town. We could perceive near this magazine many persons who were observing our motions, but we could not ascertain their colour.

When we had dropt anchor, I had the long-boat and the yawl lowered, and made preparations for embarking my forces in them. The night was drawing near; we lowered into the long-boat our ammunition, our two pieces of artillery, and I embarked with Messrs. De

Kavadek, De Valliere, Le Mayeur, and forty men. The remainder, commanded by M. Rondelet, my lieutenant, were to follow in the yawl. I gave the word to bear off from the ship, but we had scarcely done so when I perceived that we were overloaded. The currents are so rapid in this bay, that we were driving rapidly towards reefs that lay at no great distance. The danger was imminent, and I shouted to the ship to send quickly the yawl to tow us back to her; notwithstanding this assistance, it was with considerable difficulty we conquered the current, and regained the ship. The night fell very dark; no person on board knew either the anchorage or the landing-place. I had just experienced the violence of the currents; a nocturnal disembarkation would have neither expedited nor facilitated our operations. Having neither maps nor guides, I should have been obliged to wait for daylight on the strand, that I might then endeavour to discover some path through the thick woods that came down to the very water edge. All these considerations determined me to put my men on board the *Louisa* again, and to wait there for the rising of the moon, and the approach of day.

On the 24th, at four in the morning, I embarked in the long-boat my ammunition, my artillery, Messrs. De Valliere and Le Mayeur, with only twenty-four men, of whom I took the command. I ordered M. Rondelet to embark in the yawl, and to follow me with his men. M. de Kavadek was to remain on board with twenty men. I ordered him to wait for the return of the long-boat, and then to join me on the shore. This successive disembarkation, which I was not prepared for, (as I was led to expect, from the assertions of the captain, that his two boats would contain the entire of my detachment,) might have been dangerous, if we had been attacked whilst landing. The great number of men I had seen the night before, gave me reason to suppose this might be the case; but it was necessary to make a descent, and I had no choice as to the means.

I had the long-boat steered above the magazine, that I might have time to unite my detachment before an attack could be made on it; then, having gained the shore, we all disembarked in the most profound silence.

The skirt of a thick wood was twenty paces distant from us in front, and I had just placed sentinels on it, when two muskets were discharged at us from the magazine; I made my men take close order, loaded my guns, lighted my matches, and kept myself equally in readiness to repel an attack, and to cover the landing of the rest of my detachment, which the boats had returned to the ship for.

Five or six musket-shots, pretty well aimed, came from the same direction as the first. I would not allow my men to return the fire; at last, the remainder of my people arrived, landed, and joined me, after having had some musket-shots directed against them also.

The day, which now began to break, showed us shortly after a group of men near the spot from whence the muskets had been fired; I distinguished amongst them two whites, and many armed blacks; their number seemed augmenting every moment. I had a cannon

fired against them, on which they took shelter in the wood, and I lost sight of them. Then I proposed to M. le Mayeur to go in search of M. de Benyowsky with a flag of truce, and to carry our propositions to him as his private instructions indicated; to which he made answer,—"I shall take good care to do no such thing, for he would hang me; but arm me with one of your pistols only, and I will follow wherever you choose to lead me."

Having formed my men, and discovered the enemy, we marched forward. The advanced guard, headed by M. de Kavadek, preceded the artillery; a corporal and four men searched the skirt of the wood in front and to the left of the advanced guard; I followed my two pieces closely, with the rest of my men. I expected to meet with resistance at the magazine we were approaching; I placed my guns so as to favour an attack, and we continued our march prepared for every event. The magazine had, however, been abandoned; we found a fire still burning in it: those who had fired on us appeared to have passed the night in it. We had now nothing in sight but the woods; no person came near us, and we could discover neither road nor even path. M. le Mayeur had no idea of Benyowsky's position; I could not tell at what point to enter the forest, having, as I said before, neither a map nor guides. I had the wood carefully searched at the entrance of the magazine, that I might discover the path which led to the interior; at last we perceived some footsteps of oxen and men, which led us to a narrow path, cut but very lately through the forest. We conjectured that this should lead to the town of M. de Benyowsky; in this expectation I determined to follow it, leaving in the magazine a corporal and four men to guard our military stores, and to keep up a communication with the ship. I also left here the surgeon. It was near two in the afternoon when we entered into the path that had been cut through these thick woods; when we had advanced about fifty paces into the forest, we came to a marshy stream, which could be crossed only by means of a large tree that was placed over it. I thought my passage might be opposed, and took every possible precaution for the protection of my guns, which we were obliged to dismount, and have them carried on men's shoulders.

Five streams, or broad marshy rivulets, which successively crossed our path in the space of half a league, presented the same or even greater difficulties; we at last arrived at the bank of a deep, muddy river, but over which there was fortunately a crazy bridge, which the rapidity of our march had not left time to destroy. It is probable, too, that M. de Benyowsky, persuaded that we should not have found this path, or that it would have been impassable for such a number of men, had not expected us from that side. What leads me to believe this is, that if we had followed the line of the sea-shore, we should have discovered a more open road, both shorter and less marshy, but of which we had not the least idea. On this road he had posted a sentinel, and thrown up some entrenchments, which proved that it was from that quarter he expected us.

There is no doubt but he had made prepara-

tions against an attack; he had said that morning, "I shall have a skirmish to-day with the Foulpoint agents; they have spared us the trouble of going in search of them."

The bridge we had reached was, however, too weak to risk the passage over it of our guns on their carriages, though they were very light. I had them, consequently, dismounted, and at the opposite bank remounted them again; I then drew up my men in order, for we now drew near to the town of Mauritania. I could already hear the noise of the workmen, who seemed to be striking down stakes or palisades. I concluded from thence that the enemy was intrenching himself. After another quarter hour's march, my patrol in advance gave notice that we had reached the extremity of the wood, where the path was terminated by a wooden barrier, from which the town was visible. I advanced myself to reconnoitre the position that M. le Benyowsky had taken up. I then saw, at about three hundred fathoms from the wood we had just penetrated through, a town, which appeared to me of considerable extent; at the end of the principal street appeared a house much larger and more elevated than the rest; I judged that this was the abode of M. de Benyowsky. A tuft of trees as yet concealed the fort from me; and, relying on the intelligence of M. Lequenne, I did not expect that there was one. I could only perceive above the tops of the trees two flags, one yellow and blue, with crescents and stars on a blue field; the other red; M. le Mayeur informed me that in this country the red flag was the signal for battle, and for calling together all their allies. After reconnoitring thus, I fell back to my men, inspected my guns, my cartouche boxes, and my small arms, to ascertain whether they had received any damp, and completed my arrangements. My artillery followed my advanced guard, and the rear was brought up by my little column of forty men. Thus prepared for every thing, and seeing no one advancing to meet us, though I had perceived much commotion in the town, we *debouched* from the forest.

M. de Benyowsky, who was at the door of his house, perceived us, and running to his fort, cried out to all his people to be prepared:—"The first who makes one step backwards," added he, "I will cleave his skull." This we heard from one of our prisoners.

We then perceived on an eminence of about one hundred and fifty feet in height, a fort, surrounded with palisades of nine feet in height, and in the centre, on a commanding platform, two four-pounders and four carronades, which were levelled at us. Nearly ninety men, blacks and whites, armed with muskets, were around the guns, on the battery, and within the palisades. Observing their motions, we advanced in good order, without precipitation, and reserving our fire. When within two hundred and fifty fathoms of the fort, we saw M. de Benyowsky himself firing a cannon against us, the ball from which passed over our heads. At an hundred and fifty fathoms distance, another was fired, loaded with grape shot; at sixty fathoms, a third, the ball from which carried away the hat of one soldier, and broke the musket of another; the

four carronades were fired then at once, and the musketry kept up an equally brisk fire. We accelerated our march, that we might place ourselves under the shelter of the great house at the foot of the eminence on which the fort was constructed. All my soldiers, in obedience to my commands, had as yet reserved their fire. When under cover of the house, we formed into two platoons for the attack, and I ordered them to commence firing at each side of it.

At that moment I perceived that M. de Benyowsky had just applied the match to one of his guns, which did not go off; we were then so near that that shot would certainly have killed or wounded the greatest part of my detachment. I then thought the decisive moment was come. I ordered the assault, and we rushed to it. I was yet a few paces from the exterior palisades, when I saw M. de Benyowsky, armed with a musket, fire it off, let it drop, place his left hand on his breast, and stretch forward his right hand towards us, then take some steps to descend from his battery, and fall heavily against the outward stake that strengthened the palisades. We sprung over them, and mounting to the battery, I passed close to M. de Benyowsky, who seemed endeavouring to pronounce some inarticulate words. I had orders to give, and could not at that moment delay; in two minutes I returned; he had just expired; a ball had passed through his breast from the right to the left side. The blacks escaped over the palisades; the whites asked quarter, and were all made prisoners. Michel alone received, before the attack, a musket-shot in the right arm. I had not a man killed. I must here do justice to the humanity of my soldiers, after an assault in which they proved both their valour and their discipline.

At nine in the evening we were masters of the fort; it was necessary to assure ourselves of the town also. Some blacks had made a sortie from it before the assault, and fired on our flank; M. le Mayeur had repelled them with those under his command. I caused the neighbouring parts of the wood, and all the houses to be searched, and found but one sick Frenchman, who had refused to bear arms against the king, (M. Brossart, Chevalier of the order of Cincinnatus;) our remaining white prisoners amounted to eight, whom we placed under a strong guard. When these precautions were taken, and that we had intimated M. de Benyowsky, I ordered food to be sought for and got ready; it was now near midnight, and it was nearly twenty hours since my men had any refreshment.

This account, given with the most scrupulous exactness, will I trust suffice, General, to prove to you the excellent conduct of Messieurs Rondelet, Kavadek, and Valliere, without its being necessary for me to bestow on them the praise they so well deserve. As their commander, I issued the orders, but it is to them I owe a complete success. I must here add, that M. le Mayeur conducted himself all along like a brave man, and a worthy citizen. Five Dutch sailors belonging to the *Louisa*, who carried our ammunition, were also highly useful to us.

On the twenty-fifth in the morning, I allowed the neighbouring blacks who had crowded round the fort, to demolish it, and to take the nails and the iron-work employed in its construction. It was entirely destroyed when we quitted it at three in the afternoon, after having set fire to the town.

On the same morning Madame la Baronne de la Delstein, wife of M. de Benyowsky's prime counsellor, or second in command, and a Portuguese lady of Rio Janeiro (Donna Maria Anna) were delivered into our hands by the blacks; when all the arrangements were completed, and we had returned to the magazine, I embarked my prisoners, and thirty-seven men of my detachment to guard them, and I remained on shore with the rest to procure provisions for the ship, which was in total want of them.

On the 26th, at seven in the morning, the Chief of Anguougue bay, and of the entire tract of country lying between it and the bay of Antongil, came to request our friendship, and to assure us of his entire devotion to the French interests; I received him well, pretending to be quite unconscious that, but the second day before, he had sworn to M. de Benyowsky to die beside him, and that his son and his subjects had fought against us in the fort.

The entire of this day passed in *cabas*, or national meetings; the chief swore to be henceforth the friend of the French alone, and to favour no commercial treaties but theirs. He procured food for us, and presented us with four oxen.

On the 27th we embarked the provisions we were in want of, and returned on board. The night of the 27th was very dangerous; towards ten o'clock we dragged our anchors, and our danger increased every instant; carried away by the force of the current, we were on the point of being dashed against the reefs, from which we were now distant but half a cable's length. We could only hope for safety by casting out a third anchor; the bad state of the long boat, and the high sea that ran, made this attempt dangerous. We tried, however, and most fortunately were successful. The rising tide enabled the long boat to tow the ship against the current, until she had gained a distance from the reefs, when the third anchor held. Towards morning the wind fell, and we repaired whatever damage we had suffered.

The 28th in the morning we weighed anchor, to return to Foulpoint, where we did not arrive until yesterday, the 12th July, the state of the weather obliging us to pass the intermediate time at the Island of Saint Marie. We found the Subtle anchored in Foulpoint Roads, which is to bring us back to the Isle of France; we are not to embark until the 18th.

This day the 13th of July, King Hyavi came to the French palisades with all his suite, and was saluted with fifteen guns. We held a grand *cabas*, in which the profound respect he testified for the French nation (since the recent success of their arms) makes me think he will grant whatever we shall think fit to ask of him. Messrs. the Agents of Negotiation, entrusted with your orders, will give you a detail of all that passes in this council. To-morrow I shall bring to a public sale the trifling property found in the fort and the town; I don't think

the entire will bring more than two hundred piastres, which I shall distribute amongst the soldiers. On the person of M. de Benyowsky there was found but a demi-piastre: he had but few valuables, and but little ammunition. We took possession of the two cannon and the four carronades; as to his papers, they are all contained in a large portfolio, which I shall have the honour of presenting to you myself, with the minutes of his *soi-disant* council.

Thus, General, has our expedition terminated. M. de Benyowsky alone was killed; I wished to have saved him, but his ferocity did not allow me to do it. With this intent, I made my men reserve their fire until it was not possible to do so, without being completely exposed to the enemy's fire. His design was, clearly, never to capitulate, and never to be taken alive; what proves this, is his obstinacy in the combat, and that he might have sent us a flag of truce three times, whom we should have respected; the first time, was the morning we made the descent, which he showed he was aware of by the musket-shot fired against us by his orders; the second, at the barrier, that terminated the path through the forest; the third, behind his own house, where we halted sufficiently long to have received one.

As to myself, judging of his disposition from the reasons that induced M. Le Mayeur to refuse risking his person, of which I already have spoken, I dared not endanger so evidently the life either of an officer or a soldier. A second most important objection to my having sent him a flag was, that it would have allowed him time to escape, and the capture of the fort, without that of his person, would not have completed our purpose. He would have been unceasingly raising up enemies against us, and perhaps ultimately have destroyed our establishment at Foulpoint, which he intended in a short time to have at least attempted; for on the 28th of this month, he was to have assembled all the neighbouring nations, and led them to attack Hyavi, our ally, at Foulpoint, which would probably have been carried by assault.

The greatest part of his effects was, as I am informed, at Cape d'Ambre, the spot where he first landed, on the western coast, at the distance of a hundred leagues from this place.

Condescend, General, to accept the assurances of the profound respect with which I am, &c.

L'ARCHER,
Captain and Adjutant of the regiment
of Pondicherry.

From the London Magazine.

THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRA.

Is the heart of the Pyrenees, on the borders of Catalonia, lies the wild and picturesque valley of Andorra, a little republic, priding itself in the freedom and independence it has preserved for centuries. It boasts of the respect paid to its territory during the various broils that have agitated the contiguous provinces of two powerful nations, and glories in the having always afforded a safe asylum for refugees of all descriptions. Some persons might indeed

be inclined to suppose, that they have been neglected from their insignificance, or, perhaps, through ignorance of their existence; but such sentiments cannot, of course, be entertained by the high-minded Andorrans.

So little, however, are they known to their neighbours, that many have lived for years within sight of the very mountains which form their boundaries, without having ever heard so much as the name of Andorra. Some attention was at last excited by the accidental mention, during the last Spanish war, of a neutral state, whose independence had been alike respected by both the contending parties; and a short sketch of its political situation and government was published in the *Revue Encyclopedique* for February, 1823. This account related only to its state previous to the French Revolution, and it is at the same time intimated, that it had undergone some change in consequence of that event. My curiosity was thus excited; and some time after, during the course of an excursion over the eastern Pyrenees, I availed myself of the opportunity of paying a visit to this "happy valley," where I spent a few days enjoying its natural beauties; but no less delighted when I returned to Mont Louis, to find myself once more in a civilized country.

The valley of Andorra is separated from the French department of the Ariège by the central ridge of the Pyrenees. A number of torrents descending from their snowy summits, are soon collected into three or four considerable streams, which are successively combined into one river, the Embalire, and finally fall into the Segre, at La Seu de Urgel, about ten miles below the frontiers of the republic. The deep and narrow valleys formed by these torrents, and the intervening mountains, constitute the territory of the state. The boundary line, therefore, lies on all sides along the centre of lofty ridges, interrupted only by the narrow chasm through which the Embalire makes its exit, and which forms, as it were, the gate to the republic. Towards Franco and Arragon numerous passages (here called *ports*) establish a communication, over the mountains, with the contiguous valleys of Caroll, Ax, Viadossos, Siguer, &c. and some of them are much frequented in summer. During the winter months the snow renders them impassable, and then the narrow pathway which winds along the precipitous banks of the Embalire, at the foot of high over-hanging rocks, is the only practicable road to the city and state of Andorra.

Before the French Revolution, the judiciary power is said to have been exercised by two *viguers*, named, the one by the king of France, the other by the bishop of Urgel, without appeal in criminal causes, and with appeal to the power who had named the *viguier* in the case of civil affairs. The police was kept in each of the six commonalties* of the republic, by

* These commonalties are Canillo, Encamp, Ordino, La Massara, Andorra-la-Vieja, and San-Julia, all of them very considerable villages; besides which there are a great number of smaller *villages*, that name being given to any group of a dozen or more houses, collect-

two consuls, named by the general council of the state, and a tribute of some thirty or forty pounds was paid alternately to the bishop of Urgel and to the county of Foix. But, at the time of the Revolution, all these forms were abolished, as savouring of feudalism, and if ever they had really been so regularly organized, there is nothing of the kind at present. There may indeed still exist a *general council of the valley*, consisting of twenty-four members, as described in the above mentioned *Revue Encyclopedique*, and it may possibly meet on extraordinary occasions; but these must occur very seldom, for those inhabitants whom I questioned knew nothing about it. When I asked who were their governors, they pointed to the tree of liberty which rears its lofty head over the centre of every village, and said they were free; no man had a right to control their actions. "We pay no taxes," said they; "we are not tormented by *gendarmes*, *green-coats*, or *rats-de-cave*! we want no passports to quit our country; we are favourably received by our neighbours, who dare not enter our territory without our leave, not even in the pursuit of criminals and outlaws. We protect all those who seek an asylum amongst us; and our valley contains, at the present moment, a large number of Spaniards, who have fled from the tyranny of Ferdinand." "But when crimes are committed in your territory, when you quarrel among one another, who settles your disputes?" "El Senor Rector." "And if two villages, each with its curate, fall out together, what do you then do?" They did not seem to admit the possibility of this, but my guide hinted to me, that then they *fight it out*. And there was nothing in the general looks of the inhabitants, nor in one or two little occurrences of which I was almost an eye-witness, which might tend to contradict the assertion.

It appears that these curates are the real governors. A little less ignorant than their parishioners, they have just sense enough to keep up that superstitious reverence to the clerical habit which ensures implicit faith in their doctrines, and passive obedience to their dictates. They all depend, in some measure, on the bishop of Urgel; and inasmuch as they are disposed to conform to his will, they are under his dominion; but, in fact, his influence is small, and would perhaps be totally annihilated, were he to attempt to contradict his subordinates. There exists also a *viguier*, who resides in the capital, where he has something less to do than a French "maire de village," and is probably as frequently absent on smuggling expeditions as any of the citizens. Some years ago, a deputation was sent to the French minister of the interior, applying for the confirmation of this magistrate. The minister never having heard of the nation which sent these ambassadors, applied to his colleague of

ed round a tree of liberty. There are also numerous solitary farms, wherever the valleys are broad enough to admit of habitation.

† *Green-coats* and *rats-de-cave*. These are the nick-names given in the South of France to custom-house officers, whose uniforms are green; and to the inspectors of the *droits-réunis*, or excise on spirituous liquors.

foreign affairs, who knew just as little of the matter; so, after referring to the map, to ascertain its existence, they turned over their old archives, and discovering at last the titles to this right of *suzeraineté*, confirmed the viguier in his office.

It may appear a matter of surprise, that, after so many wars between the two bordering nations—after such frequent and bloody disputes about comparatively insignificant portions of territory, this apparently rich and populous valley should have escaped the grasp of either of the rival powers, when at last their respective boundaries were determined upon, and definitively marked out. The matter is thus explained by the inhabitants. It was contrived, say they, by an archbishop, who was all-powerful in Roussillon at the time of the demarcation, in the reign of Louis XIV. His object was to encourage the contraband trade, feeling, as he did, a peculiar affection for smugglers. He was persuaded that they were very useful members of society in general, and particularly beneficial to his own diocese, of which an unequivocal proof was furnished by the flourishing state of his private coffers. His heart melted into pity at the thoughts of the numerous toils and hardships to which that excellent class of persons were every where exposed—driven from place to place by the merciless persecution of the *green-coats*—and he thought, that in Christian charity and gratitude, he ought, now that he had so good an opportunity, to procure them an asylum where they would be safe from pursuit. He therefore selected the valley of Andorra, as being happily situated for the purpose; and, as a farther encouragement to the trade, he made a number of other ingenious arrangements (at Livia and elsewhere) whereby *neutral roads*, and other such convenient pretexts, might occasionally save them from a fine or a seizure. Such is the story, as it was told to me: whether the effects which may now be observed, really originated in his contrivance, or whether the story has been invented to account for the effects, is more than I can at present determine; but the tale is very probable.

Smuggling is, indeed, their chief occupation, almost the only one, besides sheep and cattle feeding, which the nature of their country affords. Their rugged mountains, rising one above another to the height of ten or eleven thousand feet from the level of the sea, and clothed with forests of pine and beech, or with luxuriant summer pastures, descend, towards the southern extremity, nearly to the level of the Spanish plains. With this immense declivity, in the short distance of forty miles, the sides of the mountains are too precipitous to admit of cultivation—of cultivation without more toil and labour than the Andorrans are willing to bestow. This hardy, but indolent race of men, can never be prevailed upon to imitate the persevering industry of their northern neighbours, to cover with corn-fields, or water-meadows, every spot of land where a footing can be obtained by the labourer; nor to suspend themselves, by means of a rope fastened round their bodies, whilst they mow those fields which would otherwise have been inaccessible. The Andorrans are not so labo-

rious; they must have rich crops with little exertion, or they will have no crops at all. When they scatter their seed, they merely scratch over with their primitive *aratro*, (in name and in form the Roman *aratrum*;) the little plains which border the Embalire, and other torrents, at the bottom of their deep valleys. Relying upon the heat of the sun, the frequency of showers, and the richness of the alluvial soil washed down from the overhanging forests, for the farther care of their fields, they leave nature to bring forth what crop she pleases. Higher up the valleys, where the cultivation of grain would be attended with more difficulty, their agricultural labours are confined to the directing the course of some of the smaller torrents, so as to irrigate their meadows. But here again they leave the rest to nature; the large unbelliferous, and some other noxious plants, so common amongst these mountains, are suffered to overgrow and to smother the more delicate, but more useful and nutritive grasses.

The greater part of the territory consists in mountain pasture, a portion of which is devoted to the summer feed of as many sheep or goats as they can entertain in winter in the lower parts of the valleys. The remaining mountains, those in particular which border upon the French territory, are let out, for the summer months, to their neighbours, and the rents they obtain suffice to pay any charges that may fall upon the several communalities. Their woods are of no great value, on account of the difficulty of transporting the timber. Some iron mines are also worked near the Soulane, or pass of the Arrière, but their produce is at present of very small importance.

The valley is, however, populous; and, compared to the interior of Catalonia, it is rich. The extent to which the contraband trade, between France and Spain, is carried by the inhabitants, not only serves for their support, but enables them, during their absence, to call in labourers from the department of the Arrière for the gathering in of their scanty harvests, and for the collecting the forage which is to serve for their mules' winter fodder. In these smuggling expeditions, the Andorrans are generally employed by French merchants of the valley of Caroll, who contrive to amass considerable fortunes, notwithstanding the frequent seizures made by the custom-house officers, of whom there are no less than six brigades in that single valley. On the Spanish side, the chief entrepôts are Puycerdà and La Seu de Urgel, though the Andorrans often hire themselves and their mules for much more distant expeditions. The smuggled articles do not appear to be of so much value as one might be led to suppose. Paper, rags, mules, and a few articles of French manufacture, are exchanged for Spanish piastres, and small quantities of tobacco, chocolate, cork, &c. as well as red caps and *espartilles* for the Roussillon peasantry. A great many leeches are also collected in the marshes of the south-eastern coast of Spain, and imported into France over the Pyrenean passes. The illicit trade of spirituous liquors, so common in all countries, is carried on in a proportionate degree along this frontier.

The Andorrans have no idea of any of the

common comforts of life. Nothing can be more dismal than the exterior appearance of their villages, unless it be the interior of their houses. Having no carts, nor wheel carriages of any description, they do not want streets broader than what will enable two loaded mules to pass one another. Along these winding, steep, and stony lanes, their houses are crowded in irregular groups, rising one above the other at the foot of the mountains, and so situated that, to reach their stables, the mules have often to scramble up a long flight of rough steps hewn in the rocks. The colour of the houses is as dismal as that of the surrounding precipices, or of the dark evergreens which overshadow their base. In the interior, the uniform sable hue, both of the walls and ceilings, induced me to suppose that it had been the custom to paint them that colour; but, upon inquiry, I found it to be the effect of the smoke of the pine wood, allowed to make its exit more frequently through the door-way or the window, than up the chimney. In winter this smoke is much increased, as the pine wood serves them for illumination as well as for fuel; candles and oil seldom find their way here. Glass is a commodity absolutely unknown in this republic. The holes called windows are roughly closed at night by wooden shutters, which, being never painted, exhibit signs of decay, gradual decay, long before any repair is thought necessary. White-washing is not much more common than paint; I met with but two plastered houses in the capital, and I do not recollect having seen any in the other villages.

In such a country it cannot be expected that travellers should meet with very superior accommodation. Before I visited the valley, I had heard of its discomforts, and made my provisions accordingly; yet it was a considerable relief to me when I had recrossed the frontier. On my first arrival at Andorra, I was conducted to what was said to be the best *ostal*, which the etymologist may call a *hotel*, but the experienced traveller must translate a *horrel*. My guide stopped before a mean looking door, through the chinks of which I could discover a rack and manger, and some large leathern wine jars, the only indication of its being a public house of entertainment. No friendly inscription was there, to convey any hope that the interior of the house might be found more agreeable than the exterior appearance. I knew I could no longer expect the professions of liberality so pompously announced by French innkeepers, who "donnent à boire et à manger;" but I looked out in vain for the safer and more friendly intimation, "Ici on loge à pied et à cheval." Not a withered bush could be discovered to indicate the sale of refreshments; nor even the busy hostess, always ready in remote villages, to question, if not to welcome, extraordinary visitors. *Canou ya?* (who's there?) and *Ya pas degus?* (is no one there?) had been repeated with many a loud thump at the door, when an old woman appeared at last, but with the unwelcome intelligence, that we must go and seek a lodging elsewhere, as the only bed she had was occupied by her sick husband.

At the second-best and only remaining inn,

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(second-best in reputation, but without much difference in appearance,) I met with a better fortune. This house had two beds, one was occupied by the family, and the other, in the garret, was offered to me. The lower part of the house consisted of a stable, cellar, or store-house; it would be hard to say which to call it, or whether to consider it as one room or three. The first story contained the kitchen, on the floor of which were stretched half a dozen Ariège reapers, snoring out their *siesta*. In one corner was an alcove, or cupboard, the family bed-place, in which a poor infant was struggling to release its limbs from the swaddling bandages, whilst its elder brother was squalling for his dinner. On the opposite side was the fire-place, enclosed by a high wooden partition, with the hearth in the middle, and wooden benches all around. Here were the hostess and her maid frying some bacon and eggs, the fumes of which, combining with the thick smoke of the fuel, after circulating over the whole house, found its exit—not through the funnel-shaped chimney, placed for the purpose nearly over the fire-place, but by the doors and windows, to which was directed the strong current that was pouring down the chimney. Among the remaining inhabitants of this room were two or three half-starved cats, prowling about for what they could steal; the reapers' dogs slumbering by the side of their masters, and here and there a cock or a hen picking up the crumbs.

When the first bustle of my arrival was over, I was conducted to my bed-room, a large garret, without windows or fire-place, but well supplied with light and air from between the tiles of the roof, and with the kitchen fumes through the chinks of the boarded floor. Here was a stump bedstead, and upon it a pailasse, and the Andorran succedaneum for blankets and sheets—a large sack, made of untanned sheepskins, the wool being inside. The wealthy citizens sleep off the fatigues of the day in these odoriferous beds; sometimes two or three in the same sack, independently of the myriads of smaller bed-fellows, whose presence they are not aware of. The domestics and poorer peasantry, following their mules to the stables, stretch themselves upon the straw which they steal from the litter; or, wrapped in their large woollen cloaks, lie down on a bench, a table, or the kitchen floor.

The food which I met with was not more refined than the domestic conveniences, but in that respect I was told, that I visited the valley at an unlucky moment. The men were all out on various expeditions; the women were mostly assisting the reapers and hay-makers; the butcher therefore did not kill any meat; the hot weather had moreover lasted some time, and the winter provisions of bacon were expended, or turned rancid. The cheeses were all alive; even milk was scarce, for but few of the kids had as yet been taken from their mothers. I was obliged to have recourse to the stores I had brought with me; to which was added a young goat, sacrificed upon the express condition that I should purchase the whole; a few slices of bacon, such as it was, and the only loaf of white bread that the city of Andorra could furnish. The natives live chiefly

3 A

upon rye bread, *rostes*, (fried bacon,) and soup, generally made by boiling some fat of salt pork, and a root or two of garlick, in a large kettle of water, and pouring the liquor over a dish full of slices of brown bread. In winter they are said to live much better, and eat both beef and mutton, besides sausages, and other preparations of pork. Game, such as hares, partridges, ptarmigans, woodcocks, &c. is by no means uncommon; but at the time of our visits, the peasants were all too busy for shooting.

During my short stay among these republicans, I had not sufficient opportunities for forming any correct estimate of their morals. They certainly do not enjoy a very excellent reputation; and I was strongly recommended not to venture into this "den of outlaws and thieves," without an ample provision of pistols and fire-arms. Yet I never felt the slightest uneasiness from having neglected this precaution. I knew, that if the valley had occasionally served as a temporary asylum for criminals, that could not now be the case, when Spain afforded them equal protection from the avenging sword of justice, and a wider field for their future exploits; and as to those political refugees, who sought to escape from Ferdinand and his inquisitors, they certainly were not such as to inspire a traveller with any fear. My good hostesses made it a rule to charge in the inverse proportion of the commodities they furnished; and my guides showed themselves more eager for their pay, than for the fulfilment of any other article of our stipulations; but I had been too long acquainted with the Languedoc and Roussillon peasantry, to be alarmed at any such systems of cheating.

In other respects I found the men civil and attentive, and the women as much as was compatible with their impertinent curiosity. All are exceedingly superstitious, conforming exactly to the exterior forms of worship, devoutly kneeling or crossing themselves to every image of the Virgin that they pass; saying an Ave Maria wherever the shed which covers the image is dignified by the name of a chapel; but not one of them knows much of the religion they profess, excepting that it enjoins implicit obedience to their curates. Their ignorance, on all occasions, is excessive; few, if any, can read or write; very few can speak either French or Spanish, notwithstanding their constant intercourse with these two nations. Their language is the Catalan, somewhat modified by the neighbourhood of the Arragonese patois. It is a harsh sounding dialect, far inferior to the Languedocian, though resembling it in many respects. The dress and manners are entirely Catalonian, and neither is improved by the roving and independent life they lead.

From the Monthly and European Magazine.

On! what is pleasure, in whose chase
Life's one brief day is made a race

Of vanity and lightness?

A star, to gaze on whose bright crown,
We wait until the sun goes down,

And find, when it has o'er us shone,
No warmth in all its brightness.

And what is Friendship? That false flow'r
Which spreads its leaves at daylight's hour,

And closes them at eve;
Opening its petals to the light,
Sweet-breathing while the sun shines bright,
But shut to those who, 'midst the night
Of doubt and darkness, grieve.

And what is Fame? the smile that alays,
The cup in which sweet poison plays;

At best, the flowery wreath,
That's twined around the victim's head,
When, 'midst sweet flow'rs around it spread,
And harps and timbrels' sounds, 'tis led
Melodiously, to death.

And what are Hopes? Gay butterflies
That on the breath of fancy rise,

Where'er the sun-beam lures them;
For ever, ever on the wing,
Mocking our faint steps following,
And if at last caught, perishing
In the grasp that secures them.

And our Affections, what are they?
Oh! blossoms smiling on the spray,

All beauty, and all sweetness;
But which the canker may lay bare,
Or rude hands from the branches tear,
Or blighting winds leave withering there,
Sad types of mortal fleetness.

And what is Life itself? A sail
With sometimes an auspicious gale,

And some bright sunbeams round it,
But oft'ner amidst tempests cast,
The low'ring sky, the howling blast,
And 'whelm'd beneath the wave at last,
Where never plummet sounded.

H. N.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE LORD MAYOR'S VISIT TO OXFORD, in the Month of July, 1826. Written at the desire of the Party, by the Chaplain to the Mayoralty. 12mo. pp. 157. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

WE always feel deeply our responsibility as reviewers, and none know but ourselves how many conscientious struggles distract our minds while we sift, weigh, and analyse the authors upon whose works we are called to make a just report. But there are occasions of still higher moment and importance than the rest; occasions when the intense interest, the prodigious dignity, the dazzling sublimity of the subject, the vast genius employed upon it, and the vital and universal consequences which it involves, not only for the present time, but for all time to come, alarm us to such a nervous degree, that we hardly dare venture to express an opinion upon them. Such is the case with the splendid and erudite volume now offered for our consideration.

A Parry may seek the north, a Weddell the south pole; a Denham, a Laing, or a Clapperton, may penetrate African deserts; a King or

an Owen may circumnavigate the globe;—but what are such enterprises to an overland journey from London to far-off Oxford, and a voyage in the City Barge from distant Oxford to London? The perils of the way, the dangers in passing powder-mills at Hounslow, (liable every moment to explode,) the wonders of remote and unknown regions to be seen, the adventures with strange natives to be encountered, the difficulties in procuring due subsistence, and all the marvels on earth and water—are they not enough to appal the stoutest heart, and astound the most daring imagination? Such were their proper effects upon the admirable historian of this great and ever-to-be-remembered Expedition.

Duly impressed with the immense burden of his task, he commences it like a good and sensible divine; modestly professes himself to be "the unworthiest member" of "the sacred profession," and trusts that "not any thing" in his work "will be found at all injurious to the interests of piety"! He then rushes at once into the Epic.

By Midsummer, it was determined that the Lord Mayor should undertake an Expedition to Oxford, lying somewhere in the west, but far beyond those boundaries known to the city, and which stretch to "the City Stone, near Stains." "Instructions were, accordingly, agreed to be given to the Town Clerk" (a gentleman supposed to possess the largest share of geographical intelligence near the walls of Guildhall) "to secure such accommodations at an inn in Oxford, Reading, and Windsor, as might be adequate for the civic party; and to make every other necessary arrangement." The character of these instructions shows how utterly ignorant their framers were respecting the *terra incognita* which they were so boldly resolved to traverse: poor simple souls! they fancied there was but *one inn* for Oxford, Reading, and Windsor,—probably that all these populous places, situated in different parts of the world, were huddled together like Cheap-side, King Street, and the Poultry. The last week of July was fixed on for the Expedition, on account of the climate at that period being thought most favourable, inasmuch as fevers and agues were not so likely to be caught from the marshy and infectious plains and pampas between Staines and Henley. It was also, we are told, sagaciously "*foreseen*" that this visit would fall in the long vacation," which led to much inconvenience with respect to having the "Heads of houses" (for so are the chief caboceros of Oxford called) to feast and hold a palaver with the travellers. The matter was, however, managed satisfactorily, as may be seen by the extremely interesting correspondence, inserted at full length, between Thomas Robertson, Town Clerk of Oxford, and H. Woodthorpe, Town Clerk of London. Referring to these documents, we need only point public attention to the great learning and intellect which they display; and to the happy consummation which they ingeniously brought about; namely, that the Lord Mayor should spend two days instead of one day at Oxford, and that he should dine with the worshipful mayor on one of these days, and the worshipful mayor should dine with him on the other.

Thus, continues the author, "Every preliminary arrangement being completed, and ample accommodation having been secured at the Star Inn, Oxford, for his lordship and suite, to the number of about thirty persons, the civic party began to lay their plans for the journey."

What these momentous preparations were, is not detailed; but we are informed of the result. "Mr. Alderman Atkins, accompanied by two of his daughters, Miss Atkins and Miss Sarah Jane, left his seat, Halstead Place, in Kent, on Monday, the 24th of July, and set out from London for Oxford in the cool of the following morning. On the same day, Mr. Alderman and Mrs. Lucas, with their daughters, Miss Charlotte and Miss Catharine, left their house, at Lea, in Kent, and went by land as far as Boulter's Lock, near Maidenhead, where they embarked on board the Navigation shallop, and proceeded by water to Reading." "In the meantime, the city state barge, which had recently undergone complete repair, was making its way to Oxford, under the direction of Mr. Saunders, the water-bailiff, and expended five days in its passage thither." [How a barge can expend time, is rather incomprehensible; but we were taught to expect miracles from the able Chaplain.] Nor at this eventful era were the safety and welfare of the capital of the British empire neglected;—though on travel he was bent, the Lord Mayor, like Mrs. Gilpin, had a prudent mind; and had been "careful to make every provision for his absence from London; and having found, in Alderman Sir James Shaw, Bart., who had kindly undertaken to preside at the Mansion House while his lordship was away, a gentleman to whose mature judgment and discretion might be safely left the consideration of even weightier matters than those to which the attention of the chief magistrate of London is every day called, his lordship felt that the period of this excursion would pass less anxiously away than if he had not been so fortunate as to make an arrangement in every way so satisfactory."

The subsequent departure from the Mansion House is related with all the solemnity becoming so extraordinary a movement. "On the morning of the 25th, the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and attended by the Chaplain, left the Mansion House soon after eight o'clock. The private state-carriage, drawn by four beautiful bays, had driven to the door at half-past seven. *The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful; indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried, in having the undivided charge of four high-spirited and stately horses, a circumstance somewhat unusual: for, in the Lord Mayor's carriage, a postillion usually guides the first pair of horses.* These fine animals were in admirable condition for the journey. Having been allowed a previous day of *unbroken rest*, they were quite impatient of delay, and chafed and champed exceedingly on the bits by which their impetuosity was restrained. The murmur of expectation, which had lasted for more than half an hour, amongst the crowd who had gathered around the carriage, was at length hushed by the opening of the hall door. The Lord Mayor had been filling up this interval

with instructions to the *femmes de menage*, and other household officers, who were to be left in residence, to attend, with their wonted fidelity and diligence, to their respective departments of service during his absence, and now appeared at the door. His lordship was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and followed by the Chaplain. [*Bis*, as the French say; in consequence, no doubt, of its amazing importance.] As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity, which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders, but at that steady and majestic pace, which is always an indication of real greatness." The very carriage felt its mighty charge and mission, and it seems that heaven as well as earth rejoiced. "The sun, as though it had been refreshed by the copious and seasonable showers [the sun refreshed by showers: what powers the Lord Mayor must have!] that had fallen very recently, seemed to rise more bright and clear than usual, and streamed in full glory all around, and the whole face of creation gleamed with joy."

We have however to allude to one of those tremendous events which are so apt to attend attempts of great difficulty and danger. As they neared Cranford Bridge, a cloud was seen; and it was soon ascertained that it proceeded from the blowing "up of a powder mill, on Hounslow Heath, about three quarters of a mile to the south of the road leading to Staines." The historian states that seven barrels were exploded; and adds, "the noise is reported to have been appalling, and accompanied with a perceptible vibratory motion of the earth." But circumstances of deeper interest now begin to crowd the narrative. At Cranford Bridge the Lord Mayor's horses were to repose, and then return to London, while their mighty owner proceeded post. "These noble animals, however, seemed scarcely to need the rest which their master's kindness now allotted them. For though they had drawn a somewhat heavy carriage a distance of nearly seventeen miles, they yet appeared as full of life as ever; arching their stately necks, and dashing in all directions the white foam from their mouths, as if they were displeased that they were to go no further!! Just as the carriage was about to drive away, Mr. Alderman Magnay, accompanied by his lady and daughter, arrived in a post-chaise. After an interchange of salutations, the Lady Mayoress, observing that they must be somewhat crowded in the chaise, invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat, which had yet been vacant, in the carriage. As the day was beginning to be warm, this courteous offer of her ladyship was readily accepted." From this very touching incident, pass we to Oxford, of which there is a superb picture, drawn in the author's best manner, which by way of distinction may be styled *THE FLAMING MANNER*. Never were such congratulations witnessed or such courtesies interchanged as when the chaises stopt at the Star Inn, after which "the mayor and magistrates withdrew; congratulating themselves, they said, that only another hour lay between them

and the honour of seeing at dinner, in their council chamber, the chief magistrate, and other aldermen, of London."

The travellers themselves retired to equip in apartments previously engaged by "Mr. Firth, first clerk of the town clerk," who is lauded for his services accordingly. The Lady Mayoress and seven other ladies, it should not be forgotten, "ordered dinner at the Star, and spent the evening in their own society." The male portion of the expedition went in procession to the dinner at the Town Hall; "and the company, to the number of about twenty-five, sat down at a quarter before seven o'clock, to a banquet of such a grand and costly nature, as seemed to indicate that the whole neighbouring country had been put in requisition."

The wines which were drank were "of the most expensive and rarest kind, and as cold as the most refined *bon vivant* could have wished;" and the speeches which were made are fully described. The latter, we think, ought to be printed at the Clarendon, and converted into a standard for classical oratory to be used for ever in the University of Oxford.* It seems to be a lamentable fact, that the colloquial charms of the day cannot probably be collected and preserved in a similar manner, as an eternal model of attic beauty; since the exquisite author says—"The conversation at this banquet, in the intervals of the several toasts, though naturally of a desultory and general nature, was yet such as to show that good taste, good feeling, and good sense, are by no means limited to the citizens of the metropolis."

How noble, and generous, and liberal, is this admission! it does honour to the superlative chaplain, and merits to be printed in letters of gold. How poetical, too, is the following turn of phrase—"The clock had nearly sounded within an hour of midnight, when the Lord Mayor rose from table, and was followed by the rest of the company. Coffee was handed round."

The ensuing day, Wednesday, was as full of glorious doings and immortal recollections as the preceding Tuesday. "Mr. Alderman Heygate and his lady, accompanied by Miss M. Murdo (Mrs. H.'s sister) joined the civic party;" and "as soon as the first greetings of the day had passed, an ample breakfast was provided in a large room, on the first floor, overlooking the street called the Corn-Market. The table, which extended through the whole length of the room, was covered with as elegant linen as the wardrobe of the inn could furnish, and was loaded with a magnificent breakfast. The tea and coffee were accompanied not only with bread, warm and cold, in the shape of loaves, cakes, and biscuits, with other varieties, and butter; but with every delicacy with which the morning meal, when sumptuously provided, is usually furnished."

* "The Town Clerk of Oxford, in returning thanks for the honour which the company had done him in drinking his health, said, that if it ever fell to his province to write a history of the city of Oxford, he should record the occurrence of this day as an epoch in its annals." Well done, P. P., Clerk of the Parish!

The round of the public buildings of Oxford filled the forenoon; and we gather, that the Theatre, "being under repairs, was seen to some disadvantage;" still however, "the party were astonished to hear, that although its interior is only eighty feet by seventy, it is yet made, by consummate contrivance, and geometrical arrangement, to receive, with convenience, upwards of three thousand persons." The Clarendon printing-office quite petrified the travellers with its stores of ancient lore; but the hall of Christ-Church gave them to still more undivided admiration, in consequence of its being "said to be *unrivalled as a Refectory throughout the kingdom!*" Dr. Kidd, at the Theatre of Anatomy, by showing preparations "all so elegantly constructed as in no degree to offend the delicacy of the most refined female mind," also came in for a share of wonder and applause. Among these elegant preparations was one of peculiar interest to the city of London chief magistrate, aldermen, citizens, their ladies and wives, viz. "a portion of the *alimentary canal* of the turtle, showing the arteries and veins artificially filled with wax, and the absorbent vessels with quicksilver." Here was a subject for deep study and reflection; and accordingly our author proceeds: "The exhibition of this fine preparation drew forth some very striking observations on the subject of what is significantly styled *comparative anatomy* [carving]—that part of this wondrous science which compares the anatomy of several species of animals with that of man, for the purpose of ascertaining the degree of similarity of their internal organization to that of the human body, disregarding the occasional dissimilarity of their external form."

"The professor then took occasion to explain the process of *digestion*." Nothing could be more appropriate! He described the stomach to be "merely a membranous bag;" but is not reported to have said any thing on the important questions of its size, capability of expansion, &c.; and as to the circulation of the blood, he aptly compared it to "the distribution of the blood-vessels, and the distribution by a skilful engineer of the pipes and conduits which are to convey water to the several parts of a large city." The skill with which the learned professor adapted his demonstrations to the capacities of his hearers, is above all eulogy; but at length he touched on rather ticklish grounds, [as might be seen from the fans in use] by proving that "what passes into the lachrymal gland as blood, passes out as tears; from the glands of the mouth, as saliva; from the liver, as bile; and so on with respect to all the glands of the body." His next exhibition was addressed to another very eminent portion of the human frame in corporation function—the masticators, or teeth. "For their nourishment," he told his auditors, "there is a cavity contrived on each side of the jaw-bone, in which are lodged an artery, a vein, and a nerve, which, through smaller cavities, send their *twigs* to every tooth. The fore-teeth are formed broad, and with a thin and sharp edge, like *chisels*, to cut off a morsel from any solid food. The ones, on each side, beyond these, are stronger and deeper rooted, and some pointed, to bear *tougher aliments*. The rest are made flat and

broad at top, and somewhat uneven, that they may thereby retain, grind, and mix the aliment. The fore-teeth, called the incisors, or cutters, as they have little to do, have only one root; the grinders, designed for harder work, have three. The situation of the teeth, moreover, is most convenient:—the grinders are behind, near the centre of motion, because chewing requires considerable force; the cutters are placed in front, ready for their easier work." Upon which the pious Chaplain devoutly exclaims, "*Fresh illustrations these of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator!*"* But there are human sympathies too;—the lecture on the turtle's inside, the process of digestion, the stomach-bag to receive and the mouth so cleverly formed to prepare food,—was not without its natural results. "The day was now fast wearing on, and the Lord Mayor proposed that they should return to the inn, take some refreshment, and then resume their walk. Of his lordship's proposal no one felt disposed to decline the acceptance; for the refreshing fragrance of the air which breathed around the summit of the Radcliffe, had made the party by no means incapable,—spite of a most substantial breakfast,—of doing honour to a copious luncheon, which, at two o'clock, was presented at the Star."

We are sorry to be obliged to skip a thousand very momentous concerns; and, truly, to descend the river much more rapidly than the city barge: but we must make a short cut. Before leaving Oxford, the potentates of London saw New College Chapel, "a solemn little place," but which struck them by the "majestic sacredness of its magnificent building;" while "the grand intonations" of the organ went "warbling along the roof," in the vain hope of inducing the ladies to "contribute their contingent." Then came the grand civic dinner, with "Mr. Cope, the city marshal, dressed in full uniform;" the chaplain himself "in clerical robes;" "assistants," "bailiffs," and the Lady Mayoress, "arrayed in the most splendid manner, wearing a towering plume of ostrich feathers, and blazing with diamonds." The onslaught against the feast itself is delineated with all the fire and energy of a true man. "When the chaplain, by craving a blessing on the feast, had set the guests at liberty to address themselves to the dainties before them, and the room was illuminated throughout by a profusion of delicate wax candles, which cast a light as of broad day over the apartment, it would not have been easy for any eye, however accustomed to look on splendour, not to have been delighted, in no common manner, with the elegance of the classic and civic scene now exhibited in the dining-parlour of the first inn in Oxford." The toasts, too, combined "loyalty!" "literature!" and "religion!"!; and when the Lady Mayoress was drunk, "the toast (we are told) was hailed with

* Another of the recondite topics mentioned by the observant author, was the assertion that the eye was not only a very convenient organ, but placed in the most convenient situation; for though "*in the hand*, indeed, it might have been more ready for service, to how many dangers would it have been exposed!"

warm demonstrations of respect—and the honour was acknowledged with considerable point and taste by Mr. Lockhart, *the member*, at her ladyship's request."

After this, we are not surprised to learn that "*the ladies had, to the great gratification of the company, sat longer than is usual at most tables;*" and yet, incredible as it may appear, "their departure, so far from being succeeded by that obstreperous and vulgar merriment, or any thing like that gross profligacy of conversation, which indicates rejoicing at being emancipated from the restraint of female presence, only gave occasion to the magistrates of Oxford to express their wish, that, in the invitations to their corporation dinners, arrangements could be made that would include the ladies!"

Thus it is that civilization and refinement are carried by British enterprise into distant parts. We have no doubt but that the visit of the Pride of London to Oxford will lead to immense improvements in that Quarter of such Boeotian name; that the ladies will hereafter dine with the corporation; and that gowns-women will at least rank as high and effectively as gowmsmen. Having impressed these fine and proper feelings on the people of Oxford, the natives of London set out on their homeward return, followed by the shouts and blessings of the grateful population whom they had redeemed from barbarism. It was a grand and moving ceremony. In a "large boat, half covered with an awning, was his lordship's yeoman of the household, who had charge of the provisions for the Lord Mayor's party; together with the cook, who was, at the time of embarkation, busily engaged in preparing a fire in a grate fixed in the bow of the boat. About seven o'clock, signals of the approach of his lordship's party were despatched and heard." "Oxford, soon, in a retrospective view, appeared a beautiful and an affecting object." Ifley Pound Lock was passed in safety, and also Sandford Lock; but the beauties of Nuneham were not seen, as "the party" happened to "be all unitedly engaged in the elegant cabin of the state barge, in doing honour to the delicacies of the Lord Mayor's breakfast table." Down, however, swept the superb flotilla, "handfuls of half-pence were scattered to the children as they kept pace in running along the banks;" and he remembered to his fame for ever, that "Mr. Alderman Atkins, who assisted the Lord Mayor in the distribution, seemed to enter with more than common pleasure into the enjoyment of the little children;" upon which the moral Chaplain bursts into one of his fine exclamations:—"It is wonderful (he cries) how much life and joy even one intelligent and good-humoured member of a pleasure party will diffuse around him. The fountain of indwelling delight, which animates his own bosom, overflows to others; and every thing around quickly freshens into smiles." Need we detail all the other remarkable passages of this extraordinary voyage? how the gracious Ammon of the hour made a coster-monger happier than ever he was before, by bidding him ride to Reading, and announce his approach; how when the state barge moved, the sun also "whirled down his broad disc;" how they were entertained at the Bear Inn, Read-

ing, with "a sumptuous supper," and there betook themselves to silence and retirement. How, on Friday, they resumed their mighty undertaking, while the bridge "was thronged beyond measure;" how Alderman Birch delivered himself of two lines from Denham, about the Thames being, "though gentle, yet not dull;" how the grounds at Hedsor Lodge are "thrown about by nature;" how the "Thames seemed to awe itself into stillness, as if to listen more attentively to the applause bestowed upon its chief conservator;" how the said conservator had achieved "high and wide renown from early boyhood to the robe of dignity;" and how when the evening began to be late, horses were in readiness on the towing paths. On Saturday, the last date of this eventful history, how the party did ample honours to the delicacies of a well-spread breakfast table at Windsor; how they saw the chapel, and thought Judas looked too villainous in West's altar-piece, the whole magistracy of London declaring that they would have convicted him at once upon his countenance; how they inspected the castle; how they paid their respects to the City Stone; how Alderman (it should surely be Admiral) Lucas's "knowledge of navigation unquestionably extends considerably beyond the rudiments of the science;" how the vessels paused at Richmond bridge, and the navigators pursued the remainder of their arduous journey over land,—"*every one's countenance deeply imbrovned by long exposure to the sun and air,*"—in short, looking just like our African or Indian travellers when they return from Timbuctoo or Persepolis.

We need only add, that the winding-up of the whole is worthy of the sublime genius of the writer. "Suffice it to say (says he), that although the party were three successive days,—two of which days included fifteen hours,—upon the water; yet, such was the fine and ever-varying nature of the home scenery around them, which was of itself sufficient to engross the attention, as the Thames made its azure sweeps round slopes of meadow land; so diversified were the occupations of reading, working, and conversation,—conversation, which, always easy and intelligent, was often such as to discover memories containing ample registers of miscellaneous snatches and fragments of sentiments, both in prose and verse, which were sometimes applied with considerable tact and address to passing scenes;—so well and interestingly, in short, were the several successive hours filled up, that no recourse was had, in any single instance throughout the voyage, either to cards or dice, or to any other of those frivolous expedients of indolence, to which so many of the evening hours of life are sacrificed, and in which that time is suffered to waste away which Providence allows us for the duties of our station; and which, when gone, shall never return." The voyage will, he continues, "be always deeply interesting to those at least connected with it, from the consideration, that the individuals of the party are never likely to meet again in this world altogether in the same society;" and then he mentions the death of one of the party since, which he justly observes, "*most impressively forbids this expectation.*"

In fine, we wish the Lord Mayor had a mitre at his disposal; for never was a head more worthy of the utmost which the civic chair could do for it, than is the head of the excellent, learned, and extraordinary divine whose *magnum opus* must augment his fame more and more, so long as London city can boast of its present intelligence, magnanimity, and glory.

☞ In justice to the late Lord Mayor, and that he may not be made the victim of ridicule by an injudicious admirer, we ought perhaps to mention that, as far as we could hear of civic doings, his mayoralty was distinguished by great liberality, and gave entire satisfaction to all ranks connected with the city. But to Mr. Dillon, his young chaplain, he may well cry, "Save me from my friends!"

From the Monthly and European Magazine.

MR. GIFFORD.

THE life of a literary man, must, in general, be looked for in his literary successes. If he has done nothing that impressed his name on the public mind, he has failed in his purpose of life; he has virtually not lived at all.

But the circumstances of Mr. Gifford's life have some peculiarities more favourable to memory than the dubious and perishing merits of authorship. He began the world in the humblest condition. By activity of mind, seconded by an instance of remarkable good fortune, he was placed on that fair level of society from which our ablest men start. By integrity of spirit, and by unwearied diligence, he still forced his way upwards, until from poverty he had risen to competence. He continued till an advanced period of life, to labour with the same industry which had been the habit of his early years, and at the age of 71, and withdrawn from all official occupation, he died almost with the pen in his hand.

Of the character of a man who had so long identified himself with a party, exaggeration on both sides may be expected. Whatever virtues or capabilities he possessed will probably, on the one side be elevated into disproportioned dignity, and on the other, degraded into unjustifiable scorn.

Having neither partialities to indulge, nor offences to retaliate, we are the more qualified to give an honest and plain sketch of Mr. Gifford's career.

He was born at Ashburton, in Devonshire. There was some recollection of his family, as having once possessed property in the county. But the property had been squandered generations before. The family had acquired no name beyond that of having struggled and died, and if all ancestry is scarcely better than a burlesque, of such an ancestry Gifford probably felt that the less was said the better. Gifford's first employment was that of a cabin-boy on board a Devonshire coaster. How his frame, decrepit and feeble at all times could have endured the severe privations and labours of the sea, is not easily conceivable. But, after some experience of this misery, he is found on shore,

apprenticed by his godfather to a shoemaker, with whom he continued long enough to be thought at least master of his trade, so far as the wit of man has advanced it in Devonshire; for he continued to wield the awl until he was twenty years old.

During this more than Egyptian slavery to a mind of any elevation, accident, propitious to him through life, and now in its most propitious shape, threw literature in his way. A young woman who took compassion on the unhappy shoemaker, lent him a book. Whether prompted by a passion for the muse, or by the more natural influence of regard for the person who had alone exhibited any consideration for him, he became a writer of verses. The verses of a village poet were then rare things. Gifford's lines met the eye of a good-natured man in the neighbourhood, of the name of Cooksley. There is some benevolence still remaining in the world, and much may be done by a little goodwill united with activity. Gifford was in the natural road to perishing of asthma, disgust, and disappointed longings, when the obscure philanthropist, this Devonshire "Man of Ross," took him by the hand, made interest enough in the vicinity to raise a small subscription, bought out his indentures, and sent him to school. His protégé was acute, naturally diligent, and probably conscious of the necessity of peculiar exertion. In the short space of two years and a half he was entered of Exeter College, Oxford.

The qualifications for entry at that time were not very high, and, once inside the walls every student might labour or lounge, according to his own will and pleasure. The diligent might indulge in boundless study, and the idle might lie on their oar, and wait till the tide of time brought liberty and their degrees. But Gifford, through life, loved reading for its own sake, and caring little for society, deprived of the means of excess, temperate by nature, and incited to the pursuit of literary distinction by the hopes and wishes of his patrons, must have been a vigorous student. Accident, which seems never to have failed him, here stood his friend in a remarkable degree. His natural fate would have been a fellowship, which has been called a thirty years walk to a church with a church-yard close beside it. The optics of human nature are said to have been made for "near-sighted glasses," and perhaps no man ever worked his way through an University, without at some time or other thinking that a fellowship was one of the most magnificent things in the world. The awe of the menials, the uncapping of the students, the absolute supremacy of the Common room; and the stately looks and attitudes generated of moving in an atmosphere of perpetual submission, have even, on the most self-denying spirits, produced the feeling, that there is a "Divinity that doth hedge a Fellow." Gifford might have soared to this height of snugginess and supremacy; have been inducted into all the lazy honours and local glories of the full sleeved gown, and worn the cap of defiance of all mankind on his erudite and angular nostril; he might have brow-beat sophisters during the week, and on Sundays rode to his curacy five miles off, and returned in exact time for Com-

mons; he might in short, have led a haughty, easy, book-worm life, equally well fed, and obscure, and gone down to the grave to slumber with the congenial Doctor Drowseys of Alma Mater. Such was Oxford in the days of his youth: times and things are changed since; and might be changed still more without injury to the fame of that most ancient "Mother of mighty men."

But he was resolved to be of some use in his generation. A college friend of his had gone to reside in the family of the late Lord Grosvenor, their letters were sent under his lordship's frank. By the omission of the second address, a letter of Gifford's was opened by Lord Grosvenor. His lordship was struck by something in it, and inquired the circumstances of the writer, and finally included him in his household as tutor of Lord Belgrave, the present Earl.

Travel, in the early days of Gifford, was like travel in the days of Pythagoras. Every man was to learn for himself. If he was to know what Rome held, or what was the art and mystery of foreign life, nay, what were the pomps of Paris, or the frolics of Versailles, he must hunt his knowledge down in person. The world had not then become the world that it is; a map spotted over with clusters of tourists and of those tourists, every soul devoted to the eternal use of pen and paper. Note books were things unheard of in the generation of fifty years ago. No printer waited with his Press stopped, for the arrival of the postman; and no publisher lauded and magnified his own forthcoming treasure, and tantalized the curiosity of newspaper mankind, by daily announcements in every form of stimulation, from the simple name, to the expanded title, and from the expanded title, to the Critique anticipatory.

Yet the change, ludicrous as it is in some points, is on the whole, infinitely for the better; to the traveller better; for, though one hundred or one thousand may publish only to the affliction of their booksellers, yet all keep at least their own eyes open while they are abroad; objects of rational curiosity exercise a rational interest; discourses of real value in ancient learning, or modern peculiarities, are the fruit of the fortunate; and to all the very act of employing their minds in the more manly and interesting recollections which alone they dare to commit to the public, is an important and improving occupation.

With the "gentleman" of fifty years ago, he was of another calibre. Nominally going abroad for knowledge of mankind, he came back with no knowledge but of some French gambling house or Italian Casino. If he went out a clown, he returned a coxcomb. If his habits at home were moderate and manly, he became infected with the frivolity, the impertinence and the aristocratic pride of a Continent on which a man without a title, or a frippery decoration at his button-hole, passed for nothing. His native tongue was turned into a bastard dialect of bad French, bad Italian, and bad German; and whatever religion he might have taken with him, was corrupted into the open infidelity that was then rotting the Continent to the core. It was from this school that Charles the Second's stock was propagated

through England; that popery lost its repugnance to the British statesman; that slavery, its inseparable companion, was gradually sliding its way into the constitution; that Walpole was enabled to make his infamous and impious boast, that "Every man had his price," and that Chesterfield's Letters did not put their writer in the pillory.

Pope, in some of his fine lines, describes the travelled man of his day, and the character was but little changed long afterwards,—we quote from memory, and imperfectly.

——"He travelled Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground:
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas, and the fair.
Till home regains him, perfectly well bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head,
Stol'n from a duel, followed by a nun,
And, if a Borough chose him, *not undone*."

The Revolutionary war put a stop to this intercourse, and the character of the higher orders of England became from that moment of a manlier, more intelligent, and more elevated spirit. The frivolities of the Continent were cut off from us, a wall of iron was suddenly thrown up between what remained to us of idle opulence and what remained to it of easy temptation, and, before that wall was broken down, there was time for the follies of the past age to perish out of our memories, to lose their hold on the fashionable life of England, and with it to lose their power of evil.

Our men of education and rank travelled in the interval, but it was into countries divested of the profligate indulgencies that had made up the life of the old *roués* of the grand tour. Classic researches, the curious spectacle of civilization advancing, and barbarism receding in the north; the natural treasures and wild beauty of the countries bordering on the Baltic; the strange splendours and ferocious dignity of the Oriental sovereignties; the imperishable grandeur and lofty recollections of Greece; formed the contemplation and knowledge of our travellers. With nobler subjects and a higher education for feeling and transmitting them, the narratives of British travel became more accurate, intelligent, and vivid; and we now possess, in our own tongue, a greater extent of interesting and true information on the general state of the Globe than is to be found in all the languages of all its other nations.

The observations of a man like Gifford, travelling with the advantages afforded by his association with the heir of one of the most opulent nobles of England, must have been valuable in whatever age or country they might be formed. But it was not the fashion of the day to publish travels. Lord Sandwich's "Voyage up the Mediterranean," was almost the only tour written by a man of condition; and the hundreds and thousands of tutors, not ill-named *ber-le ders*, who dance their noble pupils about the courts, thought that they had done all that could be expected of mortal man, when they brought their future patron home unamerced in life or limb, but utterly scandalized in character, nor incurably decayed in constitution.

Gifford's first attempt at public notice, had

been "Proposals for a translation of Juvenal," by subscription. It was begun early, probably, in his College life. But the interruptions of travel, studies, ill-health, the various changes which break up the purposes of the man of literature more than any other, and gain him the imputation of fickleness or indolence, while he is groaning under the anxiety to resume his original pursuit, and outrageous at the obstacles that, as if by magic, start up to wring the pen out of his hand, delayed the completion of his *Juvenal* for nearly twenty years. It was, however, finished at last; and in it the English reader may enjoy the full vigour of the greatest of all satirists. He will find all the force, and nearly all the pungency, but he will not find the elegance of phrase. *Juvenal*, in all the grossness of his pictures, is distinguished for finish of language. The sternness, naughty dignity, and axiomatic power of the matchless original, are visible in the *cast*, moulded by Gifford; but the brilliancy and polish have escaped his artist hand.

The "*Baviad* and *Mæviad*" brought him into more direct publicity. A childish newspaper interchange of complimentary verses, in the genuine style of the "*Verses by a Person of Quality*," had at first attracted the curiosity, then excited the ridicule, and then inflamed the wrath of the worldly criticism. The feebleness of the poetry might have escaped; but it had risen into fashion, and fashionable people had, by degrees, become contributors. The crime of the "*Della Crusca*" school was now past all patience, and Gifford sharpened his pen for stinging it to death. He produced a bitter succession of verses, and obtained for himself some reputation as a literary scarifier. But the object of his fury was worth neither his fears, his wrath, nor his verses. It was dying before he attacked it; and he only assisted to give a little publicity to its funeral. The chief Muses of the *Della Crusca* were women, and therefore not the legitimate object of attack; or careless and idle men, to whom attack was amusing, as giving them something to stir up the languor of a life spent about the Clubs. Mrs. Robinson was too pretty, and too unfortunate for the vengeance of a poet. Mrs. Cowley had deserved too well of the drama, to be justifiably charged with debasing literature. Major Topham, Andrews, Merry, and the rest, probably, cared nothing on the subject, and only scoffed at the remote irritation of a writer, who "lived somewhere out of the knowledge of any gentleman of their acquaintance."

The French Revolution was one of the fortunate accidents of Gifford's life. It swept away kings, nobles, bishops, and generals, in all directions. But it urged him upwards into a connexion with those whose praise, though it may not always be fame, is generally fortune. The violence and activity of the republican newspapers had totally broken down the lazy loyalty and insipid decency of the ministerial. The Revolution was the reign of newspapers. It was the first time that their importance began to be thoroughly felt. It happens by a curious anomaly in nations, and in individuals, that they generally go wrong before they go right. The *Wrong* is the im-

pulse, the Right, the lesson. England, to which republicanism must be ruin, was mad for republicanism. The Whigs, to every man of whom worth plundering, or leading to the block, it would have been confiscation and the guillotine: the Whigs, the chief landholders and exclusive boroughmongers of England, in their usual deference to the wisdom of the mob, cried out for "Reform," which their ragged masters in the streets more honestly called "Revolution." All the newspapers that were not expressly intended for circulation among the chambermaids of the West End, and the lords of the household, were Whig; all the aspirants for popularity were Whigs; all who thought this change must come, and wished to secure an interest with the new republic; all who had their fortunes to make by trafficking with their principles; all who were afraid to declare their faith in a God, or their loyalty to a king; and all who cared for neither the one nor the other; all the disappointed, the bankrupt, the profligate, the bloodthirsty, the atheist, the mad, were Whigs, sworn on the altar of republicanism, and stretching out their arms to give the fraternal embrace to the revolutionary state that stood on the other side of the channel, dripping with regicide.

In this crisis, the Anti-jacobin newspaper was commenced. Its principal contributors were men of scholarship, pleasantries, and what was of more importance to success than either, of intimate intercourse with the higher ranks of both the country and the administration.— This enabled them to speak with a decided tone, that gave them the most immediate advantage over the adverse journals, which pre-eminence in impudence as they were, dared not always affirm or deny with the vigour essential to popular confidence. The Anti-jacobin had a corner expressly for "the Lies" of the opposition papers, which it dashed in the teeth of the Whigs, with the least conceivable ceremony. A considerable succession of pleasant burlesques on the puffs, fooleries, sentimentalities and sublimities of the Whigs and their instruments, made the Anti-jacobin amusing even to those who hated its politics. And some bold and polished specimens of poetry, unattainable by the opposite journals, completed its superiority. A burlesque of the German drama; *The Loves of the Triangles*; a burlesque of Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*; "*Morality*," a powerful poetic satire on the new fantasies of reform, were among the finer features of the work; and its effect in repelling their insolence, and blunting the mischief of the revolutionary journals, was beyond question. But it ceased at the close of the year. Its contributors had gradually become known, as is the inevitable case in all joint contributions of public writing. The names of Canning, Ellis, Frere, Lord Morington, and others, had involuntarily made their way through the disguise of Gifford's editorial cloak. And whether their decorum was touched, or the time was suddenly employed, they gave up the Anti-jacobin. It is curious that Mr. Pitt began an *Essay on Revolutionary Principles*, which he had not the patience to extend beyond a single page; it breaks off abruptly. The most fluent and deep-thinking speaker of his era;

he was probably disgusted with the tardiness of the pen. Like Michael Angelo, he scorned to waste on *oils*, the genius that in *fresco* was Creation.

But this connexion served the pecuniary interests of the editor. Governments are in general careless of services, where the servant is not powerful enough to establish his claim to compulsory gratitude; and of all governments of the globe, that of England has at all times exhibited the most exemplary delicacy of finance in the recompense of literature. The ministerial recollection of Gifford's services was not a signal exception to the rule; yet he obtained, we believe, on this occasion, the paymastership of a department of the Household.

The final and luckiest accident of his life, was the rise of the Edinburgh Review. The Whig papers had been bruised, if not yet altogether crushed, when their spirit started up in another shape. The Dragon appeared in the northern hemisphere, and its appearing "portended disastrous eclipse" to constitutional literature. In England, as was observed before, the first impulse is always wrong. The first impulse was to receive the Northern Review as an oracle. It was cleverly compiled; was always showy; often learned; sometimes eloquent; it dashed boldly into the tossing tide of public opinions, and won its way with a vigorous arm, and a head always kept high. At length the mind of England grew tired of being lectured in politics, religion, and all other things, by a convocation of Scotch doctors and lawyers, throwing off the refuse of their leisure hours in the abuse of the constitution. The Quarterly Review was the fruit of this weariness; and Gifford, from his connexion with some of the principal ministerialists, was appointed its editor. He was now in his vocation. He was born for editorship. He gave the Review a vast circulation, and it returned the service by the indulgence of his pen, by reputation, and by the wish of Pangloss in its fullest hope—"nine hundred pounds a year."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A FAMILY GROUP

It was in full-blown June, (when Phœbus glides Down on his golden path to Thetis' bowers,) That, in an antique room whose massy sides Were oak, all overgrown with knots of flowers, Broad leaves, and bunches of the swollen grape, And many a dream carved out in florid shape, A stately couple sate—the dame was fair, Though Time with silver hands had touch'd her hair:

Her husband, bald enough for Cæsar's crown, Wore, like some triumph past, his soldier's frown

Wherewith he daunted once the mailed foe:— Near them, (and as a snow-drop aye will blow More beautiful in ice than summer's shade,) All passion-pale, there sate a down-eyed maid, Their daughter, whose small fingers plied some toil

Till flowers came blushing from the barren soil;

Some white, some star-eyed, some all youth, like May,

And some lit up with love, like crimsoning day— They had no light, and yet all sprang and flourish'd

By her intense and passionate glances nourish'd

To life as love is, which uncherish'd dies,— The pensée turning back its golden eyes; Blue violets, the spring's treasure, ever found In that sweet tempest which first wakes the ground;

And jacinths here, and there the rose was born, Surrounded by its unforgotten thorn!

Silent they sate in that old gothic room, Where Darkness watch'd the Day. Showers of perfume

Came blown in through the clouds of jasmine green,

Which laced the windows; while, within, scarce seen,

Rose pictured pannels all hung round with thought,

Which Holbein or the knightly Vandyke wrought;

And cushion'd seats, high, deep, and shaped for ease;

And carpets from beyond the Persian seas; And sculptured tables; and a mighty range

Of books, those true friends who do never change,

But haunt us with the odorous wisdom ever, And endless music, like a running river:—

There stood *Philosophy*, a patient guest, Which old men worship in their letter'd rest;

There *Truth*, the Science, perfect made and plain;

Romance, which is the truth of joy and pain; There blood-red *History*, mad with angry wars;

There gallant *Memoirs*, flush'd with gentler scars;

And many a volume old which will not die, And the soul-guiding dreams of *Poesy*!

C.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MISS ELIZABETH BENDER.

DIED, January 9th, Elizabeth O. Benger. This excellent woman was born at the city of Wells, in 1778. Her father, late in life, was impelled by an adventurous disposition to enter the navy, and became a purser. The vicissitudes of his fortune occasioned, during many years, a distressing fluctuation in the plans and prospects of his wife and daughter; and his death abroad, in 1796, left them finally with a slender provision. For some years after this event, Miss Benger resided with her mother in Wiltshire. An ardour for knowledge disclosed itself in her early childhood, and never left her. Her connexions were not literary; and her sex, no less than her situation, debarred her from the means of mental cultivation. She has been heard to relate, that in the want of books which she at one time suffered, it was her common practice to plant herself at the window of the only bookseller's shop in the little town where she then lived, to read the open pages of the new publications,

and to return again, day after day, to examine whether, by good fortune, a leaf of any of them might be turned over. But the bent of her mind was so decided, that a judicious friend prevailed upon her mother at length to indulge it; and about the age of twelve, she was sent to a boy's school to be instructed in Latin. About 1802, she prevailed upon her mother to remove to London, where, principally through the zealous friendship of Miss Sarah Wesley, she almost immediately found herself ushered into society where her merit was appreciated. The late Dr. George Gregory and his wife were amongst the firmest of her friends. By them she was introduced to Mrs. E. Hamilton, of whom she has given so interesting a memoir; soon after, to Mrs. Barbauld, and to the late Dr. Aikin. She was intimate also in the family of Mr. Smirke the architect, in whose daughter she found a friend through life. Mrs. Joanna Baillie, and Mr. T. Campbell, must not be forgotten in the list of those who took an interest in her society. Early in her literary career, Miss Benger was induced to fix her hopes of fame upon the drama, but after ample experience of the anxieties, delays and disappointments, which in this age sicken the heart of every candidate for celebrity in that department of literature, she tried her powers in other attempts, and produced first her poem on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and afterwards two novels, published anonymously. Her success, however, was not decided till she embarked in biography, and produced in succession her *Memoirs of Mrs. E. Hamilton*, of John Tobin, and *Notices of Klopstock and his Friends*, prefixed to a translation of their Letters from the German; and finally her *Life of Anne Boleyn*, and *Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots*, and of the Queen of Bohemia; and she would probably have added to her reputation by the *Memoirs of Henry IV. of France*, had longer life been lent her for their completion. Lamented as she must long and painfully be by all who truly knew her excellencies, they cannot but admit that their regrets are selfish. To her the pains of sensibility were dealt in even larger measure than its joys:—she was tried by cares, privations, and disappointments, and not seldom by unfeeling slights and thankless neglect. The infirmity of her constitution rendered life to her a long disease. Old age would have found her solitary and unprovided: now she has taken the wings of the dove, to flee away and be at rest.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

SONG FOR THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY,

BY A GENERAL LOVER.

"Mille gravem tellis exhausta pene pharetra."

APOLLO has peep'd through the shutter,
And waken'd the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The twopenny-post's in despair:
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom, on spray;

And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's Day.

Away with ye, dreams of disaster,
Away with ye, visions of law,
Of cases I never shall master,
Of pleadings I never shall draw:
Away with ye, parchments and papers,
Red tapes, unread volumes, away;
It gives a fond lover the vapours
To see you on Valentine's Day.

I'll sit in my nightcap, like Hayley,
I'll sit with my arms crost, like Spain,
Till joys, which are vanquishing daily,
Come back in their lustre again:
Oh shall I look over the waters,
Or shall I look over the way,
For the brightest and best of Earth's daughters,
To rhyme to on Valentine's Day?

Shall I crown with my worship, for fame's sake,
Some goddess whom Fashion has starr'd,
Make puns on Miss Love and her namesake,
Or pray for a *pas* with Brocard?
Shall I flirt, in romantic idea,
With Chester's adorable clay,
Or whisper in transport, "Si mea"
Cum Vestris—"on Valentine's Day?"

Shall I kneel to a Sylvia or Celia,
Whom no one e'er saw or may see,
A fancy-drawn Laura Amelia,
An *ad libit*. Anna Marie?
Shall I court an initial with stars to it,
Go mad for a G. or a J.
Get Bishop to put a few bars to it,
And print it on Valentine's Day?

Alas! ere I'm properly frantic
With some such pure figment as this,
Some visions, not quite so romantic,
Start up to demolish the bliss:
Some Will o' the Wisp in a bonnet
Still leads my lost wit quite astray,
Till up to my ears in a sonnet
I sink upon Valentine's Day.

The Dian I half bought a ring for,
On seeing her thrown in the ring;
The Naiad I took such a spring for,
From Waterloo Bridge, in the spring:—
The trembler I saved from a robber, on
My walk to the Champs Elysée:—
The warbler that fainted at Oberon,
Three months before Valentine's Day.

The gipsy I once had a spill with,
Bad luck to the Paddington team!—
The countess I chanced to be ill with
From Dover to Calais by steam:—
The lass that makes tea for Sir Stephen,
The lassie that brings in the tray:—
It's odd,—but the betting is even
Between them on Valentine's Day.

The white hands I help'd in their nutting;
The fair neck I cloak'd in the rain;
The bright eyes that thank'd me for cutting
My friend in Emmanuel lane;
The Blue that admires Mr. Barrow;
The Saint that adores Lewis Way;
The Nameless that dated from Harrow
Three couplets last Valentine's Day.

* "Si mea cum Vestris valuisse vota!"—
OVID *Mét.*

I think not of Laura the witty,
 For oh! she is married at York!—
 I sigh not for Rose of the City,
 For, ah! she is buried at Cork!—
 Adèle has a braver and better
 To say what I never could say;
 Louise cannot construe a letter
 Of English, on Valentine's Day.

So perish the leaves in the arbour,
 The tree is all bare in the blast!
 Like a wreck that is drifting to harbour,
 I come to thee, Lady, at last:
 Where art thou so lovely and lonely?
 Though idle the lute and the lay,
 The lute and the lay are thine only,
 My fairest, on Valentine's Day.

For thee I have open'd my Blackstone,
 For thee I have shut up myself;
 Exchanged my long curls for a Caxton,
 And laid my short whist on the shelf;
 For thee I have sold my old Sherry,
 For thee I have burn'd my new play;
 And I grow philosophical,—very!—
 Except upon Valentine's Day.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Wonderful Canary Birds.—The fault of our English caterers for the public amusement is, that they confine their attention too much to objects connected with art—that they appeal too exclusively to the eye. Four out of five of our popular exhibitions consist of objects calculated merely to fix certain visible images on the memory. Now this can be considered as a fault, only in its excess; and it has reached that excess in this country. We are not often enough called upon to admire the exhibition of human ingenuity, employed on matters connected more or less with the operations of intellect in its various stages and degrees. On the contrary, all our standing exhibitions are pictorial ones; and it is seldom that those temporary ones which are more particularly the objects of these notices are of a different character. It is this which now induces us to notice one, the mere merits of which we might not otherwise have thought sufficient to claim a place for it in our record. In Leicester-square there are now exhibiting some Canary birds, which have been taught to perform a number of tricks, the effect of which on the spectator is not a little striking, until he comes to perceive the means by which the motions of the little creatures are directed. And even when he does perceive those means (as every observant spectator will presently do) his surprise, though it may be much lessened in degree, will not be destroyed, but only turned into a new direction: for, instead of wondering how it is that the creature has been taught to obey certain commands, he will wonder only how he has been taught to obey certain outward and visible signs, by following which it seems to obey the said commands. The bird is let out from its cage, and on any one of the persons present desiring it to spell a given word, it hops round a circle formed by the letters of the alphabet, and picks out, one by one, the letters forming the required word. In the

same manner, it seems to calculate, by picking out the numbers forming the product of any short sum in multiplication, addition, &c. Another bird plays at dominos with the spectator, by matching all the pieces as they are placed on the table. Now it is not to be supposed that the most innocent even of the holiday spectators who witness this display, fancies that the bird actually does form in his mind the calculations, observations, &c. necessary to do these things. The puzzle is, how the little creature is taught to seem to do them. And even when you detect the mere visible sign which the exhibitor uses, as a direction to the bird what letter, number, &c. to pick out, the puzzle is still pretty much where it was before you made the notable discovery.

Hogarth's Pictures.—Two original paintings by Hogarth, one of "Midnight Modern Conversations," and the "Hudson's Bay Ticket-Porters," have been lately removed from the walls of the Elephant public-house in Fenchurch-street, and transferred to canvas. Hogarth, in 1723, lodged at this house, and having run up a score which he could not pay, painted the first picture to liquidate the debt. The design became popular, customers thronged to see the painting. Hogarth ran up another score, and was again called on to satisfy his landlord in a similar manner: he then executed the second picture; and here they both remained till a report that the house was about to be taken down attracted much attention, and the Marquis of Stafford sent an agent to ascertain whether it was possible to save the paintings. The agent abandoned the idea of attempting to restore them. Mr. Colnaghi, of Cockspur-street, offered a hundred guineas for each of the paintings, if they could be scooped out from the wall. No one, however, would make the experiment, until a Mr. Hall, a patron of the arts, stepped in; and, under the impression that a removal was quite practicable, purchased them, unconditionally, of the late landlady. Mr. Hall devoted himself to the task, and succeeded, to the astonishment of every body, in removing the paintings from the wall. The great artist, to obviate the difficulty which a rough surface presented, had laid on the paint with a most liberal hand, so that time and heat had cemented the ground into a degree of hardness almost equal to that of marble. A celebrated picture-liner was successful in separating the mortar from the paint, and after infinite labour succeeded in transferring them to canvas. They are now in the hands of a picture-cleaner.

Improved Barometer.—Much ingenuity has been displayed in contriving methods whereby the mercury in the cistern of a barometer may be kept at a constant level; floating gages, moveable bottoms, &c. &c. have been had recourse to, all more or less objectionable, either from the insufficiency of the means employed, or the difficulty of their application. An extremely simple, but admirable, contrivance of Sir Humphry Davy has supplied the desideratum. The pinion that raises the vernier by which the height of the mercury is led off, de-

presses at the same time, and in the same degree, into the reservoir, a steel plunger, the size of which exactly corresponds to the interior diameter of the tube of the instrument.

New White Paint.—A colour manufacturer in Derbyshire, by name Duesbury, has discovered a mode of preparing from the impure native sulphate of barytes, or what is commonly known by the name of cawk, heavy spar, ponderous earth, &c. which is found in several parts of this country in large quantities, a material, to be employed as a substitute for white lead in painting, which material, when prepared according to a process for which he has obtained a patent, is found not to be susceptible of decomposition, or of changing its hue in situations which are exposed to damp or sulphurous effluvia. It is, however, more particularly designed for water colour than for oil, and when employed on flatted or distempered walls, and as the ground washes, or in the patterns of printed paper hangings, it is found to be a constant white, that is, to retain its snowy hue, unimpaired and unaffected by any chemical action to which a humid atmosphere might expose it.

Mexican Manuscript.—An Italian traveller of the name of Beltrami, has discovered, in an old convent in the interior of Mexico, a manuscript, which may be regarded unique, and of the most rare and interesting description. It is the gospel, or rather a gospel such as it was dictated by the first monks, conquistadores, translated into the Mexican tongue by Montezuma, who, alone, of his family, escaped the massacres of the conquest, and *bon gre mal gre* was converted to the popish faith. It is a large volume in folio, most beautifully written upon Mangey or Agave paper, as highly polished as parchment, and surpassing papyrus in flexibility. By this great monument of the ancient Mexican language, the learned, by comparing it with the manuscripts in the oriental tongues, may be enabled to throw some light upon the origin of the nations who inhabited these vast countries.

Suffolk.—A most curious discovery was made a few days ago at Fornham St. Genevieve, near Bury. Men had been for some days employed in felling a pollard ash near the church, which had the appearance of great antiquity, being not less than eighteen feet in girth, and very much decayed, and standing upon a small hillock, which seemed to have been left at a very distant period, when the rest of the soil around it had been lowered. On the fall of the tree, the roots of which were of an unusual size and length, it tore up the ground to a considerable extent, when immediately under the trunks were discovered a large quantity of skeletons, or rather fragments of skeletons, all lying in a circle, with the heads inwards, and piled tier above tier from the depth of about four feet, being probably the remains of several hundred bodies. The most perfect of the bones was a lower jaw, of large dimensions, containing the whole of the teeth; all the rest were very much decayed. It is well known, both from history and the

tradition, of names, that in the reign of Henry the Second, A.D. 1173, this village was the scene of a sanguinary and decisive battle.

Cochineal.—In several towns in the southern provinces of Spain, great efforts have been making to reconcile the cochineal to the climate. The Economical Society at Cadiz has succeeded in this useful undertaking beyond its hopes. At Murcia and at Carthage, several successful experiments have been made. It is known that this valuable insect feeds on the leaves of a particular kind of *cactus*, which for many centuries has flourished in Andalusia, and serves to form impenetrable fences round the vineyards and the woods of olive-trees.

A Roman villa, and other curious remains of Roman antiquities, have recently been discovered on the side of the North Road, near Water Newton, (seven miles south of Stamford,) which are in all probability connected with those on the opposite side of the river Nene (at Castor). The author of these discoveries has, within these last four years, traced them through the parishes of Castor, Alwalton, Chesterton, Water Newton, and Sutton, an extent of nearly nine miles in circumference, and the remains are by far the most curious and extensive that have been explored in Britain. The villa, situated on the side of the road, near Water Newton, consisted of a large square of buildings; the floors are composed of small square stones tessella, set in a durable cement, and appear to have been much worn; some parts of the walls bear the vestiges of colours as fresh as if but lately laid on: three hundred yards to the east of these buildings, several human skeletons were dug up, some urns, and two kilns resembling those used by the ancient potters. In 1824 and 1825 several kilns of this description were discovered in Sutton and Normangate field; also vessels containing the colour and glaze used in the manufacture of Roman earthen vessels.

Polish Periodical Literature.—Since the year 1819, various causes have occasioned the suppression in the single town of Warsaw, of no less than three scientific, two political, two satirical, seven literary, two ladies, one musical, one agricultural, and one Jewish, periodical publications. Those which remain are, the *Dziennik Praw*, or Bulletin of the Laws; the *Rocznik Krolewskiego Towarzystwa Przyjaciół nauk Warszawskiego*, or Transactions of the Royal Philomathic Society of Warsaw; the *Pamiętnik Uniejętności Sztuk*, or Memoirs of Science and the Arts; the *Sylwan*, *Dziennik Lesny*, or Forest Journal; the *Dziennik Warszawski*, or Warsaw Journal; the *Izys Polska*, or Polish Isis; the *Rosryki dla Dzieci*, or Children's Magazine; the *Polskie Miscellen*, or Polish Miscellany; the *Biblioteka Polska*, or Polish Library; the *Rozmaitosci Warszawskie*, or Warsaw Miscellany; the *Dziennik Woiewodztwa Mazowieckiego*, or Masovian Journal; the *Warschauer Abendblatt*, or Warsaw Evening Paper; the *Gazeta Korrespondenta*, or Corresponding Gazette; the *Gazeta Warszawska*, or Warsaw Gazette; the *Monitor Warszawski*, or Warsaw Monitor;

the *Kurier Warszawski*, or *Warsaw Courier*; the *Gazeta Polska*, or *Polish Gazette*; the *Lutnia*, or *Lute*; and the *Ceres*, *Dziennik Rolniczy*, or *Ceres*, *Agricultural Journal*.

Living Pictures.—The manager of one of the theatres at Berlin has carried into effect the singular idea of imitating various well-known pictures, by groups of living persons, and accompanying the representation by music analogous to the subject. "The Crowning of Apollo," after Schinkel, is accompanied by a duet of Weber's, from his opera of *Epimenides*; "Joseph before Pharaoh," after Raphael, by the celebrated romance of Joseph in Egypt, by Mehul; "The finding of Moses," after Raphael, by a chorus by Naumann; "A Sale of Cupids," after a *Herculeanum* bas-relief, by the grand Trio in Rossini's *Armida*; "Mars, Victory, and Bacchantes," another remains of *Herculeanum*, by a chorus in Mehul's *Uthal*; "A Procession of the Muses," by one of Naumann's choruses; "The Prince of Geldern condemning his Father to prison," after Rembrandt, by one of Catel's choruses; "The Violin Player," after Jan Steen, by a chorus of peasants, by Weber, &c. &c.

Botany.—The celebrated Dutch naturalist, Dr. C. C. Blume, has safely returned to Europe, after nine years' residence in the Island of Java. Favoured by circumstances, and devoting himself with indefatigable zeal to the natural history of that remarkable island, he has brought home immense collections of natural productions of every kind; and when we recollect how little this branch of science, connected with the Dutch possessions in India, has been cultivated since the time of Rumpf and Rheede, and how unfortunate the more recent laudable endeavours of Messrs. Kuhl and Van Hasselt, as well as those of the English naturalists, Arnold and Jack, proved, in consequence of the fatal influence of the climate, we may congratulate ourselves on the safe return of this able naturalist. It may be expected that he will publish an extensive work on the botany of the Dutch East India colonies. Dr. Blume, who is a pupil of Brugman, has already published at Batavia, as a precursor of his great work, a *View of the Vegetable Kingdom in Java*, in fifteen Nos., which sufficiently prove the value of his discoveries, and authorize the highest hopes of his more elaborate work.

An immense theatre has just been constructed at Moscow. The edifice, exclusive of the peristyle, is 428 long, and 232 feet broad. It is calculated to hold 3,000 persons, without crowding.

Ancient Roman Foot.—From the inquiries of M. Cagnazzi, to whom the scientific examination of the monuments of antiquity found in *Herculeanum* and *Pompeii* was intrusted by the Neapolitan government, it appears that the ancient Roman foot was 0.29624 of a metre, or 131.325 lines French measure.

Literary Intelligence.

THE Secret Report on South America, made to the King of Spain, by Don Antonio de Ulloa and Don Jorge Juan. In the original Spanish. Edited, with illustrative Notes, by David Barry. Superbly printed in one large volume, royal 4to. With Portraits of Ulloa and Juan.

Mr. Murray announces a *Dictionary of Universal Knowledge*, comprising every word that is to be found in any of the various Encyclopedias which have been published down to the present time, either at home or abroad; and under each word will be given the information and explanations which the ordinary course of conversation in common life render desirable. To consist of twenty-five closely printed volumes, with Plates, in 8vo.

Mr. Colburn is preparing for publication *Memoirs of His late Royal Highness the Duke of York*; from the pen of a distinguished Writer. With original and authentic Documents, &c. &c.

A Translation of the *Paris Barber*, from the French of M. De Kock, is announced for early publication.

The *Writer's and Student's Assistant*, or a *Compendious Dictionary*, rendering the more common Words and Phrases in the English language into the more elegant and scholastic, will shortly appear.

There is nearly ready, a series of *Twenty-five Views of Pompeii*, drawn on stone, after Drawings by Wm. Light, Esq.

Part I. of the *History and Description of the Ancient and highly interesting Parish of Clerkenwell*, to be completed in two small volumes, and illustrated with 60 copper-plate Engravings.

Sketches in Ireland; descriptive of interesting and hitherto unnoticed Districts in the North, West, and South, in one volume, post 8vo.

A general *View of the Present System of Public Education in France*, and of the *Laws, Regulations, and Course of Study in the different Faculties, Colleges, &c.* by David Johnston, M. D. in 1 vol., 8vo.

Mr. Edward Laws, R. N., announces as nearly ready, a *Practical Treatise on Naval Book-keeping in all its Branches connected with a Clerk's duty*, with hints for safe Custody, Shipment, Transhipment, and final Disposal of Treasure received on board His Majesty's Ships; *Sketch of a Secretary's Duty*, *Duties of Officiating Judge Advocate*, and a copious Appendix, containing a variety of Forms, Orders, Letters, Returns, Certificates, and other Documents of practical utility in his Majesty's Naval Service.

The Rev. Samuel Warren, LL.D. is preparing for publication *Memoirs and Select Letters of the late Mrs. Anne Warren*; including *Biographical Sketches of her Family*.

Mr. Allen's *History of Lambeth*, the major

part of which is printed, will be finished the latter end of this month; it will form one volume of near five hundred pages closely printed, with upwards of One Hundred engravings of curious objects connected with the Parish.

The author of *Babylon the Great* announces a new Edition, with an additional volume.

Preparing for publication, *National Tales*, by Thomas Hood, author of *Whims and Oddities*; with Illustrations by Thomas Dighton.

A Poem on Idolatry, in 4 cantos, by the Rev. W. Swan, Missionary and Author of the *Memoir of Mrs. Patterson*, is in the press.

A new Poem from the pen of Bernard Barton, to be entitled the *Widow's Tale*, and founded on the melancholy loss of the five Wesleyan Missionaries in the mail boat off the Island of Antigua, will shortly be published.

Memoirs, Biographical and Critical, of the Wits and Courtiers of the reign of Charles II., with Notes and Illustrations, in 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits, is announced.

Van Halen's Flight from the Dungeons of the Inquisition to the Foot of the Caucasus, with an Account of his Adventures in Russia, &c. In 2 vols. 8vo., with Portraits and other Plates.

The Life of George, Lord Jeffreys, some time Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Lord High Chancellor of England in the reign of James II. By Humphrey W. Woolrich, Esq. 8vo.

The Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin, of the Theatres Royal Drury-lane, Covent-garden, Haymarket, &c. and Author of the "Cabinet," the "Jew and the Doctor," &c. &c. In 2 vols. 8vo., with a Portrait.

Recollections of an Officer of the King's German Legion; being an Account of his Campaigns and Services in the Peninsula, Sicily, Italy, and Malta, England, Ireland, and Denmark. Extracted from his Diary. In 2 vols. post 8vo.

Retrospect of the Life of a Man of Letters. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Confessions of an Old Bachelor. In 1 vol. post 8vo.

The Author of "*Granby*" announces a Tale of Fashionable Life. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

Courts and Courtiers. A series of Memoirs and Anecdotes. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Richmond; or Scenes in the Life of a Bow-street Officer. Drawn up from his Private Memoranda. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

That indefatigable Dr. Kitchiner, the author of that best of all Cookery Books, the *Cook's Oracle*, announces the *Traveller's Oracle*, or *Maxims for Locomotion*, being Precepts for promoting the Pleasures, Hints for preserving the Health, and Estimates of the Expenses of Persons travelling on Foot, on Horseback, in Stages, in Post Chaises, and in Private Carriages. And also the *Horse and Carriage Keeper*, and *Hackney Coach Hirer's Guide*, containing Rules for Purchasing and Keeping, or Jobbing Horses and Carriages, in the easiest and most economical manner, with accurate Estimates of every expense occasioned there-

by. Also an easy Plan for ascertaining every Hackney Coach Fare.

Tales of an Antiquary, chiefly illustrative of the Traditions and Remarkable Localities of London. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

Memoirs illustrative of the History of Europe during the last Twenty-five Years. By a distinguished political Character. In 5 vols. 8vo.

Yesterday in Ireland; a series of Tales. By the Author of *To-day in Ireland*. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

Forty Years' Diary of a Celebrated Non-Conformist Divine. With illustrative biographical Notes. In 3 vols. 8vo.

Allan Cunningham announces a Romance, entitled *Sir Michael Scott*.

Sketches of the Irish Bar. In 1 vol. 8vo.

A new Novel. By the Author of a *Winter in London*. In 3 vols. 12mo.

The Rev. J. B. Sumner announces a new Volume of *Sermons* in 8vo.

W. Newnham, Esq. is preparing in two volumes 8vo. a Treatise on Moral, Physical, and Intellectual Education.

Six Discourses delivered before the Royal Society at their Anniversary Meetings, on the award of the Royal and Copley Medals; preceded by an Address to the Society, delivered in 1800, on the Progress and Prospects of Science, &c. by Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart., are in the press.

The first Number of a *Quarterly Naval and Military Magazine* is to appear in March.

Mr. Grote, jun. of the banking-house of Grote, Prescott, and Co., has made great progress in a new History of Greece, in which the Literature, Science, and Arts of that country are treated of in a much more detailed and prominent manner than in Mr. Mitford's Work, which is more of a political nature.

Arwed Gyllensterna; a Tale of the 18th Century, from the German of Van Der Velde, in 2 vols. post 8vo., is nearly ready.

Elements of Geometry, plane and solid, with Notes, critical and illustrative, and an examination of the Theory of Parallels, by M. Legendre, Professor Leslie, and others, are nearly ready.

Transactions of the Perth Literary and Antiquarian Society; including some very curious and original MSS., among those are a *Historical Chronicle* from the year 1500; and *Scotland's Tears*, by W. Lithgow, the Traveller, in the press.

Tales of Welsh Society and Scenery, containing many Descriptions of the Manners and Holiday Pastimes of the Natives in the Upland Districts of the Principality, is announced.

The Rev. W. Carpenter's Reply to the Accusations of Piracy and Plagiarism exhibited against the Author, in the *Christian Remembrancer*, in a Review of Horne and Carpenter's Introductions to the Study of the Holy Scriptures.

Dr. Hooker and Dr. Greville are preparing

a new Botanical work, of which the first fasciculus, in folio, with 20 Plates, will be published immediately.

Moods and Tenses; a Volume of Miscellaneous Poems, by one of Us, is in the press.

Library of Useful Knowledge; or a series of Elementary Treatises upon the various branches of Philosophy, History, and Art. The First Treatise, on Elementary Astronomy, will be published on the 15th of February; and there will be given gratis, on that day, an Introductory Discourse upon the Advantages and Pleasures derived from the pursuits of Science. Each Treatise will consist of about thirty-two pages octavo, printed so as to contain above one hundred ordinary octavo pages, with neat Engravings on Wood, and Tables. It will be sold for Sixpence, and two will appear every Month—on the First and Fifteenth.

Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest; being an Attempt to illustrate the first Principles of Natural Philosophy, by the aid of Popular Toys and Sports. By Peter Whiffle, Esq. In 2 vols. 12mo.

The Epicurean; a Tale. By Thomas Brown, the Younger.

The Loves of Alma and Brione; a Poem. Canto I. and II.

The Valleys; or Scenes and Thoughts from Secluded Life. 2 vols. 12mo.

Commentaries on some of the more important of the Diseases of Females. In 3 parts. Part I. on the Diseases incident to Female Youth. By Marshall Hall, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c.

The Institutions of Physiology. By J. F. Blumenbach, M.D., Professor of Medicine in the University of Gottingen. Translated from the last Latin Edition. With copious Notes, by John Elliotson, M.D.

The History of the Rise and Progress of the United States of North America till the British Revolution in 1688. By James Grahame, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo., is in the press.

Memoirs of the Court of Queen Anne. By a Lady.

Dublin Hospital Reports. Vol. IV. is in the press.

Dublin Dissector, for the Use of Students, is in the press.

The Rev. Archdeacon Wingham announces the Antiquarian Trio; consisting of Views and Descriptions of the Duke of Buckingham's House, Kirkby; Rudston Church and Obelisk; Effigy at Scarborough; to which will be added the Poet's Favourite Tree.

Mr. Cole is preparing a Tour round Scarborough; historically and bibliographically unfolded.

The London Catalogue of Books, with their Sizes, Prices, and Publishers. Containing the Books published in London, and those altered in Size or Price since the year 1800, to December 1826, is in the press.

Personal Narrative of Travels in Colombia; by Baron de Humboldt. From the original French, by Helen Maria Williams. Vol. VII.

A revival of the old school of novel-writing, as practised by Le Sage, Fielding, and Smollet, will be attempted in a work to be called George Godfrey, in which, after the manner of Gil Blas, Tom Jones, and Roderick Random, the hero is made to relate his own adventures, humorous and otherwise, in very different gradations of society. The scenes, manners, and personages introduced, are those of the present day.

The Confessions of an Old Maid are in the press. We trust that the fair and venerable autobiographer will make the old bachelors ashamed of themselves.

In the press, Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster, historical and biographical, by Emma Roberts. Two Volumes, post octavo, with a portrait of Elizabeth of York.

Wales is, at length, destined to become the scene of fictitious narrative. Among the new works now in the press, is a series of tales, entitled Tales of Welsh Society and Scenery; comprising descriptions of several characteristic customs, with delineations of the scenery and manners of the natives, in the upland and more secluded districts of the Principality.

A new translation of the Orlando Furioso is in preparation by Christopher Johnson.

In the press, and will be published in the course of the present month, a volume of American Sketches by a Native of that Country. The Sketches will consist of brief Notices of National Characteristics of Life, Literature and Manners.

In the press, Travels from India to England, by way of the Burman Empire, Persia, Asia Minor, Turkey, &c. in the Years 1825-6. By J. E. Alexander, Esq. II. P.

Also by the same Author, Shigurf Namah-I-Valaet, or excellent intelligence concerning Europe, being the Travels of Shaikh Itesa, Moodeen, Moonsee, in Great Britain and France. Translated from the original Persian Manuscript into Hindoostanee. With an English Version and Notes.

The History of Rome, now first translated from the German of G. B. Niebuhr. By F. A. Walter, Esq. F.R.S.L. In 2 vols. 8vo.

NEW BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Weddell's Voyage to the Antarctic Sea, second edition, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Dame Rebecca Berry, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. bds.—Jones on the Greek Article, 12mo. 4s. bds.—High Price of Bread, 8vo. 6s. bds.—The Wolf of Badenoch, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. bds.—May's Outlines of Physiology, 8vo. 14s.—Alma Mater, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—Nolan on the Assyrians, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Nolan's Key to Volney's Ruins, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—The Natchez, in English, 3 vols. fep. 1l. 4s. bds.—Benson's Plans of Sermons, Part VI. 8vo. 6s. bds.—Moreau's British Navy, fol. 2l. 2s. sewed.—La Gacaca's Hortus Siccus, fol. 1l. sewed.—Hooker's and Gierille's Plates of the Ferns, fol. 1l. 5s. sewed; col. 2l. 2s.

Dyce's Specimens of British Poetesses, p. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Sagur's Memoirs, English, Vol. 3, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Aublay's Child's Moralist, 18mo. 4s. h. bds.—Law of Fictures. By Amos. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Coventry's Watkins on Conveyancing, 8vo. 14s. 6d. bds.—Stewart's Practice of Conveyancing, royal 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Holland Tide, or Munster Tales, royal 12mo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Watson's Office of Sheriff, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Johnstone's View of Public Education in France, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Crook's Manual of the Parenchymal Organs, 1s. 6d.

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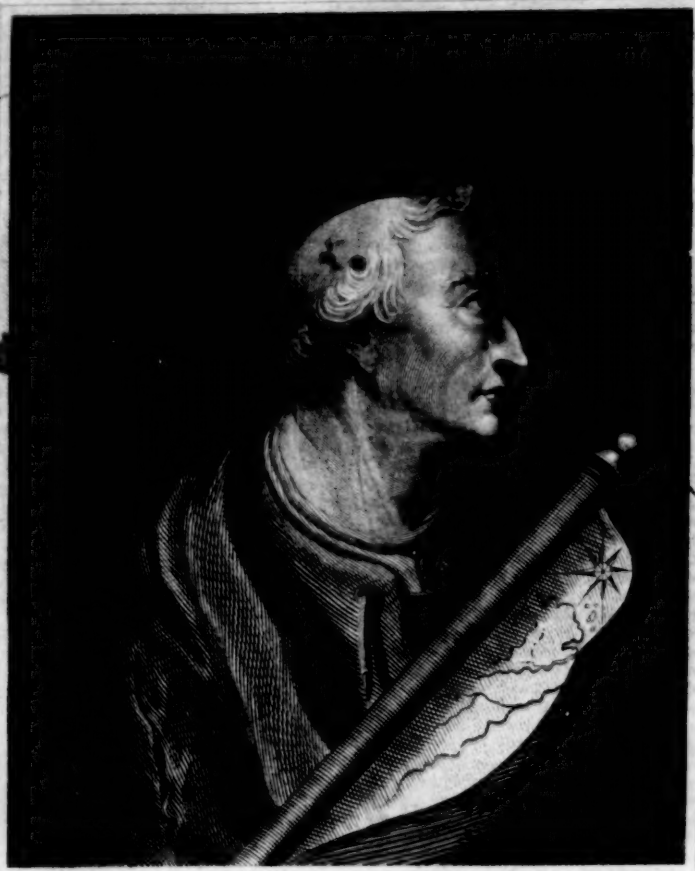
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